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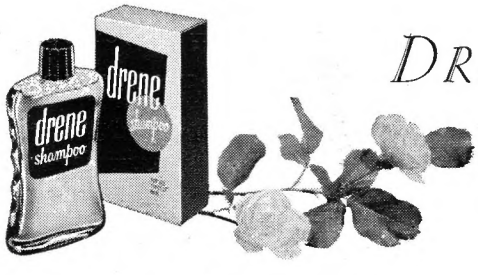
TODAY'S WOMAN
January 25 cents
BEFORE YOU DIET READ
How to Lose Weight
by Donald B. Armstrong
23 fashion ideas
to brighten your wardrobe
Special Section on
New Bedrooms

Modess ....*because*

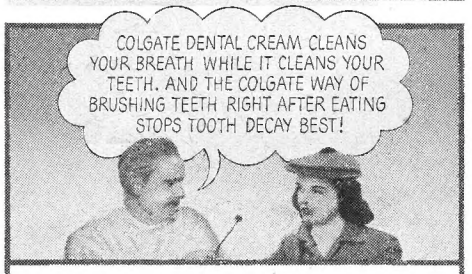
There's just no doubt he'll love you more if your hair shines and shimmers, gleams like silk, feels silken soft against his cheek—the way it will when you shampoo with today's gentle Drene. (Sh! The secret: the cleansing agent in Drene—and only in Drene—that silkens your hair.)



DRENE SHAMPOO

silkens your hair . . . as it cleanses!

All I Do is Sit And View!



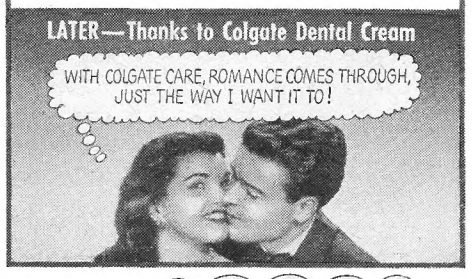
READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

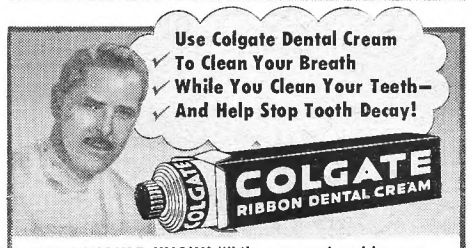
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammoniated or not, offers such conclusive proof!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream





*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

TODAY'S WOMAN

JANUARY 1952
Vol. 25 No. 147

A Fawcett Publication

The magazine young wives live by
GERALDINE E. RHOADS, Editor

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Names of real persons are not used in stories in TODAY'S WOMAN unless specifically indicated. If the names of actual persons appear under other circumstances it is a matter of coincidence.

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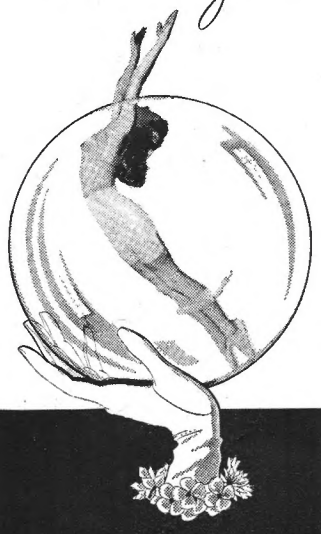
For holidays and always... give yourself an exciting new figure!



Invisible *White Magic**

TRADE MARK

Newest Playtex® FAB-LINED Girdle

FABRIC·NEXT·TO·YOUR·SKIN

See how Playtex White Magic caresses you to true slenderness, gives you a newly fluid line from waist to thighs. See how it encourages such grace of movement, allows you such freedom to sit, to stand, to step, to twirl!

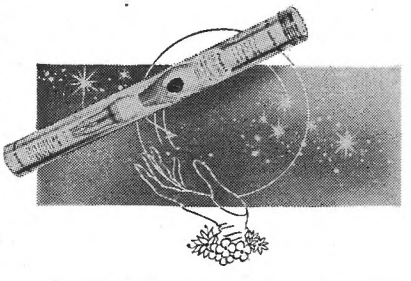
Nettie Rosenstein says

"White Magic is fabulous! As a designer I love the slim, free lines this newest Playtex Girdle gives!"

"For slimness, freedom, beauty—there's no girdle like it!" says top designer Rosenstein. "It flatters your figure in every way under the newest fashions."

"A girdle should do more than slim you, it should be comfortable. That's why PLAYTEX Fab-Lined Girdles—with fabric next to the skin—are so very perfect!"

"This girdle smooths away the inches, without a seam, stitch or bone—invisible under *all* clothes."



In the SLIM round tubes, PLAYTEX girdles are at department stores and specialty shops. $3.95 to $6.95. Choose from PLAYTEX *White Magic,* Fab-Lined, Pink-Ice, and Living Girdles.

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Henry Ford II

Ladies' Man of the Auto Industry

When it comes to cars, you girls have a young millionaire courting you, eager to learn your wishes just so he can gratify them—a not unpleasant position for any woman to find herself in!

by André Fontaine

PHOTOGRAPH BY ACME

Henry Ford II, his wife and two daughters take ship for a European tour by car this past summer

People who know all about women say you ladies aren't interested in automobiles. To you, a car is something to take you to the beauty parlor, these experts say. But a young gentleman by the name of Henry Ford II knows they're wrong.

Mr. Ford, an amiable, chubby, red-cheeked young man of 34, knows these things because he happens to be president of the Ford Motor Company, a coincidence which was helped along by the fact that the founder of the company was his grandfather. However, the Ford Company today is a very different operation from the one young Henry inherited from his grandfather one September day in 1945. Take its attitude toward women.

Grandfather Henry was several kinds of genius. He invented the Ford car and, ridden by the dream that it ought to be cheap enough so every American could own one, devised the system of mass production. As for women, he thought they were nice to have around the house, which was where they should stay, and his ideas of style were best expressed by his statement that Ford customers could have any color car they wanted, so long as it was black.

Today you can get a Ford in a rainbow of colors, including chartreuse, and perhaps the best indication of young Henry's different ideas on style is the fact that the 1949 and 1950 Fords, the first designed under his influence, won Fashion Academy Awards. Probably because of early influence, Henry still gives lip service to the idea that a woman's place is in the home. But his actions speak louder than his words.

For example, a couple of years ago Fords came out with the familiar push-button type of door latch. It worked perfectly too, but after a couple of months the research people discovered that the button pushed in so far that women often broke their fingernails on it. They quickly redesigned the works so that the button didn't have to travel so far before the latch opened—thus saving countless thousands of decorative feminine fingernails as well as headaches for their complaint department.

Henry Ford II is a supremely practical young man. He allows himself very few whimsies or illusions as far as his business is concerned, and his first question of any new design, piece of [*Continued on page* 6]

"You'll see Nero *and* the burning of Rome in 'Quo Vadis'. And if you know how steam heat parches *your* skin, you can imagine how dry mine felt after making that scene. I had to be photographed *inches* away from live, crackling flames.

Soaking in water for this escape scene dried my skin again . . .

And later, 'my hands were tied', literally, with a harsh rope . . .

So I soothed my hands, arms and face with Jergens Lotion . . .

It kept them lovely and smooth-as-silk for romantic close-ups.

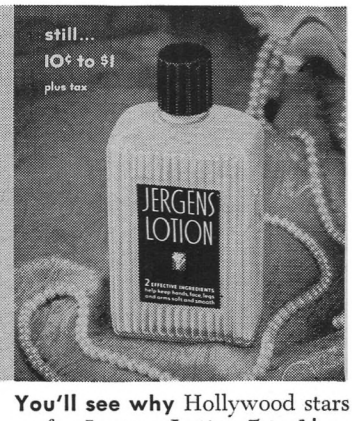
At home, too, Jergens Lotion is my head-to-toe beauty secret"...

Being liquid, Jergens is quickly absorbed by thirsty skin . . .

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS "FILM TEST"?

To soften, a lotion or hand cream should be absorbed by the upper layers of the skin. Jergens Lotion contains quickly-absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend — no heavy oils that merely coat the skin. Proof? Water won't "bead" on a hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion as with a lotion or hand cream that leaves a heavy, oily film.

You can prove it yourself with the simple test described above...

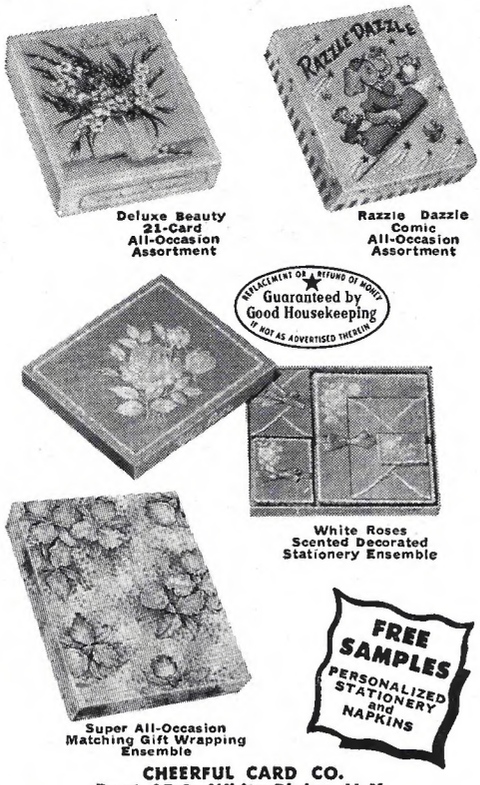


You'll see why Hollywood stars prefer Jergens Lotion 7-to-1!

DO YOU NEED MONEY?

$40.00 IS YOURS

for selling only 50 boxes of our 300 greeting card line. And this can be done in a single day. Free samples. Other leading boxes on approval. Many surprise items. It costs you nothing to try. Mail coupon below today.



Deluxe Beauty 21-Card All-Occasion Assortment

Razzle Dazzle Comic All-Occasion Assortment

White Roses Scented Decorated Stationery Ensemble

Super All-Occasion Matching Gift Wrapping Ensemble

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Dept. AF-8, White Plains, N. Y.

Mail This Coupon Today

CHEERFUL CARD CO.
Dept. AF-8, White Plains, N. Y.

Please rush samples and full details of your money-making plan.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State .....

machinery or idea is, "Will it work?" He has a keen eye for sleek design and he loves fast cars. A year ago he spent $4,000 for an English-made Jaguar super sports roadster, one of the fastest cars in the world, but sold it after three months. "It didn't have room enough for my golf bags," he said.

When he took over, Henry established a customer-research department—one which his grandfather had never had—and these sleuths have ferreted out some things about you that you'd probably just as soon keep others from knowing—especially your husbands.

You women are more independent about cars than your husbands. Ford researchers discovered that about 60 per cent of the time you'll switch to a different make of car where your husband won't. What you're most interested in is comfort. After that comes style or snob appeal—you like to impress the neighbors. Next you're influenced by a car's color and lines, then its safety and after that the amount of headroom it has—so your hats won't get banged up. You don't give a hang about the mechanics of the thing, how long it will last or how much you can get when you sell it—which are the main things that concern men when they're looking for a car.

Interest in style is one point where you and Henry Ford II get together. Because he's young, he was willing to toss overboard the old ideas of auto design and look around for something better. He found it in the custom-made fabulously expensive European cars. A couple of years after he became president of Ford, he walked into a New York auto emporium and plunked down $8,000 for an Italian-made Cisitalia—a gas buggy one third smaller than a Ford which looks as if it were going 60 m.p.h. when it's standing perfectly still.

He took the car to Detroit, studied it and the results were apparent in the 1949 Ford. Young Henry got away from the American tradition of low fenders and a long high hood. In the '49 Ford—the basic design hasn't changed since—the hood is short and sloping, the fenders so high that the driver is treated to a sight he hadn't seen in years, the right front fender. Seeing that fender, knowing exactly where that side of your car is, makes squeezing into a narrow lane or parking much less worrisome.

Probably most of you are too modest to appreciate the tremendous influence you've had on the automobile industry. Because of you, front seats are wider and glove compartments bigger. Because you're slower in making up your minds than men, auto engineers have sat up nights figuring new ways to make quicker-acting brakes.

The average woman is 5 feet 4¼ inches tall—the average man is 5 feet 8½ inches—so front seats now move up when you pull them forward and the steering wheel in some cars has been lowered so you can see over it. Because only one woman out of every two hundred is color-blind—as against two out of every twenty-five men—color and patterns are more important to you. Ford has found that you like upholstery materials with less pronounced designs, while men like louder patterns. You also like softer fabrics—the harder textures wear out your fur coats too quickly.

It would for a multimillion-dollar corporation like Ford seem silly to be interested in feminine squirms. Yet the company once developed an impressive

GIVE *Voluntarily* TO
MARCH OF DIMES
JANUARY 2-31

JANUARY

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contraption called Squirming Irma which was supposed to duplicate the weight of a 135-pound woman. It clomped down on a seat and gave eleven complete squirms a minute—which is probably even more than your three-year-old son does. Today Squirming Irma has been supplanted by a new device called Metal Fanny. These are the kinds of elaborate gadgets they spend money for so they can find out exactly what you do to a car and then figure out new ways to cut down on the wear.

From all this, you might think that young Henry Ford is the ladies' man of the automobile business. You'd be wrong. His chief ambition is to sell more cars than Chevrolet, and he's interested in anybody, male or female, who might buy one. He takes ideas and listens to any gripes wherever he can find them.

When the 1951 Fords came out, for instance, Henry—along with the others

[*Continued on page* 14]

LADY PEPPERELL'S FORM FIT SHEET is made with corners *sewn* in—yet it costs no more than ordinary sheets! No need to tuck or fold! Slips over your mattress top and bottom.

FORM FIT IS AS SMOOTH IN THE MORNING as it was the night before. Lady Pepperell's FORM FIT Sheet won't wrinkle, won't pull out! Gives you the sweetest sleeping ever!

FIRST TIME IN JANUARY WHITE SALES!

LADY PEPPERELL FORM FIT

The New Wonder Sheet!

Here's your chance to try this sensational new sheet at a bargain price! You've read about Lady Pepperell's FORM FIT Sheet, about its restful, wrinkle-free fit. You've heard how it cuts daily bedmaking time, eliminates smoothing and tucking. You've marveled that a sheet with so *many* extras could cost no more than ordinary sheets! Now you can get it at an even lower price! You can't afford *not* to try it. Shop *now*, in January White Sales, for Lady Pepperell's FORM FIT Sheet. Ask for it in Superfine Muslin or Fine Combed Percale, twin or double size at your favorite store.

PEPPERELL FABRICS®

Newest wrinkle in sheets is—no wrinkles at all!

Lady Pepperell **FORM FIT** *Sheets*

Trademark

ADVENTURES IN

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAN WEINER-BRACKMAN

Not every first-grader meets a noted education expert on the first day of school! These lucky Long Beach youngsters did when Dr. Benjamin Fine did research on location. See page 21

★★★TODAY'S WOMAN is six years old this month. We applied our six-year-old memory to think what has happened in our life. The answer is: a lot.

Since 1946 we've been blessed with such adjuncts to modern living as the ball-point pen, plastic squeeze bottles, foam-rubber bed pillows, nylon shirts and refrigerators that defrost themselves. The frozen-food store has become a paradise of lobster tails and biscuit tortoni and marinara sauce. We have cream shampoos, air-coach travel, Kukla, Fran and Ollie. We have Dr. Benjamin Spock and his book on baby care. Natural childbirth is popular. We have the United Nations. We have three-speed record-changers and really permanent pleats, and that's your baby who's wearing a Hopalong Cassidy suit. We have chlorophyll deodorants and ammoniated dentifrices and cream that whips itself. All since 1946.

We've covered these, and many more developments in TODAY'S WOMAN. We have published scores of new writers. Just last year we carried twenty stories by writers who made their initial appearance in women's magazines in TODAY'S WOMAN. Two "TW discoveries" who have since become well-known are with us again this month —Susan Seavy and Carol Vance. In the last five years, forty-five TW stories have run on the distinctive story list of Best American Short Stories. This is high; anyway, higher than that for any magazine of a million-or-more readers.

Yes, in six years TODAY'S WOMAN has gathered itself over a million readers. Every time we've counted noses, we've found you to be in your twenties; 28 or 27 is the median. Clearly no one has to tell you how to stay young. In 1949 and 1950 we added more lines of advertising than any other woman's magazine, and when the count is in for last year, we expect some new records to be set. As we've grown plumper in number of pages, we've added many more decorating tricks, more new fashions and a multitude of other ideas.

In 1952? Our first resolve is to do more of the same, all of it bigger and better.

Next month we offer a special treat for fiction readers. We will have Vera Caspary's new suspense novel, The Gardenia. You know her previous suspense novels, Laura and Bedelia, so we hardly need to tell you more about that. Frances Shields will be back with a new story about that zany young married couple, the Baxters, and we will have one of Sidney Carroll's strange and wonderful stories.

We are just completing arrangements for you to have patterns from the famous American fashion collections, to sew at home. This will be a spring surprise—even though we've let out this much of the cat.

We are having the time of our lives scouting people and ideas for an issue which will consist mainly of feature articles. It looks practical and amusing, and important from here.

Six years old is a great age to be. But we're going to enjoy being seven and eight and all other ages too. How could we feel otherwise when every day brings up some new or entertaining or amusing development? We understand one of the stores here is selling a perpetual-motion clock. One of our writers has contact lenses that change the color of his eyes. They're now dialing long-distance calls in New Jersey, eliminating the girl who says, "The 'lion' is busy." We live in the Wonders-never-cease department and expect to continue to have amazing, wonderful news for you every month.

★★★Model Nancy Hyde Martz, who poses both stout and slender for The Truth About Reducing Diets (page 26), is an expert at gaining and losing.

She was planning to lose ten pounds. Now she wants to gain. She is quitting New York, intending to have four children and the space to bring them up. This she expects to find in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, where she and her husband and baby will have moved by the time this reaches you.

Would you like us to run an article on how to gain weight? This project has its supporters on our staff, but they are always shouted down by their plumper friends.

★★★If you'd like to raise your little girl to be a movie star, teach her to ride, shoot and handle a whip.

One of the exciting new movies of the season is Westward the Women, M-G-M's treatment of the pioneer women who crossed the United States to marry the men who first settled the West.

Full of rugged scenes in which the hardy band of women defy Nature, it is so real you ask just how this happened in Hollywood.

The secret is that it *is* real.

When Beverly Dennis got the call to play one of the five-star female parts in the movie, she said, "Oh good. I will get a chance to do some riding."

She had not read the script, lucky girl.

On arrival in Hollywood, William Wellman, director, said, "Now you're going to go to boot camp."

EDITING

"Boot camp" was a camp for girls on M-G-M's enormous movie lot. For ten days Beverly learned to use bull whips, teamsters' whips, to shoot rifles and pistols and to drive mules.

Then the girls shipped to Kanab, Utah. This is a Mormon town which is famous as a movie location, chosen because of its beautiful scenery.

"It was the dry season," says Beverly, "and a penetrating red dust forced us to wash our hair every two days. We had no hot water for a long time and only one drier, kept in a little shed, for three hundred women. We lived in a motel, two to a cabin.

"We had no showers, only a tub, and we were so covered with the red dust that the tub generally looked as if a horse had been bathing in it.

"We all had breakfast and dinner together in one central house belonging to the motel. I never ate so much in my life either, because we got up at half past four in the morning and didn't eat lunch till noon. Then it was a box lunch, made the night before, of hamburgers, ham or cheese."

Much of the movie was shot in a new spot that Wild Bill Wellman discovered—Surprise Valley. M-G-M built roads into it, but this did not help the girls once they got there. Even horses could not make some of the hills, so it was a case of climbing the actresses on ropes. The rips in the costumes in Westward the Women were come by naturally.

This went on for three months.

Then they went to the Mojave Desert. "Here it was one hundred and twenty-eight in the shade, and the wind resembled that from a wind machine. The ground looks like cement," says Beverly, "and it feels like it too when you fall on it—which I had to."

The movie-making ended without disaster. Once a two-ton wagon did break loose on a steep rocky incline and threatened to massacre a group of the players. A boulder stopped it just in time.

Beverly Dennis is fine—"except my hair isn't the same, even now," and "look at my muscles." We looked. She has a right forearm developed from driving mules that we hope she keeps to herself.

This is part of the story of how they made a movie which takes 117 minutes to see. —G. E. R.

Baby, have you got that TIED feeling?

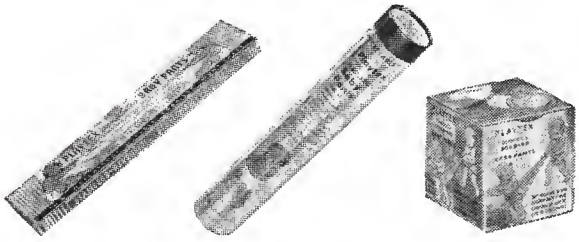
Your baby is never bound, bothered or bewildered in

Playtex Baby Panties

—comfortable waterproof panties that don't grip, mark or cut circulation . . . always keep baby "*socially acceptable*"*

Cuddly baby is lovely to look at—*and delightful to hold*—in Playtex Baby Panties! The exclusive Playtex features always keep precious baby neater and sweeter . . . cool, clean, *comfortable.* They don't bind . . . don't cut circulation—ever! Only Playtex Baby Panties, made of smooth liquid latex, fit so gently and tenderly at leg openings and waist. They stretch *all over,* for all-over comfort! Extra durable and accurately sized to baby's weight, they keep their shape and softness until baby outgrows them. Keep your little darling in Playtex Baby Panties and you'll never, *never* buy any other brand.

At your favorite department store and wherever baby needs are sold.



PLAYTEX BABY PANTS
Pink, white, blue.
In silvery gift packages **79¢**

PLAYTEX TRANSPARENT BABY PANTS
Extra light, extra cool.
In silvery gift tubes **89¢**

PLAYTEX SNAP-ON BABY PANTS
Only snap-ons that stretch all over. In silvery gift boxes
$1.19

More babies wear **Playtex**® than any other baby pants!

*TRADE MARK International Latex Corporation, PLAYTEX PARK, Dover Del. • Playtex Ltd., Montreal, Canada ©1951

Have you that "dry-skin" look?

after 25 drying skin begins to **show!**

It's NOTICEABLE the way skin often begins to *look drier* after 25.

At about this age, the natural oil that keeps skin soft and fresh starts decreasing.

You need a *special replacer* to offset this drying out. Use this special Pond's *lanolin-rich* Dry Skin Cream.

Little creases settle by Earlobes when skin gets dry, inelastic.

To Flatten Out—Make "U-Turns" under ears with Pond's lanolin-rich Dry Skin Cream. Homogenized to soak in better, this rich cream helps keep skin soft, helps flatten little dry skin lines.

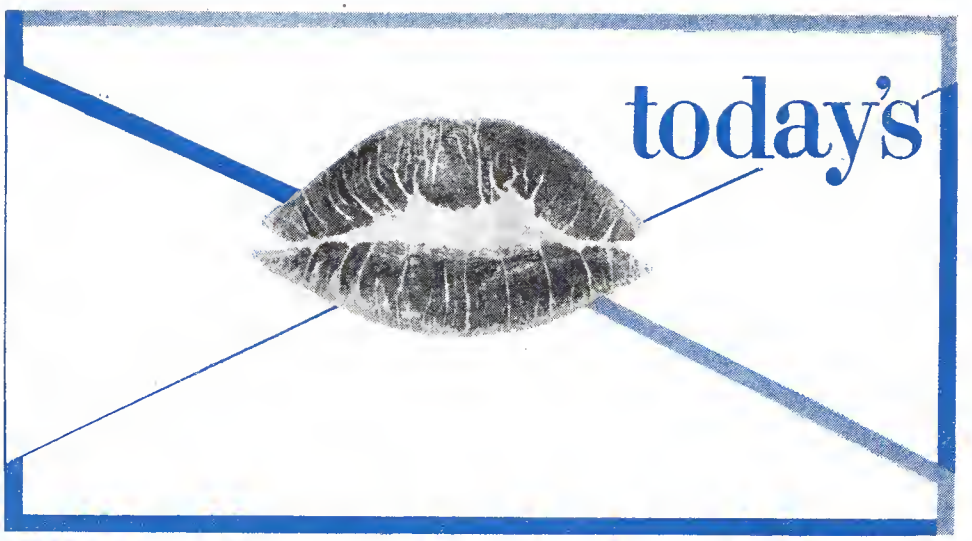
Crepy-Dry Eyelids make skin look darkened, fade-out your eyes.

To Soften—*Nightly* touch lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream to *inner* corners of eyes—tap *gently out* over lids. Leave a little cream on, to soften all night.

start using Pond's Dry Skin Cream today. Rich in *lanolin*, it is *homogenized* and has a softening *emulsifier*.

At night: work generously over face, throat. By day: use lightly as softening foundation. Get your jar of Pond's Dry Skin Cream now! 98¢, 55¢, 31¢, 15¢ (all plus tax).

MRS. JOHN A. ROOSEVELT *says . . . "Pond's Dry Skin Cream gives lovely help when your skin feels dry."*



Rebelling Mother

It's not very often that I am tempted to write a letter to a magazine, but I feel that I must reply to Rebelling Mother (October) who doesn't want her child to rule the family.

Has she stopped to consider that it may be her own nervousness and inexperience that is making her son an irritable little despot?

To let a tiny baby "cry it out" is downright cruel. Both my small son and daughter were put on self-demand the minute they came home from the hospital. Feedings were frequent at first, but by the time my son was six weeks old he had put himself on an unvarying four-hour schedule. Because of a rather severe digestive disturbance, my daughter took a little longer.

Yes, I'm all for the modern method. My third baby, due in a few months, is going to be brought up the same way.

Mrs. Elinor S. Jacobson
Boise, Idaho

A Rebelling Mother's letter makes me want to shout more power to her. Too many of the mothers today are either too lazy or too ignorant to help their children grow into decent citizens.

A schedule for any child in his formative years (birth until five) helps him adjust in later life.

Stick to your guns and keep rebelling and you will raise a child you can be proud of.

E. L. R.

Hospital Care for the Newborn Baby

I have just read What Happens to Your Newborn Baby which appears in your October issue.

Seldom does an article about hospital care so well describe the behind-the-scenes work of a hospital in safeguarding the health and welfare of its patients. Mrs. Lobsenz has done a splendid job.

This article should be of real interest to mothers and fathers and to all who want to see newborn infants get off to the best possible start in life.

George Bugbee, Executive Director
American Hospital Association
Chicago, Illinois

I was very much surprised to read What Happens to Your Newborn Baby in the October issue and to know that your magazine would endorse the cruel methods of the so-called modern hospital.

How horrible that today's mother must rely on such articles to know what is happening to her child, to know that he is all right only through the eyes of her husband, friends and nurses, rather than her own.

When my son, my second child, was born, I was allowed leniencies because my husband had been killed in Korea five months before. My doctor broke hospital rules because there was no one else to see my baby. There should be no such rules to break!

I saw my son when he was less than ten minutes old. I carried him as far as my room on my stretcher. I saw him when he was cleaned up, and he was brought to me at all daytime feedings from then on. Certainly no visible harm resulted from this. Perhaps my son needed his rest, but I needed peace of mind far more. When I left the hospital I took with me not a stranger, but my son—the child I had come to know and love for eight days.

I feel great pity for the mothers who have their deliveries in hospitals where they aren't permitted to see their babies.

Mrs. J. M. Becker
Packanack Lake, New Jersey

mail

DESIGN BY A. F. ARNOLD

Investigate Your Moving Company

TODAY'S WOMAN and Harry Henderson are to be congratulated for the very timely article, How to Beat the Moving Gypsters, in the October issue.

Unscrupulous operators represent but a very small element of the industry. As in other fields, their victims are those who don't take the simple precaution of investigating before they invest. Your readers will do well to remember and follow the sound suggestions set forth in the article the next time they start looking around for a mover.

R. J. O'Connell
Dir. of Business Relations
National Better Business Bureau, Inc.
New York, New York

Family Happiness

Editor's Note: In October Today's Mail, Mrs. Mary G. Lown of Kingston, New York, asked for reader advice on whether she should follow her husband if he is recalled into the Navy. The majority of answers received urge her to keep her family together by traveling with her husband.

I feel that I must answer the plea of Mrs. Lown for help in deciding the best move to make for her family's happiness.

My husband was called to active duty in the Navy seven months ago and I faced this same decision. With great apprehension for the future, I finally decided to lease our home and accompany my husband with our three children. I am certain that I made the right decision.

I've seen too many lonely husbands recalled to active service. They are faced with one of the biggest jobs they will ever have to do. They are protecting all they hold dear, but they are

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BY HOLLYWOOD-MAXWELL

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...and for the fuller figure

NU-VU* bras

Fashioned by the makers of famous V-Ette Whirlpool bras to give you absolute control in perfect freedom. You'll appreciate the magnificent engineering that gives you healthful support, natural uplift, minimized bustline ... and the added comfort of foam rubber padded shoulder straps. Left: Short-Line Nu-Vu, cotton, nylon 3.50-3.95 Also a Long-Line 5.95

*reg.

at your favorite store or write
HOLLYWOOD-MAXWELL COMPANY 6773 HOLLYWOOD BLVD. HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIF.

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Millions of women use Clorox for removing stains from white and color-fast cottons and linens, and from kitchen and bathroom surfaces, too. Let Clorox help with *your* stain problems.

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A Clorox-clean wash always smells fresh, even when dried indoors. And in routine cleaning Clorox works wonders in removing objectionable odors, makes kitchen, bathroom surfaces fresh-smelling.

4 In addition CLOROX is one of the world's great DISINFECTANTS

A Clorox-clean home is a *safer* home for every member of your family. In laundering, or in routine cleaning, Clorox is the most efficient germ-killer of its kind . . . a type of disinfectant recommended by hundreds of Public Health Departments. See directions on the label.

You get all 4 in 1 with CLOROX America's Favorite

CLOROX-CLEAN means ADDED HEALTH PROTECTION!

doing with it with half a heart. A woman's place is with her husband for as long as she is able to be with him.

Mrs. Kay Schoedinger
San Diego, California

Tell Mrs. Lown to stay at home where she belongs and give her children the chance to have a life as near to normal as possible.

No man in service should have the extra burden of trying to find a home for his family when he moves from place to place.

All husbands and fathers need peace of mind in whatever work they are employed at. Mrs. Lown's husband will have that peace in knowing his wife and two children are comfortable and safe. She will also find that her budget will take care of itself.

Mrs. A. G. Watt
Rochester, New York

Liberate Your Parents

Edith Stern's article, Don't Pamper Your Parents, is a genuine public service.

It is important that adequate provision be made for the health and welfare needs of a rapidly growing older generation, but just as basic is the need for a general revision of attitudes toward oldsters.

Miss Stern has swept away some of the stereotypes about older people which all of us have inherited. More brooms like hers are needed.

James H. Scull, Director
Public Relations Service
Family Service Assoc. of America
New York, New York

First Fan Letter

Golly, what a magazine! This is my first fan letter. I couldn't help writing to tell all of you that I think your magazine is tops. The stories are always fascinating and there are enough of them to make you feel you're getting your money's worth.

Congratulations again and keep up the good work in your wonderful magazine.

Mrs. Audrey Taylor
Parma, Ohio

Wanted: The Perfect Wife

Just how does a man go about meeting a woman like Kay, in Paz van Matre's Confession Scene in your September issue? I'm a lonely bachelor of twenty-nine, have a good job, am tall and blond and considered fairly handsome. And the only reason I'm lonely is that I've never found a woman willing to take a little bad temper along with my other attributes.

My last couple of girls said I was irresponsible and hard to get along with. Oh, for an understanding woman like Kay, who would love me enough to put up with my occasional lapses! The women I meet all seem to come equipped with a list of things they want in a man.

I don't usually read women's magazines, but I just happened to pick up this issue in a friend's house. If you keep on publishing stories like Confession Scene, I'm going to become a regular subscriber!

A bachelor from Texas

Keeping Up-to-date

It seems that I have nothing but praise for your magazine. As a single girl I read it for years and enjoyed it very much. Now, as a married woman with a small baby and home to care for, I don't find so much time for extra reading as I would like but I really keep up-to-date by reading Today's Woman from front to back.

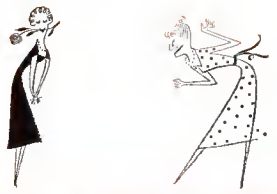
The stories are interesting and the articles very educational. Keep up the good work.

Mrs. Michael Gordon
Chicago, Illinois

Future Citizen

A few years before I came to America I started to read Today's Woman, and I greatly enjoy your fine stories and articles. I think it is the finest magazine there is of its kind. That's why I'm turning to you for help. I wish you'd publish my letter so that other women will have a chance to read what I have to say.

You see, I am a war bride. I was born in Berlin, Germany. A few years ago, I married an American and we now have two little boys. A year ago we came to America. We are buying our own home and we're just an average young couple, except for my nationality.



I love being in America—and the American people. I have met some wonderful people, and then I have met some not-so-nice people. Once a lady and I started talking on a bus. When she found out that I was German, she was extremely rude to me. This happened a few weeks after I came to America, and not having made many friends, I was pretty lonely. Fortunately, I have not met many like her but the abrupt unkindness toward me shocked me greatly.

Why can't some people accept us as Mrs. Joe Smith, or whatever our name is, instead of classifying us as that German or Austrian or Italian? Most war brides love their husbands and did not marry them just to come over here. We don't want anything special, all we want is to stay here and be allowed to live like any other person. We want to bring our children up to become good Americans, we want to make our husbands good wives and to make our neighbors good friends.

Personally, I went through a hard time during and after the war. There are many things I hope to forget someday. I know many people mean no harm by asking about Hitler or what my opinion is about this and that, but we came over here to start life all over again without Hitler, wars and concentration camps. Why aren't we allowed to do so, without having people make us remember things all over again? I'd much rather talk about Junior's heat rash or about my new hat.

Right now, I'm studying for my citizenship, beginning with Early American history. I hope that I'll become a citizen soon and that I'll be able to spend the rest of my life here in America.

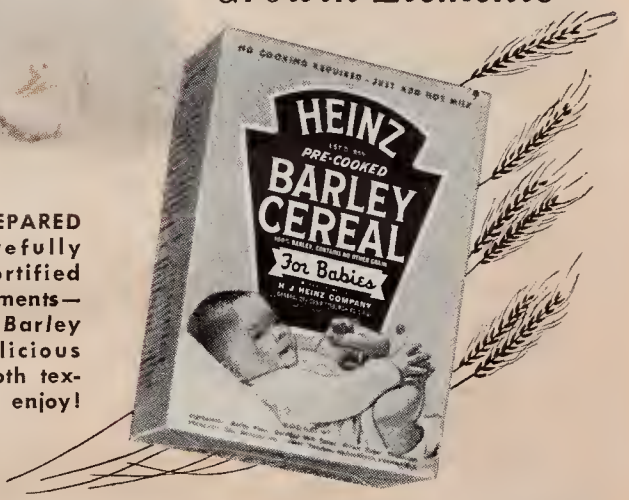
Mrs. J. B. Kline
Jacksonville, Florida

Today's Mail is your column and offers you an opportunity to unload a current problem of your own or to help a fellow reader. Send your letters to The Editors, TODAY'S WOMAN, *67 West 44th Street, New York 18, New York.*

Heinz Brings Your Baby

A NEW BARLEY CEREAL

Extra Rich In Extra Growth Elements



SCIENTIFICALLY PREPARED from choice, carefully selected barley—fortified with extra food elements—*Heinz Pre-cooked Barley Cereal* has a delicious flavor, a fine, smooth texture your baby will enjoy!

Doctors everywhere recommend Heinz Baby Foods because—

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3. **Baby Food** meat products use only government inspected, quality meats!
4. **Heinz Baby Foods** are scientifically cooked for higher nutritive value—*finer flavor, color and texture!*
5. **Heinz quality** is controlled by laboratory methods to insure uniformity!
6. **Heinz quality** is maintained at your grocer's. Heinz salesmen check supplies for *freshness!*
7. **You know** these baby foods taste good because they're *Heinz*—with an 83-year quality reputation.

AFTER THOROUGH, scientific research, Heinz Baby Food experts offer a new Pre-cooked Barley Cereal for your Baby! This new cereal is **naturally** rich in calcium, minerals and iron, while added elements increase its vitamin content!

● Heinz Pre-cooked Barley is not only good for baby, but it **tastes** good, too. Light and fluffy in texture—easy to digest—it makes an ideal **starting** cereal!

● Vary baby's menu with Heinz Pre-cooked Cereal Food and Heinz Pre-cooked Oatmeal, too. And when he's a little older, remember Heinz Strained and Junior Foods. You **know** they're good because they're **Heinz!**

Be Sure With
HEINZ
Baby Foods

The ONES To Grow On

57

Complete Line Includes Over 50 Varieties
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for added allure

Miriam Gates

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SHAMPOO and CURL
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Marlene's Hair Waving Shampoo contains not a trace of soap, nothing harsh, nothing drying or dulling whatsoever. It cleans, conditions and glorifies your hair and each shampoo and set curls and waves it at the same time. And, very important it rinses instantly. In all the world there is nothing like Marlene's Hair Waving Shampoo. No wonder Marlene's is sweeping America! Get Marlene's, get the shampoo of your dreams and long-lasting curls and waves at the same time, or money back!

MARLENE'S HAIR WAVING SHAMPOO

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Ladies' Man of the Auto Industry

Continued from page 6

who'd worked on it—were pretty proud of it. His wife, Anne, took a look and shook her head. "All those chrome strips around the rear end and tail lights look cheap and junky," she said. "I like the 'fifty better."

Henry gave her an argument but now admits that he thinks she's right. Basically, he thinks he's got the best car in the low-priced field, but he's perfectly willing to admit there's always room for improvement.

Henry drives Fords—always convertibles—to his office in Dearborn, Michigan, from his home in Grosse Pointe, about half the time, alternating them with Mercurys. Last summer he had a chance to put some real miles on a Ford when he drove his wife and two of their three children around Europe on a vacation.

The holiday with the family was not unusual for him—he's pretty much of a family man. Ever since their marriage, Anne has accompanied him on most of his trips—even business ones. When the children were tiny they used to take winter vacations together over the Christmas-New Year holidays, skiing at North Conway or Sun Valley. But when the kids got old enough to understand Christmas, they gave up the vacations and stayed home.

Henry met Anne McDonnell in 1936 when he was coming back from Europe on the Queen Mary. He was going to Yale at the time, and he saw her off and on during week ends in New York for the next four years. He never got a diploma from Yale, though he says he finished all the work, and in 1940 he and Anne were married.

"She'd always wanted a car of her own," he says. "I suppose she married me to get one."

She got it.

Then shortly after they were married Henry joined the Navy as a lieutenant. He was sent to the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, near Chicago, where he helped out on training new recruits and surveying universities around the country for the V-12 program, in which the Navy gave selected youths a free college education. In 1943 his father, Edsel, died and Henry was released from the Navy to go back to the Dearborn plant, which was then devoted entirely to war work.

The next two years were the hardest in his life. The company was being run—for all practical purposes—by Harry Bennett, who saw young Henry as a threat to his position. He was not allowed to know what was going on,

and though he had the title of advertising manager, nobody would let him do any work.

But Henry is a stubborn young man. Gradually he began to build a small group of men around him whom he could trust. Time after time he had the rug pulled from under him and Detroit insiders were betting he'd never be able to oust Bennett.

No one except the Fords knows the full story of what happened, but Henry's mother is generally credited with a major role. At any rate, in September, 1945, young Henry was elected president of the company at the age of 30. Before the meeting was over, he left walked down the long mahogany-walled corridor of the administration building to Bennett's office and fired him.

During the next couple of years he revolutionized the entire company. Bennett's hand-picked executives were tossed out, new and modern labor-relations techniques replaced medieval brass-knuckle and riot-gun methods.

In This Issue:

Control of prices and basic materials for manufacture may affect cost and availability of certain products featured in this issue between presstime and the time readers receive their copies.

The company, which had been a dictatorship, was decentralized and scores of bright young executives were brought in and given authority to overhaul research, engineering, production, advertising and sales methods. The end product of all their efforts was the 1949 line of Ford, Mercury and Lincoln cars. From them, as contrasted with the old-style models, the public was able to get an idea of how vast a revolution young Henry had set off.

There'll be others. In the past five years Henry has matured a good deal, but he still has the young man's impatience with the world as he finds it —which makes him no different from a million other young men. The difference comes when you remember that he has the Ford money to put to work on anything he thinks ought to be done.

So, as far as your cars are concerned, you gals have a young millionaire courting you, eager to learn your wishes just so he can gratify them. And this, it is reported, is not an unpleasant position for any woman to suddenly find herself in.

—Andre Fontaine

"You can see twice *as far since we cleaned the lens with Windex Spray."*

The brightest star in cleaners is *Windex Spray!* It's the quickest, easiest way to make windows and mirrors simply sparkle! *Whish!* Spray it on! *Swish!* Wipe it off lightly! Windex Spray leaves no messy dust to clean afterwards, like some cleaners. Saves time! Saves work! Costs far less than a penny per window. Even *more* economical in the big 20-oz. size. Also available in Canada.

"Turn on the light—I just remembered this is the day of the week I put Drāno in all the drains."

There's a film of dangerous sewer germs lurking in the darkness of every drain. No liquid disinfectant can budge the muck they breed in. It takes Drāno to unclog drains and keep them running free and clear. Use Drāno once a week—every week. Won't harm septic tanks. Makes them work better. Get Drāno today at your grocery or hardware store. Also available in Canada.

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". . . a pleasure to show and sell your beautiful line . . . helped me support our family."

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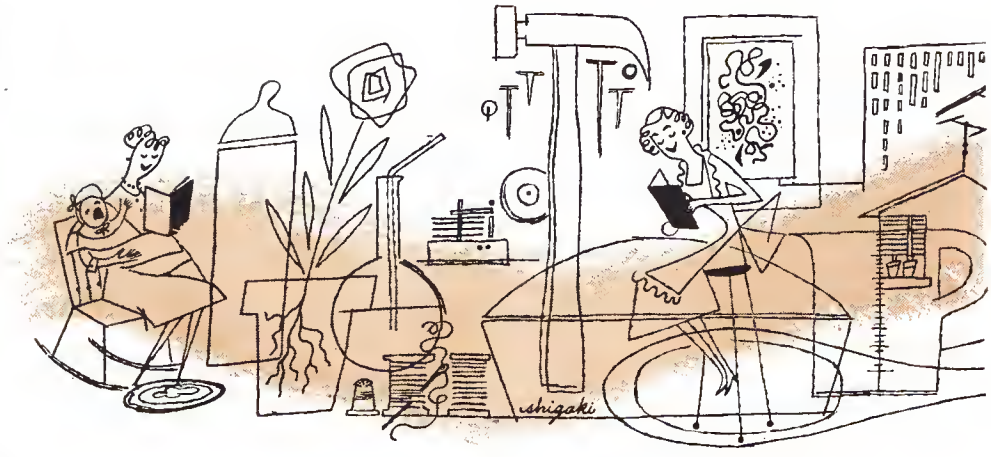


Hair Beauty on a Budget proves you can do something about your hair—and at home! 15 pages, filled with informative sketches and illustrations, show how to care for your hair, taper and style it to flatter your face, permanent-wave the ends and set your own curls. Free. Toni Co., Dept. TDW 1, Merchandise Mart, Chicago 54, Ill.

Menu Magic will pep up all your meals with its many delicious recipes—old and new—for baking, entrees, frying, salads and dressings. A special bonus are the easy-mix biscuit and pastry recipes. Many tempting illustrations. Free. Jane Ashley, Dept. TDW 1, Corn Products Refining Co., 17 Battery Place, N. Y. 4, N. Y.

The Colonial Treasure Book contains over 75 photographs of one of the most unusual collections of historically authentic furniture reproductions—many are pieces at the Edison Institute museum. An excellent section on care and repair of furniture, characteristics of good furniture and historical background of styles makes this a book you will treasure if you appreciate furniture with a heritage. 25¢. Colonial Manufacturing Co., Dept. TDW 1, Zeeland, Michigan.

Money Management—Your Health Dollar contains much crucial information about how to protect your family against illness and how to handle your medical expenses sensibly. 5¢. Consumer Education Dept., Household Finance Corp., Dept. TDW 1, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

The Cook's Handbook is more than just a wonderful collection of basic recipes and variations. Over 200 sketches, charts and pictures give tips for better cooking, shopping and meal-planning and for wiser food storing, serving and care of utensils. One of the handiest books you can find! 35¢ in coin. Home Service Dept., Carnation Co., Dept. TDW 1, Los Angeles 36, Calif.

Infant Care is an important booklet for a new mother and father—especially if it's their first arrival. A classic on rearing baby through his first years, this manual has recently been revised to include the latest experiences of doctors, nurses, nutritionists, psychologists and parents. 20¢. Supt. of Documents, Dept. TDW 1, Gov. Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C.

Heating with Convector Radiators will answer many of your heating problems, whether you're building a new home or remodeling an old one. Discusses the most efficient ways to heat a home, with special emphasis on convector heating. Free. Convector Manufacturers Assoc., Dept. TDW 1, 221 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

Home Decorating Guide is packed full of sketches and color photographs that will instruct you in furniture selection and arrangement, picture hanging and color combinations, choosing and using fabrics and floor and wall coverings. Color schemes for 16 beautiful rooms. 10¢. Pabco-Paraffine Co., Inc., Dept. 49, 475 Brannan St., San Francisco 19, Calif.

Booklets

Emergency Action to Save Lives gives the best practical ways to handle a person suffering from shock, broken bones, injuries, bleeding and burns and to prevent suffocation until expert help arrives. An important booklet if you're untrained in first aid. 5¢. Supt. of Documents, Dept. TDW 1, Gov. Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C.

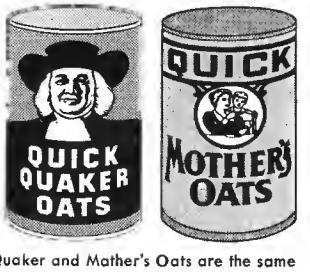
Better Buymanship—Use and Care of Floor Coverings discusses thoroughly how to buy rugs, carpets, linoleum and printed and synthetic floor coverings. It will help you decide upon the best buy for your money and needs, show you how to ensure lasting wear. 5¢. Consumer Education Dept., Household Finance Corp., Dept. TDW 1, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

The California Way is a fascinating party guide with menus for everything from barbecues to "little" dinners, 43 new recipes for delicious drinks and wine-cooked foods and a gay array of tips for vivid table settings and cooking short cuts. Colorfully illustrated. 25¢. Wine Advisory Board, Dept. TDW 1, P. O. Box 3560, Rincon Annex, San Francisco 19, Calif.

For Modern is an interesting survey of the growth of modern design in furnishings and shows examples of functional design dating from 1830 to the present. Also dozens of photos of contemporary room interiors, wallpapers, modern art, dinnerware and lamps that are appropriate in modern settings. 25¢. Dunbar Furniture, Dept. TDW 1, Berne, Ind.

Your doctor knows why Quaker Oats is best for babies 3 months and older

Doctors have always known Quaker Oats is high in life-giving protein. Now—a leading University has proved Quaker Oats even richer in this body-building protein than well-known "baby" cereals!*



Quaker and Mother's Oats are the same

Yes, Mothers—your doctor can tell you how Quaker Oats benefits baby as well as the rest of the family. Now, University tests on protein prove that Quaker Oats is better for body growth than 14 nationally known cereals—including two well-known "baby" cereals!

Begin Oatmeal Feeding at 3 Months

Creamy-delicious Quaker Oats may be fed to baby as early as 3 months. It's easy to make. Just use a double boiler, following directions on the package. Then oatmeal is made for the whole family!

Remember, nourishing Quaker Oats costs less than 1¢ a serving. Get a package today!

**Results published on Page 163, Vol. 16, No. 2 of "Food Research," a nationally known scientific journal.*

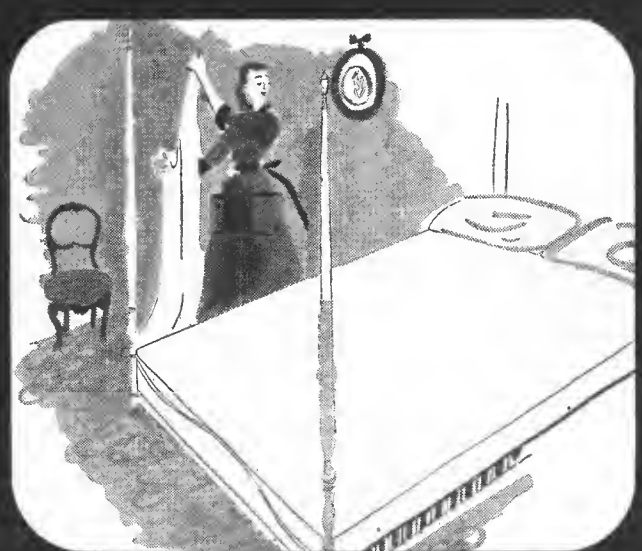
QUAKER OATS

The Giant of the Cereals

A message to people

1. Every morning do you struggle with a wrinkled bottom sheet?

2. When you turn down the bed at night, does the bottom sheet pop out, wrinkle again?



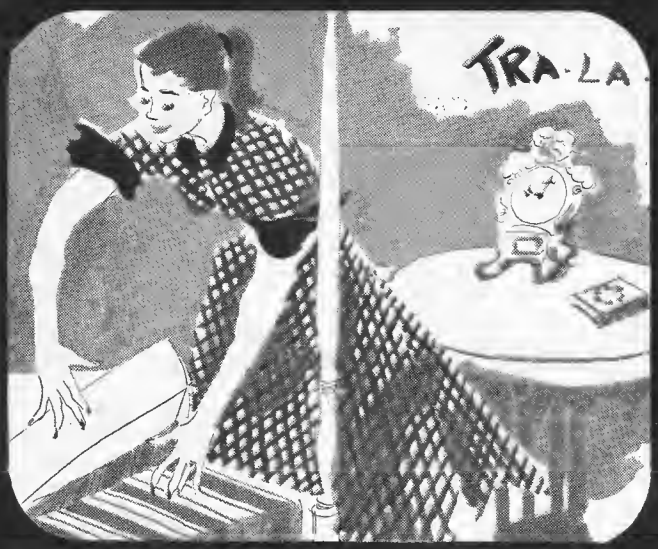
5. A shaped tuck-under holds all four sides drumtight. Adjusts to slight variations in mattress thickness!

6. You'll have the smoothest sleep of your life. And when you get up your bed is half-made! No re-tucking to do!

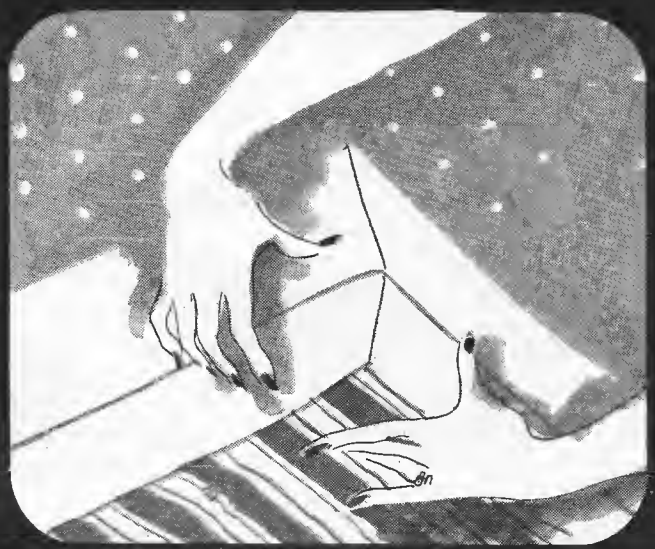
Only ***PACIFIC***

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

who sleep

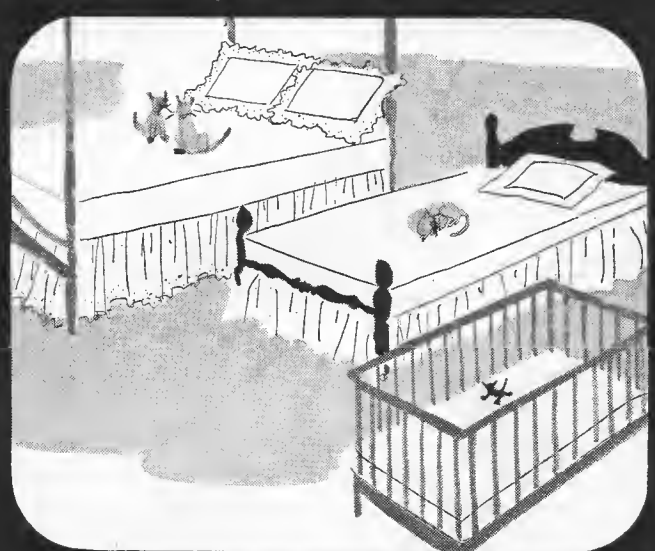


3. Then you need a CONTOUR SHEET*. . . it won't wrinkle, can't pull out



4. Four mitered, sewn-in corners cap the mattress—are taped to prevent tearing

7. Contour Sheets are easy to launder, won't shrink because they're Sanforized.* Ironing is optional



8. Combed percale or muslin in standard sizes—double, twin, and crib—youth size in muslin.

makes the CONTOUR SHEET*

In the same price ranges as conventional sheets. At your favorite store or write for folder and name of nearest dealer to Pacific Mills, Dept. IF, 1407 Broadway, New York 18.

BY PACIFIC MILLS...WEAVERS OF FINE COTTONS · RAYONS · WOOLENS · WORSTEDS

Look who's ready for a big build-up!

Only yesterday an all-milk diet was the thing for him. Now he's a meat-eater—and loving every mouthful! That's because Gerber's are wise to the ways of babies and nutrition.

For instance, the nourishing Gerber's Meats start with specially selected Armour cuts. Then they're cooked to retain a high degree of body-building protein, vitamin, and mineral content, along with savory juices. As you'd expect, Gerber's Meats are free of coarse tissue and excess fat, so they're ever so easy to digest.

For beginners, there are the delicious strained meats: beef, veal, liver, lamb, beef heart, pork . . . all with Gerber's purée-like texture. Babies with teeth have a choice of junior beef, veal, liver—bite-size to encourage chewing.

ARMOUR

Gerber's Meats are economical, besides. You save an average of 50% on the cost of meats prepared at home . . . plus tremendous savings in time!

Babies are our business... our only business!

Gerber's
BABY FOODS

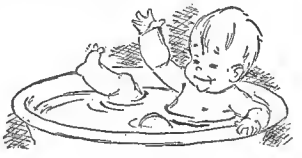
CEREALS • STRAINED and JUNIOR FOODS • MEATS

Bringing Up Baby

HINTS COLLECTED BY
Mrs Dan Gerber
(MOTHER OF 5)

Baby's First Try with Meat? Meat is one of the foods most babies take to at first try. If you happen to get a real "no, no" reaction, try mixing a spoonful or so of Gerber's strained meat with a regular portion of fruit or cereal. May not sound like a very tasty combination to *grown-ups,* but it's usually pretty successful with wee ones.

Mrs. Gerber



Crosspatch Counter-Move. Ever feel cross and dragged out—and then have a real revival of good disposition after a leisurely tub? Could be that an extra, relaxed, tepid bath would work the same cheerful transformation on your little one.

Small-Fry Shepherd's Pie. Teething toddlers have a nice variation on meat—and you have an easy-to-make dinner dish with Chopped Meat Pie. Put ¼ cup of mashed potato into a small buttered casserole. Add 1 container of Gerber's Junior Beef, Veal, or Liver. Top with another ¼ cup of mashed potato, placed in mounds around the edge. Bake in moderate oven (375°) until top is lightly browned. Feast on 1 large or 2 small servings.

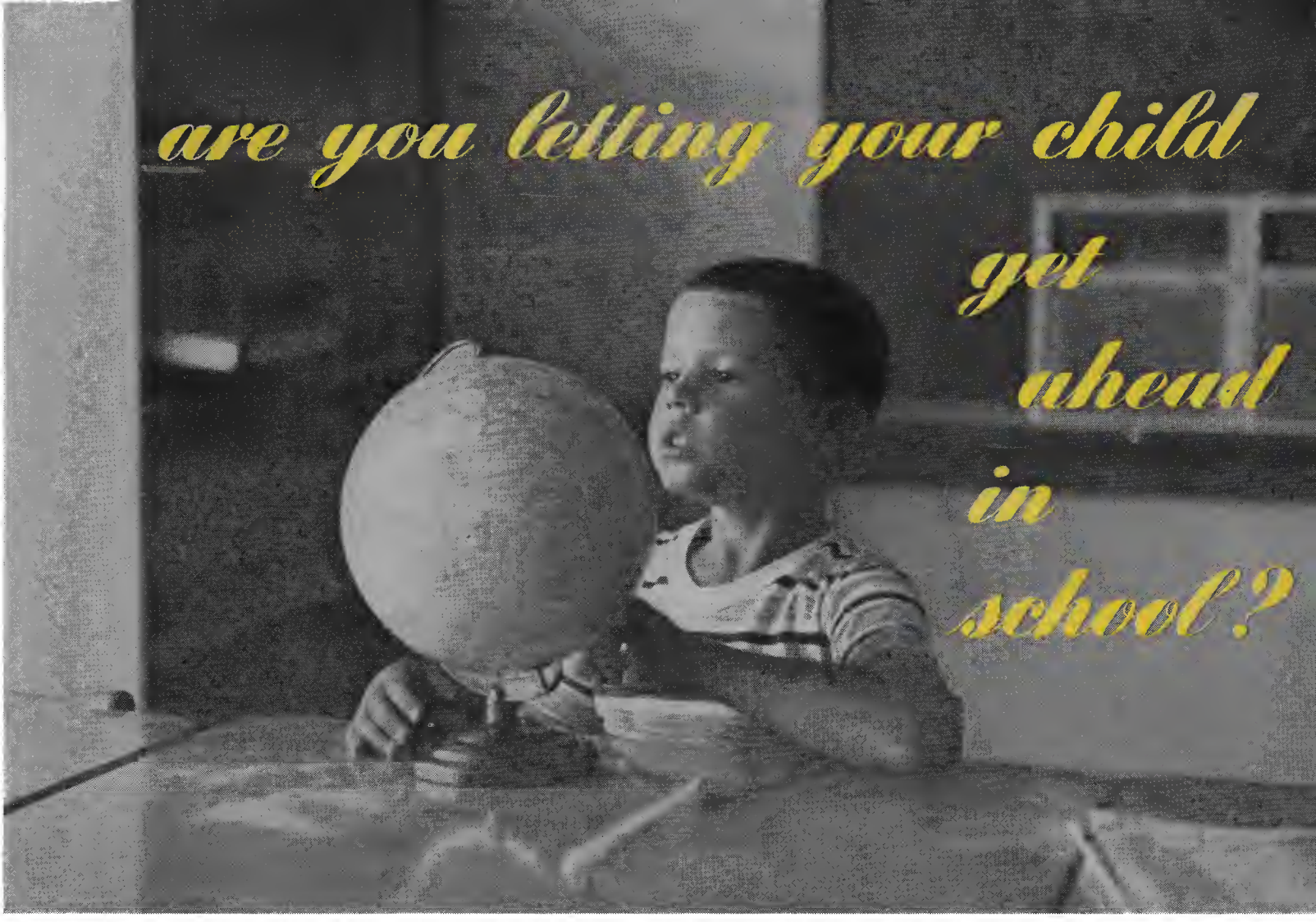
* * *

This is the Seal that says "Accepted by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association." No vast surprise when you consider that we make babies, and nothing else, our one and *only* business.

ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON FOODS AND NUTRITION AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

* * *

SPECIAL! Extra-helpful for new mothers: Gerber's "Baby's Book"—free record book and information-packed manual, all in one. Just write me, Mrs. Dan Gerber, Dept. E1-2, Fremont, Michigan. In Canada, Gerber-Ogilvie Baby Foods Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ont.



are you letting your child get ahead in school?

It's the intelligent and educated parents who are most likely to complain about new-fangled methods of instruction. But in spite of their doubts the three R's are being better taught in school today than they were twenty years ago

Many parents are not letting teachers handle the job that needs to be done. Many of you are interfering —not because you know more about education than the teachers but because you aren't aware that education has changed since you and I went to school.

I went back to school this fall to see for myself what changes had taken place. At the Long Beach, Long Island, schools, instead of Dickey Dare and the First Reader I saw a dozen different books being used in one classroom. One child was on his fourth book, while another child—just as bright, just as happy, just as lovable —had not even started her first. She just couldn't read yet. One teacher told me that her thirty-two second-grade children had thirty-two different books! Each child was going along at his own rate of speed.

These new teaching techniques have been tried and tested and found effective. So stop worrying yourself and, what's worse, your children. Stop making unfair comparisons. Our job as parents—as the father of four young daughters I qualify, you see—is to understand just what our schools are trying to accomplish and how.

Today we don't assume that every child should read at the age of six or even seven. To the traditional three R's—reading, writing and arithmetic—we have added a fourth: readiness. We now give all children in the early grades special tests to see if they are *ready* to read. We've recognized at last that all children don't develop mentally, socially or intellectually at the same speed any more than they develop at the same speed physically.

That's why the new approach to learning is so important. It allows for the individual differences of your child. Many schools now have [*Continued on page* 49]

by Dr. Benjamin Fine

Education Editor, The New York Times

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAN WEINER—BRACKMAN

"You should be my wife, not his," Digby said.
"I'll tell him so. Then we'll go away, you and I!"

the last affair

Delia had made a profession of men—knowing just how far their worship could be tried before the time came to say good-by. She had never failed to see the moment for escape

by susan seavy

ILLUSTRATION BY AL BUELL

She was a tall woman, with a touch of coldness in her mouth and a pure translucent skin. Her eyes were blue and pretty, but if she had to meet a glance directly, they turned blank. Not a foolish blankness, but one that smiled and hid her thoughts. She had beautiful hands and a beautiful poise. Her hair was lovely, shining with life.

Her pause in the doorway was almost imperceptible—it might have been only a necessary second during which she must wait for the slow quiet man who followed her—but it let all the eyes in the room see the lovely picture she made. Then she came on, suddenly radiating a visible charm that made people move to speak to her.

"Who is she?"

Digby Dennis turned his lanky young body a little to watch her. He had a strange feeling, such as an artist might feel if a painted creation came suddenly to life. It seemed [*Continued on page* 42]

the Horse in the parlor

Friends, acquaintances—mere bystanders—often envied Bill's lot. Where would a man find a more amenable wife, one who cooked, one who was loving and also easy on the eyes? There was just one little thing wrong with her . . . .

This is a story which takes a little imagination on your part. The background is a city like New York. Since there are no cities *like* New York, let's just pretend it *is* New York.

But in this story a bet or two are made with a bookie, and as everyone knows, New York has been undergoing police-department changes and now it is impossible to make a bet on a horse race there. There are no more bookies—as everyone knows.

The bookie is named Fred Papert. He is a stationery-store proprietor on East Seventy-ninth Street, near the Third Avenue elevated. As we say, a bet or two are made with him and you just will have to imagine that such things can be.

Because such things can be, Bill Fuller was a melancholy man. Bill Fuller is not a betting man. He is a magazine illustrator and a good one, and he lives in a nice apartment in the East Seventies. But these days it is pretty hard to find an American family in which at least one of the members isn't a horse player. And Bill Fuller's family is limited. It consists of himself and one wife. Genevieve Fuller.

The Fullers have been married three pleasant years. There are steaks on the table, night clubs to attend occasionally, seats for the hit shows and all the rest of the diverting routine that goes with fairly top-drawer existence in Manhattan. All this appeals to Bill. There is nothing in him of the dreamy-eyed esthete. He is good-looking but in a gently beat-up way, and Picasso would disown him as an artist [*Continued on page* 102]

by mel heimer

ILLUSTRATION BY EDDIE CHAN

"Heavens, dear," said Gen, "everyone knows such things go on at the race tracks. You just have to know which stables are leveling. Shall we dance?"

the truth

about Reducing diets

be sure to read this before dieting to lose weight

If you're overweight you're probably worried—those extra pounds aren't attractive. We doctors are worried too—but for different reasons. We know, too, that many of the fad reducing diets you're likely to try are dangerous. They can make you lose health as well as weight. That is why it is so important for you to know the truth about overweight and about reducing.

When a doctor says "overweight," he doesn't refer only to a person who is grossly fat. He is concerned by as little as fifteen pounds of extra fat. And it's a rare family that does not have at least one overweight member since about one fourth of our adult population is overweight. As a nation, we are overweight by approximately 500 million pounds!

This is such a serious threat to the health of our country that the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has joined with the Public Health Service of the Federal Security Agency and the American Medical Association in a campaign against fat.

The dangers of fat are very real. It is a proven killer. Our insurance statistics show that the death rate of overweight women in their thirties is 52 per cent higher than that of women who haven't allowed themselves to grow fat; that every year more overweight mothers die in childbirth than those of normal weight; that 85 per cent of the people who develop diabetes after the age of 40 are overweight.

Every year our policyholders ask us thousands of questions about reducing diets. [*Continued on page* 98]

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAY MENDEL—KEPPLER STUDIO

by donald b. armstrong, m.d.

Second Vice-President and Director
Health and Welfare Division
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

Mr.

Killer

The incredible words in the diary stood—clearly accusing: Last night I sharpened the kitchen knives for her. When I finished the largest carving knife she took it and held it so tightly her knuckles showed white. "This is my pet," she said. "I call it Mr. Killer"

She would have waited until Jamie came home except that the lock looked just like the one that had been on the secret box she had owned when she was a child. And after she lost the key to that secret box playing baseball, the lock had yielded to a paper clip bent just so.

So she took a paper clip from Jamie's desk and took the tin box and sat on the floor, because it was always easier to do hard things while sitting on the floor. It was all because somehow the darn bill for the insurance premium had disappeared; it was truly disheartening the way bits of necessary paper could scoot out of sight in such a small house.

Jamie was very much of a child, she thought, with his locked tin box, but of course the policy would be in there and the number would be on the policy. The company had mentioned that they liked the policy number written on the premium checks, and with the bill for the premium gone, it was a logical place to look. [*Continued on page* 118]

by John D. MacDonald

ILLUSTRATION BY AL MOORE

THEY MAKE MONEY

Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Jacobs, cuckoo-clock specialists. Here they check clock's performance with a stethoscope

Mrs. Alice Assatourian, left, founder of Haig Giftware, combs the market in New York for unusual gifts

Mrs. Vella Smith of Flushing, Long Island, turned a genius for herbs into a business in her kitchen

Would you and your husband like to set your own working hours, forget bosses and time clocks, earn enough to pay the rent and grocery bills—and still have time to do some of the things you really want to do?

Your answer may be a mail-order business. That means selling something—anything—by mail, from baby crocodiles to tea cozies to tinned tamales.

Every year hundreds of ambitious, enterprising people start their own mail-order business. Some of them fail. Others, like a bright energetic couple named Carl and Dyne Jensen, get a good idea by the tail, whirl it over their heads and land a whopping success.

They thought up, produced and are selling like crazy The Magic Darning Kit, a box of knit fabric patches of assorted colors, used to "darn" socks, sweaters, trouser tears, etc., simply by pressing with a hot iron. The job is completed in eight seconds—and all that for $1, postpaid.

The Jensens agree that a mail-order business is a great idea—IF. If you're willing to gamble (you may make a mint or lose your shirt). If you can work twenty hours at a stretch when orders tumble in and must be filled. If you're conscientious, persevering, have a keen sense of service to other people and are able to sense trends, fads, common needs and the popular appeal of any given product.

You ought to be good with [*Continued on page* 108]

The Carl Jensens of New York City. He devised and patented the ingenious Magic Darning Kit and the family was in business

by gledhill cameron

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MYRON EHRENBERG

IN THE mail-order BUSINESS

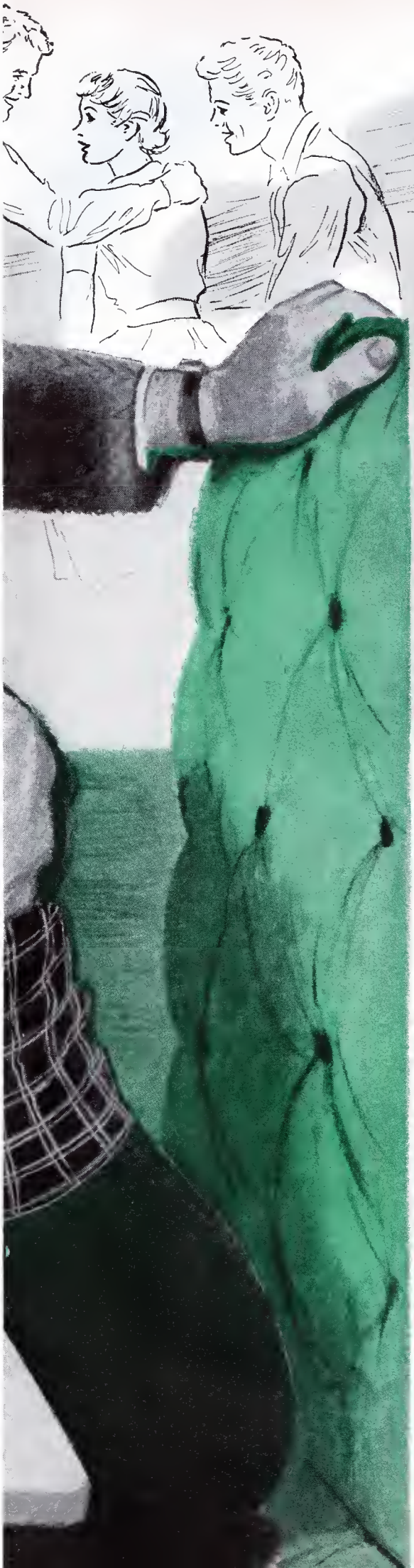
They set up shop in the parlor—or the kitchen or the backyard—and made it pay. The inside story of successful mail-order ventures

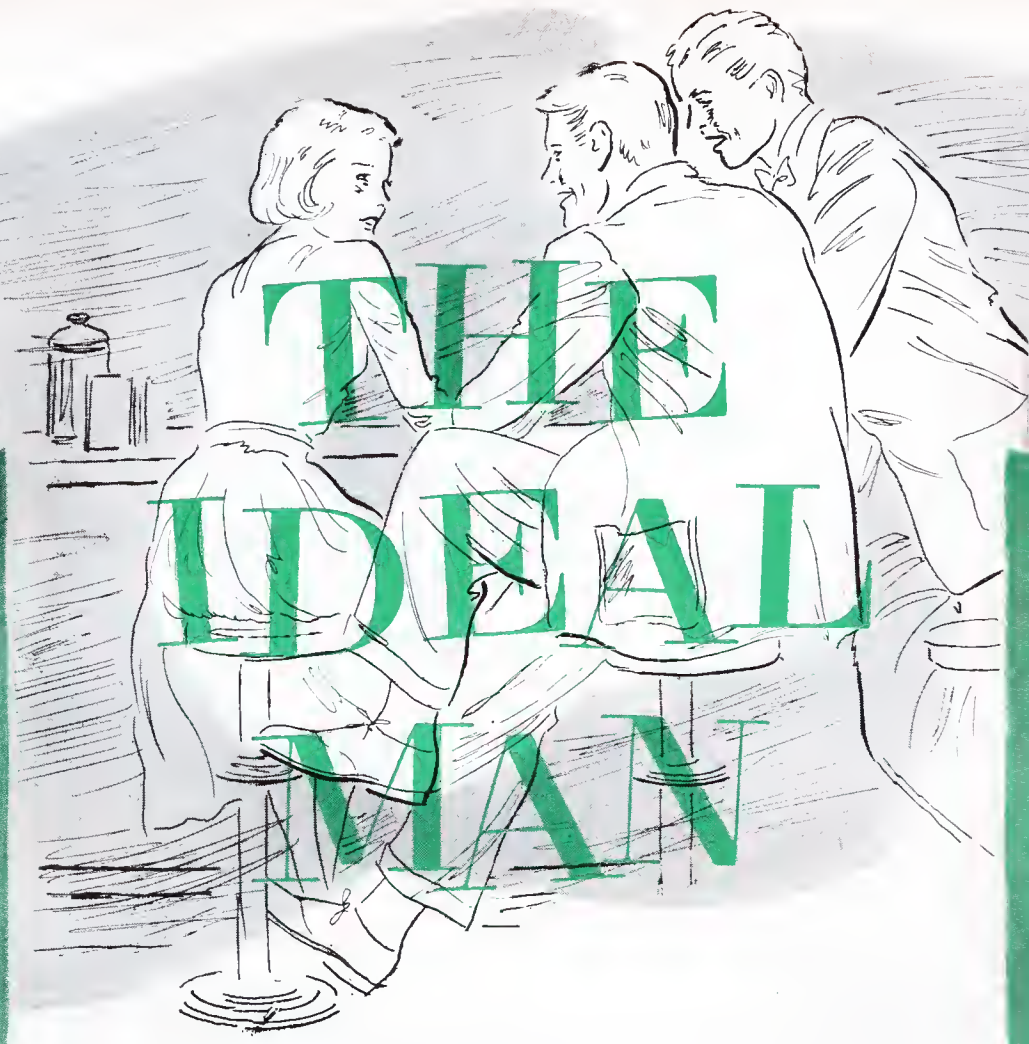
PHOTOGRAPH BY SIDNEY L. CULLEN

Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Myers of Damariscotta, Maine, who successfully ship sea-food dinners all over the country

"Sure I hate you," said Pepper. "I hate you like sweet dreams, like chocolate candy, like a first snowfall." This sort of talk was, of course, the poet in him—which only ended by confusing her

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL





THE IDEAL MAN

In Jean's mind there existed a clutter of words to define the ideal man—such as famous, wealthy, handsome, worldly. Pepper Henderson didn't fit any of these fancy definitions

I had not seen my sister Lee in three years and I was lonely for her, especially for the times we sat and talked. Oh, I had friends at the university and was sitting more comfortably than I had in a long time, but I had no one in the world for my own except Lee. A few days before Christmas vacation, I changed my mind and decided to go to Chicago to see her and visit her.

I sent Lee a telegram and then went over to the malt shop and waited for Pepper Henderson. We had a date for hot chocolates at three-thirty, but it was almost a quarter to four before he came. I remember how I sat there watching him pass the glass windows. It was like watching someone while he slept or looking at fish through a glass tank, a studying of that person as calmly as one studies history or plant life through a microscope.

I had known Pepper since the [*Continued on page* 53]

by ANN CHIDESTER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN SCOTT

Royal salute: Prince Charles gallantly kisses the hand of his adored baby sister, Princess Anne

The Young Charmers of the

An exclusive report on the rearing of the British royal children

by Thyra Samter Winslow

Prince Charles with his favorite plaything—a horse and cart as big as himself. It was given to him by the waitresses employed by a chain of London teashops

A misguided family friend gave Charles a tin trumpet with real stops. Charles makes martial music on his horn, loves to march while playing. Good loud fun!

On most pleasant days, if you are in London, you can go to St. James' Park and see a pink-cheeked, blue-eyed little boy of three being wheeled in his pram. Sometimes he has a fox terrier with him and sometimes he is accompanied by a frolicsome Corgi puppy named Sugar. Few people are allowed to approach the pram, and you may notice that two plain-clothesmen complete the procession of boy, dog and nurse. If you haven't recognized him before, you realize that this is Prince Charles, the future king of England.

I was interested in knowing just how such a child, born to rule an empire, is raised. I thought that when I arrived in London it would be simple enough to find out all about young Prince Charles and his little sister, Princess Anne. But I found instead that a fog of silence envelops the royal children. Although they are among the most beloved children in the world, few people know very much about them.

Princess Elizabeth never talks publicly—or for publication—about her children. She is very careful not to give any information that can be construed as advice since other young mothers might unwisely follow it word for word in bringing up their own youngsters.

However, I was fortunate enough to meet Mrs. Betty Spencer Shew, a charming young English woman and the only [*Continued on page* 116]

British Royal Family

KEYSTONE

The young royal family: Princess Elizabeth, the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Charles and Princess Anne on the lawn of their London home

this language called LOVE

About two who loved each other—and almost forgot to love their children too.

When Liz Hawks heard the clock softly chime the half-hour past six, she knew there wasn't any sense in waiting supper for Jan. "Peter, Ellen—come on, let's eat," she called from the kitchen, already dishing out their food.

"Hooray, Mom's eating with us," Peter cried joyfully, and Ellen echoed his hooray.

There was a time when she would have fed the children alone, mixed herself a drink and waited for Jan. No matter how late he got in, they would sit in that other kitchen, eating and jabbering away until all hours. But what was the use of a late supper with a man and dying inside because you couldn't think of anything to talk about, especially if the man happened to be your husband whom you loved, the father of your two kids?

After all the night preparations were completed—teeth-cleaning, reading, loving, hugging, kissing—and the two children were resigned to sleep, Liz sat down in front of her dressing table, a place for thinking and examining.

She loved the glossy sheen of the fine wood where the lamp shone on it. She loved the room, stretching across the full width of the house, with its little dormers on each side, the crisp white organdy curtains unmarred by soot, the blue and white flowers on the wallpaper, the old mahogany bed. She loved to be able to look from where she sat and see the curve of Huckleberry Hill across the road, spot Peter's bike, which he should have put away, and Ellen's scooter just behind, never, never, even in repose, able to keep up.

Without vanity she studied her face closely for some sign of the chaos behind it and [*Continued on page* 56]

by Hila Colman

ILLUSTRATION BY LUCIA

by carol vance

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES HAWES

a day for growing up

What could he say to this daughter of his? His voice would inevitably be the voice of a stranger How could he tell her that he remembered how young hearts break?

Dr. David Marsh paused at the threshold of his daughter's room, staring at her outline against the window. She was fourteen. She loved her family, but in the last weeks she seemed to have slipped away from them. Now she stood rigid against some outrage he could not imagine. Her plaid skirt—red and green and yellow—hung still as draperies of stone.

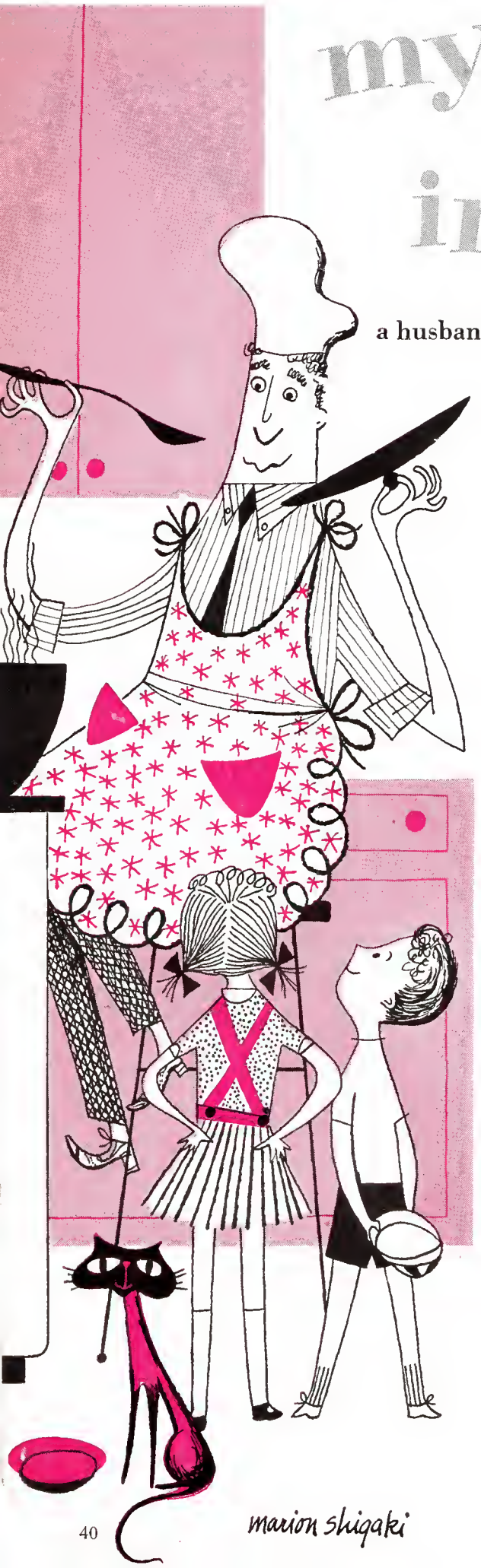
Gingerly he looked around him. Adolescence had made of her an artist. She would have perfection or chaos, and at this moment she chose the latter. Her tennis racket trembled on the typewriter, the bed was heaped and wool socks wept their tears down every chairback.

"What's the matter?" he asked quietly. [*Continued on page* 111]

my three days in the soup

or

a husbandly translation of that old French stand-by "pot-au-feu"—out of the pot and into the fire



I'm writing this one-handed, in bed, propped on my elbow with the typewriter beside me. I can't keep a thing on my stomach, not even a portable typewriter. The doctor says it's simply food poisoning. But of course he didn't take time to learn the whole story.

My real trouble is that I've read so many articles about what superior cooks men are that I began to take them seriously. Up until this week, my culinary achievements had been limited to heating a can of C-rations during the war and mixing an occasional cup of instant coffee.

But in the course of watching my wife develop from a canned-peas-and-lamb-chop bride into a cook who knows the proper herbs for beef Stroganov, I've come to take quite an interest in the kitchen the last few years. There's no denying Alyce gets some very appetizing results, although I can't say much for her methods. She makes too great a production out of cooking. No efficiency. Wears herself out. I've tried to lighten her work with helpful suggestions, but she has a way of saying "Yes, dear" that would discourage a Hindu holy man.

For a long time, now, I've had the urge to show her by example. Only I didn't quite know where to begin. Then, last Sunday, visiting some friends in the country, I noticed our hostess dropping some scraps into a sunken pot built into their new electric stove.

"Handy place for a garbage can," said I. "What will they think of next?"

"It isn't a garbage can," she replied. "Wait till you see. It's a pot where you put all the foods that ordinarily would go to waste—the chicken necks, unused pieces of beef, leftover gravies, outside leaves of lettuce, carrot tops, pea pods, the juices from canned vegetables—

By the World's Least-Known Would-Be Gourmet

morton sontheimer

everything. You bring it to a boil once a day and it gives you the most delicious soup, never the same two days running. It's no trouble, it's a great economy and you get all the rich vitamins you usually throw out."

I smelled it. It smelled heavenly. That evening they served it at supper. It was ambrosia.

I got the hostess off in a corner. "You're sure this soup is no trouble?" I asked.

"Nothing to it. You start with any regular soup, beef stock or chicken broth and keep adding to it. It's an old custom that's almost forgotten. The French call it *pot au feu*—pot on the fire."

All the way home I kept dreaming of that super soup. Next day I strode into the kitchen and said to Alyce, "I'd like a large pot."

"Obviously," she replied. "And you'll get one too, the way you ate yesterday."

I dug into the bottom shelf and got one myself.

"What's cooking?" said Alyce.

"I am," said I.

It's hard for a man to keep a thing like that a secret. When I explained to Alyce what I was up to, she gave me a look of amused tolerance and went on doing her own chores, the hard way. I dumped two cans of soup into the pot, added a little water and there was my starter. That first day I didn't find much to add to the pot—a couple of lettuce leaves, the remains of the baby's strained spinach and the discarded top of a tomato. I hadn't got into the swing of the thing yet.

That night our *pot au feu* tasted pretty much like the canned soup it was. Very good, but not the least original. Alyce said, "You make canned soup better than I do," a compliment I considered somewhat backhanded.

But after supper that night I had a gold mine of materials for the pot—some fine gravy, two or three chunks of meat, some of the water in which the corn had cooked, some remains of green peppers that would have been thrown out and some of the baby's cereal and milk.

I developed a positive lust for throwing things into the pot. I went through the refrigerator and found quite a number of things to enhance my soup—some old chicken gravy, a neglected gizzard wrapped in aluminum foil. One of the things I've often criticized about Alyce is that she gets a trifle absent-minded with what she leaves in the refrigerator. I never did put that gizzard in the pot. It walked out of the kitchen and began scooping up gravel by itself in the yard. Even the aluminum foil flew out the door and

FELSO

WASHES EVERYTHING BETTER!

...and so gentle on hands!

Cleaner washes as they come from machine or tub . . . fresher and sweeter as you take them from the line . . . softer and fluffier under your iron . . . yes, in every way FELSO washes everything better.

Sheerest nylons, rugged cottons or heavy woolens . . . FELSO washes everything better.

White, free-pouring FELSO bubbles into "just-right" suds, no matter how hard or cold the water; and FELSO's pleasant fragrance makes it such a nice product to use.

No matter how often you use FELSO, you'll find your hands stay soft and smooth. Use FELSO, too, for easy, "no-wipe" dishwashing.

then wrapped itself around a rose bush.

By the next day I even sacrificed a piece of bacon at breakfast to drop it in the pot. Alyce began taking an interest and insisted that if I wanted her to eat the stuff I had to submit all contributions for her censorship. That probably was a good thing. For by then I was so obsessed that only her watchfulness kept the pot from receiving a length of disused rawhide, two dog biscuits and the coffee grounds for the day.

With Alyce standing guard though, our soup took on quite a conventional, if colorful miscellany. We had to go out to dinner that night, so I didn't get to sample it.

And then, yesterday, which was the third day, Alyce called me into the kitchen. "Brace yourself," she said and led me over to the range. My pot had acquired a distinction that almost lifted the lid without aid of human hands. I assured Alyce though that this was nothing. As soon as I brought it to a boil, as I had been told would be necessary every twenty-four hours, it would be deliciously aromatic. Last night, I did just that. It still wasn't quite aromatic, but the boiling did make it approachable at any rate.

Alyce was very dubious about the whole thing. Not I, though. I insisted on having a bowl of it for dinner. It didn't taste quite like the soup our friends had served. It was a bit on the sour side. But I was sure this was a mere accident of the day's leavings that could be neutralized tomorrow with a tablespoonful of the stuff we use to clear out the drains. Meanwhile, I manfully ate the whole bowl of it.

By this morning, I realized I had done something wrong. I still don't know what. Perhaps one of you readers can tell me. You needn't be in a hurry about it. The way things look now, I won't be able to reach the top of the stove again for at least a week.

When I wanly suggested to Alyce that she'd better call the doctor, she said, "I did. He'll be here at nine."

"Oh?" I whispered. "When did you call him?"

"Last night," she said, "right after you ate your soup."

If only she could be that efficient in the kitchen. Save herself a lot of wasted effort. —MORTON SONTHEIMER

The Last Affair

Continued from page 23

that somewhere in the back of his mind he had imagined a woman like this. A woman who walked like a queen, who glowed with an inner fire.

Beside him, the woman whose name he couldn't recall answered. There was a peculiar shading in her voice. It might have been admiration or envy, or merely dislike.

"That's Mrs. Corydon."

The word "Mrs." caused a stiffening somewhere inside him. Surely she was the daughter of the man beside her.

He struck a tone of casual curiosity, the bored curiosity of the very young who wish not to seem young.

"Department store Corydons?"

"Her husband is." The woman placed an intimate gossipy hand on his arm. "I've always admired Bret Corydon, but I'm afraid she finds him rather dull, poor fellow."

Digby rose and moved toward the crowd surrounding Mrs. Corydon. Through a babble of voices he heard her voice, filled with a deep excitement. It wakened a kindred excitement in his own blood.

Digby was very young—twenty-two last fall—and his youth sat openly on him despite his efforts to hide it. Still, he had an arresting appearance. His dark hair looked almost black against his pale skin and his eyes showed the burning intensity that was in him. Sometimes when emotion gripped him, his hands trembled and his mouth had a strained vulnerable look.

He wanted now to press through the crowd, to have someone say, "Mrs. Corydon, Mr. Dennis!" But no one noticed him; they were looking at the woman and he stood uncertainly at the fringe of the group. Presently he began to feel foolish standing there, and when the music started he danced with a girl he had met earlier.

In an absent-minded way he was aware that the girl was pretty, but with her he had the sensation of dancing with a little girl at her first party. He kept watching the group around Mrs. Corydon. He saw it break up when she moved to the dance floor with her husband.

Corydon was a big man and Digby saw that he had a certain dignity, but he looked middle-aged and sad. A sad old clown dancing with a queen, Digby thought.

The thought gave him a kind of lonely inspiration. The throb of the orchestra became a live thing, alone and sobbing. His arm tightened slightly about the girl and he communicated to her the thing that was in the music.

Dreamily, he knew that people watched them. A sudden exultation filled him and broke his step. He stopped at the door near the garden and the girl smiled up at him breathlessly.

"Lucy didn't tell me you could dance like that!"

He smiled at her, liking her, trying to remember her name. She had a bright elfin face and a sweet young body.

"Thanks." Her name was Sharon, he remembered. Lucy, his aunt, had introduced them. "You're pretty smooth yourself."

He knew that she would walk with him into the garden if he moved in that direction. The night outside seemed soft and beckoning, haunted by the music, needing him and this girl with the wheat-colored hair to give it meaning.

But his aunt, Lucy, was there.

"Digby," she said, "Mrs. Corydon wants to meet you. The queen commands." She laughed. "Come along, Sharon."

Lucy was big and unmarried and a bit of a buffoon. This was the first visit Digby had paid her since he was a child, and it surprised him to find that in this town an invitation to one of her parties was a mark of social success. Just the fact of being her nephew gave him importance and a kind of unearned dignity.

The queen commands! He saw no humor in the words. They were too much like truth.

"Mrs. Corydon, this is my nephew, Digby Dennis."

The words were said. Impossibly and wonderfully, he danced with the queen.

Delia Corydon worked in her garden to the unspoken annoyance of her gardener who must repair the damage she did. Annoyance was a thing she sometimes felt but never imagined anyone feeling toward her.

She worked in the garden because of an unrest in her heart. She felt that getting next to the earth—in tune with the simple things—should help her. It didn't usually, but she kept trying.

On these days she liked to crumble the dark earth between her fingers and feel the sun on her back. She was a little like a child making mud pies or —though the similarity never occurred to her—like a cow drowsing in the great thoughtless vacuum of a warm day. It was a splendid thing to stop thought, to float in endless and timeless space.

Today she could not even come near the floating stage. Thoughts protruded, rough against her mind, pushing her

back from the peace of the sunshine.

That boy last night, so dark and intense and saying poetic things with such passionate sincerity. She felt that she should be amused at him, that her lack of amusement demeaned her slightly. Yet if the amusement started, there would come immediately the memory of his eyes, dark and burning, and a slight sweet shudder would smother the laugh.

What had come over her last night she didn't know. For a week now—at her friends' houses—she had heard the younger girls raving about him, how romantic he looked, what a "dream" he was. And for much more than a week she had watched those same girls with a tiny unwilling pain in her heart. They were so young. So invincibly young! Even the ones who were not pretty had something that she had lost somewhere, not knowing when it had left or even exactly what it was.

It wasn't that she looked old. At thirty-six she was more lovely than she had been at eighteen. Sometimes when she walked beside Bret—who was a graying satisfied forty-five—she felt herself amazingly young and beautiful. But when she was with those . . . those *kids*, she felt this hurting thing. The thing that said that life was going, that excitement and beauty were ended. Last week Sharon Barkley had said with unconscious cruelty, "My gosh, Mrs. Corydon, no one would suspect that you're only two years younger than Mother!"

Delia had found no pleasure in the words. They reminded her of stark numbers that said that this girl could have been her daughter. She had smiled at the girl and had tried not to hate her.

Then last night she had watched the boy dancing—he was almost professional, you felt you should applaud in appreciation—and there had come over her an unbearable necessity to show these girls. She would take their hero from them and establish the fact that youth was not a matter of years. She would make them regret their youth, wish themselves women instead of children.

But she hadn't expected the thought of him to make her feel the way it did.

"Why don't you call me Delia?" she had asked last night.

And he had repeated the name as if he were carressing a flower. "Delia."

And the truth was that it had been the way he had said her name, and not a desire to prove her youth, that had caused her to ask him to ride with her this afternoon.

"You can ride Bret's horse," she had told him, managing with the subtlety of long practice to rob Bret of any im-

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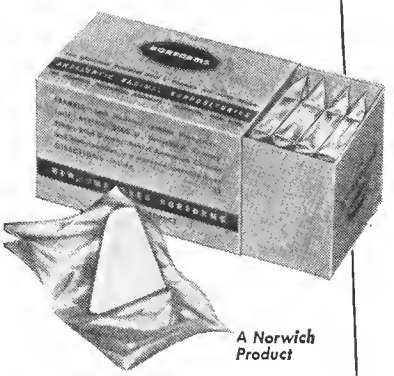

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by Herbert Krasnoff

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ECONOMIZE WITH YOUR REFRIGERATOR: Your refrigerator works most efficiently when you keep heat out, so remember to remove and replace as much food as possible each time you open the door.

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TODAY'S WOMAN FEATURETTE

portance, to make him a shadow in the background of her life.

"I'll be there," the boy had said.

There had been an immediate, almost possessive difference in his arm around her waist. She had felt a slight sense of shock, a warning of danger. She had pushed the feeling from her. She had handled men who had a knowledge of the world. She could handle this boy.

Now she clung to the thought. It wasn't as if she never had flirted with a man before. She knew the game, how it should start and when it should stop, and she could handle this boy.

Presently she left the garden to dress for riding. And there was in her a glow that subdued her knowledge of the world and of respectable flirtations. She felt like a girl again. A girl in love.

Bret had told her once. "You're an actress, Delia. You react to people like a dancer to music. You walk into a room where there are people and you light up as though someone turned on a switch."

"Is that bad?" she had asked.

"No, it's fascinating because it's a natural instinct." Then he had sighed. "It's just that I'm no longer an audience. I can't turn the switch."

That had been long ago. At the time she had felt a quick compunction, had touched his hand. "It's because you're part of me, darling. I don't light up for myself either."

It had satisfied them both. But that was long ago.

Bret had grown to be like two hands trying to choke the youth out of her. And now this boy had come and pulled the hands away.

Bret would understand, she told herself. He always understood. He knew that admiration made her young. He knew—he must know—that her affairs never went beyond a certain point. He no longer even spoke of them. Once he had been jealous, and even that jealousy had proved something. But that too was long ago. And now he would know that she could take care of herself.

She waited for Digby in the patio and the very sound of his step turned the switch. She felt herself giving off the visible radiation of the intangible thing called charm. She was happy.

In the days that followed the happiness grew. There was the usual fire that the match of admiration lighted, and something more. She felt that she stood too near the edge of a high cliff where the wind blew cold and sweet. She should move back before the height became too much. And yet she could not resist a fear that would not be stifled, that murmured sadly, This is the last. You will not stand here again.

This is the last, this is the last. . . . The thought would not be quieted and the days jumped past with wonderful speed. Almost every afternoon she and Digby rode, leaving the bridle paths and picking their way carefully among trees and rocks. Neither of them mentioned her husband. Far below her lay the world. Some day she would return to the world refreshed. But not yet. Not yet.

Then, obliquely, Digby began to refer to Bret and she thought, It's almost over, and her heart sank like a wounded bird.

Businessmen. Digby said the words and she saw at once how dull and foolish were businessmen. She didn't know what Digby planned to do with his life, but it had no importance. She was too filled with nostalgia.

One day they sat beside each other on a hillside, the horses tethered a little below them. Delia felt a little tired from all the riding. She would have liked to lean against the tree trunk and doze, warm from the sun and from the adoration in the boy's eyes.

" 'Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse,' " Digby quoted suddenly, and his eyes burned at her.

Despite her weariness she was thrilled. Yes, she thought, that was how Bret felt about her. She chose not to remember the rest of the poem. Sadness shaped her mouth.

"Marriage isn't a business proposition," Digby said out of the wisdom of youth. "For a woman like you, it must be prison."

She was frightened. The cliff was too high, the air too dizzy. And yet—

This is the last, the last time. But I needn't go back. I could stay here forever in the high places. His love would keep me safe here.

"Yes," she whispered. "A prison."

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Would he keep her safe? Was there safety in the high places for a woman? But it was sweet here.

"He has no right to you!"

For the first time in her life, Delia Corydon tasted temptation. Seeing it clearly, recognizing the great danger, she held herself rigid. She must go back.

Digby did not touch her, but his voice broke with passion.

"Only love gives a person a right over another person. He hasn't any right to keep you in a loveless cell."

Delia shivered slightly. It hasn't been a cell exactly, she remembered. But it was sweet that he thought so. She must leave him gently.

"Dear," she said, speaking softly and sadly, "you mustn't talk so. I must be —ten years older than you." Fourteen years. But fourteen was a hard word to say. At fourteen she'd had her first date. Perhaps Lucy had told him. Lucy was a tactless fool.

She had tried and had not moved. He held her on the cliff's edge.

"Love hasn't any age!" Then his voice broke entirely and he hid his face in his hands until he could speak. "I can't come back here again! Riding Corydon's horse, eating his food, loving his wife. His *wife!* You should be my wife, not his, and I'll tell him so! Then we'll go away, Delia, you and I."

The cliff was immeasurably high. Delia took the first step backward, seeing the gentle way down from the mountains. This wild boy, so foolish, but she would be gentle. He had a conscience. His conscience was the path for her feet.

"My dear, you have the wrong idea of Bret. In his own way, he's been truly good to me. I couldn't hurt Bret and live with myself afterward. If he doesn't love as you and I know love, is that his fault? Oh, it hurts me—"

"He doesn't know what love is. I love you as no woman ever was loved. I swear it!"

That one backward step had taken Delia out of danger. She no longer gazed from the dizzying heights; this was familiar ground. The road home. She was eager to go, and yet this boy's adoration was different from anything she had known. She must not do anything to spoil it.

"Digby, my dear—" being sure of herself she could let her words pour out as passionately as his— "you mustn't come here any more. I could care for you too much. But I couldn't hurt Bret, dear. He's too good to be hurt that way. My darling—my darling—I'll never forget this day."

She did care for him, she found. She was tenderly sorry for the raw pain on his face. She let her tears flow and ran to her horse, mounting and putting

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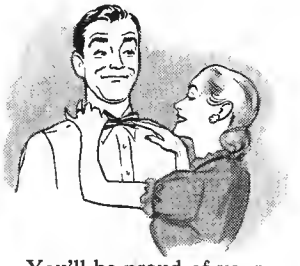

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him at a dangerous pace down the hillside.

She felt wonderful. She had drunk of the high air and was refreshed. And now she would rest content in the flat country. Bret was the flat country, forever waiting for her.

And Digby would have comfort in the knowledge of her secret love. He would not leave contemptuous or angry as had the others.

She was inside the house by the time he came to put away his horse, and she watched him from the window. She felt tall and beautiful and very noble as she stood there. She had sacrificed her love.

Except that the affair did not end. Digby would not give up and go quietly away.

She didn't ride with him any more, but he kept calling on her. She thought, If he gains any pleasure from just seeing me . . .

It was an anticlimax. Gradually, so gradually that she could not tell when it first started, she began to be annoyed with him. She kept her house filled with visitors, but Digby was like a sullen black cloud hovering over them. He sat in moody silence, speaking briefly if someone spoke to him. Sometimes he looked at her, and his eyes were frightening.

He won't be here forever, she told herself. He must have something to do with his life and someday he'll go.

Mixed up with her desire to have him go away was the desire to remain beautiful in his eyes. She had, she felt, established the idea that she was too pure to stoop to fleshly intrigue, too honorable to forsake a man who trusted her. She was reluctant to destroy the picture she had painted. And yet, if he meant to haunt her forever . . .

A small worry like a bloodsucking insect fastened to the inside of Delia's mind. Worry was a new thing for her. She would have to tell him straight out that he was no longer welcome in her house. After all, he'd spoiled everything already. She could tell him that he was a fool to think she could grow to love him, a child. Indeed, he plainly was a fool.

Still she hesitated. No one had ever adored her so. To crush out such adoration . . . Surely he would leave town soon.

So she waited and worried, and the days passed.

It was late evening, the last guest had put on her hat and gone. For once, Digby had disappeared before the others. She hadn't even noticed when he left.

She was relieved and a little sad. So all things end. Well—

She went into the patio to stand in

the late sunshine. She felt free and happy.

Then she saw him, sitting in the swing under the awning.

Anger filled her. He presumed too far.

He looked at her. It was a look different from that anyone had sent her way in a very long time—full of despair and longing. Utter misery that was yet passionate and determined.

It killed her anger, that look. Her heart softened with gratitude for his love.

He stood up when he saw her.

"Delia—" His voice was a low hurting thing.

"My dear," she said sadly, "you shouldn't be here."

It became like a play where the man playing opposite her had forgotten his lines. He was holding her, kissing her, murmuring incoherently. He no longer gazed from a worshipful distance. And she was frightened, struggling away from him.

He let her go but held tightly to her hands.

"You do love me," he said. "Don't lie to me!"

Desperately she clung to her part in the play. "Oh yes. But I can't think of myself."

"You might think of me." There was an accusing rage in the boy.

She was weary from repetition of the scene. If this were to be her last love, she was glad, not sorry. But she would play it as it was written.

"It's impossible what you ask. It would kill him, I tell you. My dear, you must understand. I—"

Her eyes became riveted over his shoulders. Bret! Oh, no! How long had he stood there? Could he hear what they said? What had this fool done to her?

Only her mind worked. A quick fearful mind in a paralyzed body.

Digby followed her stare and the sight of Corydon straightened his shoulders, took the despair from his face. There was no indecision in him, no trace of guilt.

"Mr. Corydon," he said, "I'm not going to try to apologize. Your wife and I love each other." His voice was very clear, saying the impossible. "You won't try to keep her tied to a bargain that's become hateful to her."

Delia gasped, suddenly, horribly, losing her paralysis.

"No, *no!* Tell him, Bret—"

Something very close to pity softened Bret's mouth.

"I don't think my wife cares for you."

Digby stared at her, his face blanched, but she looked at Bret. She stood, tall and bored and scornful, the blank smile in her eyes.

"Bret," she said, "I was trying to

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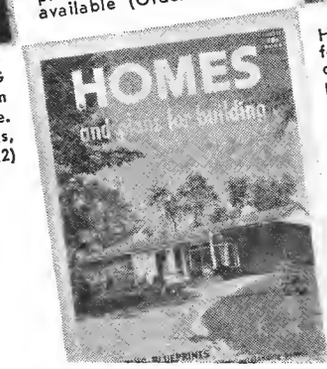

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get rid of this young man without wounding him too deeply. Apparently it can't be done." She looked at the puzzled pain open on the boy's face and added mercilessly. "He's too callow."

So it was done. He had asked for it, had insisted, and she had complied. Only now it was Bret getting his lines mixed.

He was not speaking to her but to the boy. His voice was strange, almost gentle. "Don't let it worry you, son. She's much too selfish to love anyone. You needn't feel that you're not the best man just because you didn't win. It's a game nobody can win. I know, because I tried for years."

Digby inclined his head stiffly.

"I apologize to you, sir."

"Forget it."

Digby left, but Delia did not see him go. All her attention was on Bret. It was hard to play her part. Her heart was beating so, drowning out her voice.

"Bret. Darling. I'm sorry." She went the whole distance, throwing herself verbally prone before his understanding. "I was a fool. It meant nothing. Please. Oh, darling, forgive me?"

He looked at her wearily, and when he spoke there was nothing save weariness in his voice.

"This isn't the first time this has happened, Delia. It just happened that you played around with a man by mistake. Yes, he was a man. An honorable man, despite the fact that he's a boy. But I suppose that doesn't mean anything to you." The weariness changed slightly, grew hard. "It's not the first time. But there's this difference. It's the last time."

He turned on his heel and walked away from her.

The paralysis was on her again, but her eyes watched the Corydon fortune walking away from her. Her mind said scornfully that Digby was not the only fool in the world.

Quite unexpectedly she lost sight of the Corydon fortune. It was Corydon the man who was leaving her. Bret was walking out on her. Bret, the flat country, the safe good resting place. And more than that.

How it hurt to see him clearly, now that it was too late. She had called him middle-aged and dull and it was not true. Youth had not fallen from him: he had grown beyond youth. Most people didn't, she saw in this moment of perception. Most people got old, painfully and reluctantly or with resigned dullness. Few people grew with time. Bret was one of the few.

He had waited for her patiently, and now he had given up, gone on without her. Left her to shrivel alone in a net of wrinkles and tears and growing loneliness. Now she would never taste his wisdom or learn the secret of growth. She was a woman alone, approaching middle age, and afraid. Because time was going and she didn't know how to go with it.

He mustn't go! Surely he would wait for her if he saw how badly she wanted him. How empty and scared her heart was. She ran after him.

Her hands were hysterical, clutching at him, but she was past caring how she looked. He *must* wait.

"*Please* forgive me, Bret. Say things can go on as they were. That we can be together. Bret, I'll die if you don't."

His hands, unfastening her fingers, were not ungentle.

"We haven't been together in years, Delia. And nothing is ever the same. It gets better or it gets worse." He looked her over with detached eyes. "You're upset. You'd better take a hot bath and go to bed."

He walked on.

Delia stood where he had left her, her shoulders drooped, her mouth slack and piteous. Learning what it was like to live with a breaking heart. To see at long last what you wanted and to know it was too late.

Half a mile from the Corydon house, young Digby Dennis walked in a bitter turmoil. He felt naked and ashamed. There was nothing left him of his love nor of his personal dignity.

He had loved a statue. He had torn out his heart for a statue, and then all at once a man had said, "Wake up! It's not alive!" And he had looked with open eyes and had seen immediately that it wasn't. Could you grieve for a statue? Oh, it was a hard bitter thing to look at yourself in a mirror and see a fool!

A car drew up to the curb and a girl got out with a rush of light feet. When she saw Digby, she stopped and smiled.

Even a fool must be polite. He remembered the girl's name and her hair like ripe wheat.

"Hello, Sharon."

He had to stop because she was standing in front of him. He remembered her smile and her sweet young body. But there was something he had forgotten.

"Hi, Dig." Her voice held the pulse of life.

The garden, he thought, that was the thing he had forgotten. There was a garden he should have walked in with this girl beside him. Instead he had danced with a statue. A dead thing without a soul.

He wanted to laugh. Maybe every man was a fool once in his life. That didn't mean he had to go on spending his time like a futile fool.

"Want to go down to the drugstore and drink a soda with an idiot?"

"Sure," she said. "I'm fond of idiots."

They stood together, laughing a moment, before they moved down the street.

Digby never knew it, but his love had not been futile. It worked a painful magic in the woman he called a statue. If she had been dead, she was dead no longer.

Painfully alive, she stood where her husband had left her. He had gone.

She accepted the fact and slowly revolved his words in her mind. "Nothing is ever the same. It gets better or it gets worse."

He had not said he was leaving her!

The way from the mountains was hard and humble and slow. But she would take that way.

She followed him slowly into the house and found him standing before the empty fireplace, as if he sought warmth from dead ashes.

"Bret," she said, "tell me something. Do you still love me at all?"

He said, "Love isn't something you can turn on and off. You don't go to sleep loving somebody and wake up not loving them."

She nodded slowly. It was enough.

The path was steep and hard, but it was the path home. —SUSAN SEAVY

The Gardenia

A two-part story of suspense

by Vera Caspary

author of the novel and movie Laura

An unusual fiction pleasure—YOURS beginning in the FEBRUARY issue

Are You Letting Your Child Get Ahead in School?

Continued from page 21

this slogan: *Don't force the children too soon.* Let them alone, don't be impatient—they'll come out all right.

It's hard to take, I know. One of my daughters, Jill, was a slow reader. Just couldn't do anything in the first grade. In the second grade she was a little better, if you used a slide rule to measure the improvement. Even in third grade she was in the orange row of poor readers while her older sister, Ellen, had been in the blue row of topnotch bookworms. My wife raised a row. Something must be wrong with the school, the teacher, the child.

"Leave her alone," I kept urging. "She'll read when she's ready."

But you know how much fathers count in such cases. She worried herself and worried Jill too.

I've had the last laugh though. Jill when in the fourth grade, suddenly snapped out of it. Something clicked. She became *ready* to read. At the age of nine, her eye muscles improved, her co-ordination developed and her ability to grasp letters, words, sentences and paragraphs suddenly blossomed. She can read now and loves it.

Dr. David G. Salten, a young energetic progressive school superintendent, understands this problem of slow readers. He came to Long Beach a little over a year ago and has won over the community by his ability to make the young parents aware of the differences that exist in all children.

At the start of the school year, Dr. Salten called together the parents whose children were in the elementary grades and explained the new methods of teaching them. He warned the young mothers that they shouldn't make envious comparisons. "Why can't you read as well as Cousin Mike?" is out.

Some children don't like school. Why? "Because," says Dr. Salten, "they are pushed into the three R's before they are ready."

Of course, your first-grade child *can* be taught to read, he explains, but at what a cost! Pushing a child too fast often causes life-long harm. He may have nightmares, start bed-wetting all over again, get headaches, stomachaches or complain that he isn't well.

There's nothing more devastating to a child than to be dubbed a failure so early in life. He will be teased by his playmates, scorned by his teachers and hounded by his parents. And for what? He probably won't learn to read any faster

The "Red" read the ads that appear in this book . . .
And got redder and gave them his dirtiest look!

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Comforts and bathtubs than ever before . . .
And how are you going to arouse a man's wrath,
While he peacefully soaks in a good hot bath?

"Those brands are encouraging *eating,* too,
Which isn't the Marxian thing to do!

"Those brands *compete* to give folks the best
And it's hard to make anyone feel oppressed.
When a working girl wears a new spring suit
She's not in the mood to revolute . . .

"Workers of America . . . down with the CZARS
Who offer more value in new, improved cars!
How can a real class struggle exist
When everyone rides like a capitalist?

"Value makes sales, and sales make jobs!"
He said between convulsive sobs.
"And how are we going to get anywhere
If the people aren't filled with utter despair?

"Those brand name ads build mass production
Which any Red knows is mass seduction . . .
It brings costs down and the people buy more
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"They've got it good and they're not going to riot
It's a Wall Street plot to keep 'em quiet!"

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"I have twins in the second grade," a charming young mother told me. "One can read and the other can't. I worried and worried about it until I heard Dr. Salten today. We'll all be much happier at home now."

Another young mother—she couldn't have been more than twenty-eight—told me this unhappy story:

"My six-year-old's teacher called me in and said, 'Unless Janet can learn to read, write and count by two's, five's and ten's, she won't be promoted!' Well, Janet made it, but she became a nervous wreck."

The mother added quietly: "I'm glad my second child won't have to go through that."

In arithmetic classes, another big change has taken place. Children learn about numbers as something concrete, not abstract mumbo jumbo. In fact, many schools have returned to the abacus, the old Chinese counting tool used three thousand years ago! The youngsters count on their fingers too—no wonder they find it easier. They bring in bottle caps and learn to count them. Even the apple pie comes in handy. The teacher takes a large freshly baked pie and cuts it into six parts. Each one of six children gets an equal piece, one-sixth of the pie. Fractions come to life that way.

Or take decimals, always a bugaboo. There's no more dallying with abstract figures. These days, the favorite device is the use of coins. Ten dimes make a dollar; 100 pennies make a dollar too. Percentage in easy doses, but I'll bet the kids will remember it.

"I got ninety-nine in algebra in high school," a young mother said to me, "but when my son asks for help, I can't remember a single thing I ever learned."

The children of today will remember their figures, you can be sure. I watched the abacus in use at Long Beach. The children thought it was a game.

"Who can count all the green beads?" Mrs. Rose Miletti, the first-grade teacher, asked.

A young lad thought he could.

"Who wants to count all the blues? And the yellows?"

Several hands went up.

"Now," said Mrs. Miletti, "take ten yellows, ten blues and ten greens. How many do we have all together?"

A freckle-faced redhead of no more than six started the chorus. "Thirty," he exclaimed triumphantly.

"Do you know what you were doing?" the teacher asked. "You were counting by tens."

In another part of the room a group of boys were putting up the Empire State Building. Engrossed in their architectural prowess, they placed block upon block until I wondered what kept the edifice from toppling over.

"I need four more blocks," said the master builder. A very small boy reached into a box of blocks.

"Is this four?" he asked.

"Yes," said the older lad, "that's just four."

A second-grade class combined arithmetic with reading, writing and spelling, with some health hints thrown in. The teacher had written on the blackboard: How to make oatmeal for six. And under that was the notation: 4 cups water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup oatmeal.

The children actually made oatmeal, and what's more, they ate it! I stood in line to get my share.

"Did you like it?" I asked the chubby boy beside me.

"My mother makes it," he answered. "I don't like it at home."

"Do you like it here?" I asked.

"Not much," said he.

But as a learning device, the hot cereal was a fine dish.

Afterward, the teacher drew the face of a clock on the board. "If you had dinner at six, went to bed at seven and from that time on had nothing to eat until 8:30 in the morning, how many hours did you go without food?"

A bit of prompting from the teacher and the children figured it out . . . fourteen and one-half hours.

Each child kept a diary, called My Breakfast Book. In it were such words as energy, strength, work, play, sugar, milk, cream, fruit, maple syrup.

"We don't deal with abstractions," said the teacher. "Every word means something to the children. They don't know that they are studying spelling or that they've had the fundamentals of fractions. But this would stay longer with them than any dull traditional method."

Another teacher, Mrs. Mona Pressner, taught arithmetic to her second-grade children in a still more novel way. She called three boys and two girls to the front of the room. "How many altogether?" she asked.

"Five," came the answer.

"Terry, sit down, please. Now how many are left?"

"Four."

"Take away two (Billy and Susie sat down) and how many now?"

"Two."

"We have one boy and one girl here. Three girls come up. How many do we have now?"

"Five."

"Ellen sit down, Johnny come up. How many do we have?"

"Still five."

Various combinations appeared on the board: 2 plus 3 equals 5; 3 plus 2 equals 5; 4 plus 1 equals 5; 1 plus 4 equals 5.

By the same method the children soon learned that 6 minus 1, 7 minus 2 and 8 minus 3 also equals 5.

"I found that if you just write numbers on the board it doesn't mean anything," observed Mrs. Pressner. "But if the children actually see objects, they learn how to add and subtract without effort."

"Do you like this way of doing arithmetic?" I asked the youngsters.

"Oh, yes," came the gleeful shout. "It's fun!"

Remember the arithmetic problems we had to struggle with? "A rabbit is running twenty-five miles an hour. One half mile behind him is a hound going forty miles an hour. How long before the hound catches the rabbit?" I still don't know!

The new approach applies to writing too. Some children aren't ready to write in the first grade, so they're learning manuscript. Block letters are easier at a tender age than cursive writing. Remember in our school days when the Palmer method was used? For an hour we would try to make perfect circles or push-pull-push-pull, until we hated to write.

Your child's handwriting is not so artificial. After the first two or three years he goes from printing to regular writing and the transition is not at all difficult. But he goes beyond that. Writing means something to him today. He just doesn't write a list of thirty words. Maybe the school has a couple of turtles—so he writes down *turtles*. And soon he learns what it means when he sees the word on the blackboard. Or he writes a letter home to his parents, asking for permission to go on an excursion. He's learning to write words that make sense.

This goes right into spelling of course. No more word lists to memorize. The children learn words as they are used in their everyday school life. A trip to a museum of art adds a dozen new words. So does a visit to the neighborhood grocery store. When I went to school I learned to spell all kinds of trick words—we had to get ready for the weekly spelling bee. I knew how to spell "ichneumon" when I was nine. But I didn't know until I was studying biology at the university that it meant a fly. Thank goodness my young daughters and your children too won't have to fill their minds with useless junk.

Even kindergarten is different today. You should see the report cards the little tykes bring home. My five-year-old Carla came in beaming the other day.

"Look, Daddy," she said triumphantly, waving her report card, "I passed *resting* this month."

So she did. She is now able to rest just as nicely and as successfully as her playmates. Not everyone can pass, you know.

Well, the handwriting is on the wall for all to read. Our schools have grown. But as parents we have not. We are still thinking in terms of the good old days. Do you think when you were a child you could read, write, spell and figure better than your own bright-eyes can? If you do, you're wrong. Despite the complaints frequently heard about the new-fangled ways of teaching, science is on the side of the teachers. The National Education Association, the teacher group that speaks for American education, recently made a study of 440 school systems to see if the three R's were being taught effectively today.

This is what it found: By and large, the three R's are taught better today than a quarter century or a half century ago. That's a fact. Some of the schools gave the children the same tests in reading or arithmetic that were given to youngsters twenty-five years ago. And the kids today did as well, if not better, on them! Not only are they smarter, but they are happier. They are not forced to swim beyond their depth before they are ready.

Today we have 100 per-cent promotion in many school systems. That means every child in the first grade is promoted to the second, every child goes from the second to the third, and so on through elementary school. Many parents don't understand why children should not be left back—not theirs of course, but their neighbors'. I've found out why: 100 per-cent promotion helps children to be better adjusted socially, does away with the failure complex, reduces juvenile delinquency and makes school a healthy, happy, wholesome experience rather than a nightmare. If the child can't keep up with his reading, give him help. Most schools have remedial teachers who are ready and very willing to help the child.

Reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic are not enough. If parents are reasonable, if they understand that their child is getting a good education and if they work with the teachers and superintendents, life will be happier for everybody. The schools are doing a good job—so don't interfere unduly. Sure, keep up with the school program, check with the teachers or principals, show an interest in your school. But don't nag, coerce, wheedle or harass your child or his teacher into accepting your educational philosophy. Maybe it was good enough for you—but schools are different now. And a mighty good thing too.

—Benjamin Fine

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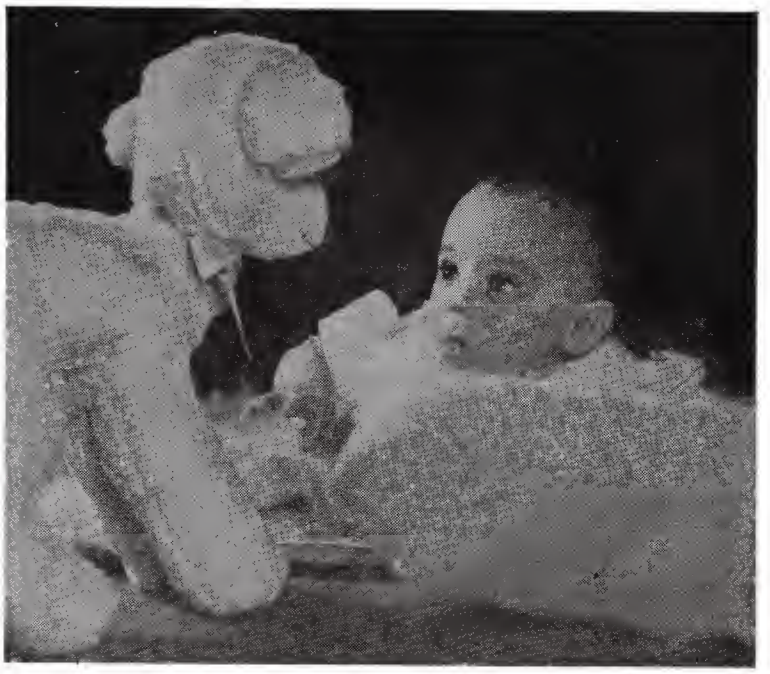
WHAT YOU ASK ABOUT YOUR CHILD

Milton I. Levine, M. D.
Assistant Professor of Pediatrics,
New York Hospital—Cornell Medical Center



PHOTOGRAPH BY ARLINE STRONG

Should I be concerned because one of my twin girls, age seventeen months, has enlargement of the breasts?
Mrs. T. L., Washington, D. C.

Some enlargement of the breasts is common for a few months after birth, but it gradually subsides. Continued enlargement is not normal and may be due to an oversecretion of one of the glands. In this case, the child should probably be hospitalized for study.

How soon can I tell whether or not my two little boys, ages eighteen months and three years, will have well-formed noses? My husband's family has a tendency to have large noses. *Mrs. J. S. T., Elgin, Illinois*

It's almost impossible to determine the size or shape of a person's nose before puberty. A child's nose starts to grow and shape when he is about twelve or thirteen years old.

My five-year-old daughter has an imaginary playmate with whom she has frequent conversations. Are these delusions dangerous? *Mrs. L. L. C., Rapid City, Iowa*

A child's imagination has developed tremendously by the time she is five, and many children have make-believe playmates who are as real to them as their everyday friends. These fantasies are normal, and though they may last a year or longer they will gradually disappear as the child finds new interests and friends.

How can I stop my four-year-old daughter from the practice of exciting herself sexually? I am ashamed and worried that it may be dangerous.
Mrs. W. D., Canton, Ohio

Masturbation in a child of four is common and is not dangerous. It is best to distract her, without criticizing or shaming her. The real danger of masturbation comes from scoldings, punishments, fears and humiliation caused by the parents. Under such circumstances the child feels guilty and upset and probably will masturbate secretly under fear of being discovered. By the time a child is six, the frequency of masturbation usually subsides.

Will the fact that my baby's soft spot has already closed at nine months prevent the full growth of his brain?
Mrs. M. D., Baker, Oregon

No. With the use of vitamins common today, the soft spot often closes before an infant is one year old.

How can I explain to my six-year-old daughter, without frightening her, that she shouldn't talk to or go with strangers even if they are nice to her?
Mrs. L. S., New York, New York

You might tell her that sometimes strangers who offer her candy, toys, auto rides, etc., may really be very bad, that these people may take children with them and not return them to their homes. A small child should be firmly warned about this, though you should not go into frightening details about what such persons do. It's wise to specify the adults with whom the child may go.

Does it upset small children to have fairy stories told to them? *Mrs. L. R. S., Hannibal, Missouri*

That depends on the child, the story and the way the story is told. A tense child may be upset, where a relaxed child is little affected. An exciting story told with great fervor may be upsetting, while the same story told quietly may not disturb a child at all.

Each month Dr. Levine answers* TODAY'S WOMAN *readers' questions about their children's health and welfare. Write him care of the magazine, 67 W. 44th St., N. Y. 18, about your problems and he'll try to help you solve them.

The Ideal Man

Continued from page 33

first day I came to the university. He helped me get a job clerking in the campus shop, making more than twice what I had hoped to make. That was one reason I felt I could afford to go to Chicago and see Lee. Besides, I had never met her husband and there was something about her letters that bothered me. They were not like Lee. Besides, letters do not bring you closer —they make distance seem even longer.

I looked at Pepper as he walked to the door and noticed for the first time how he slouched—somehow to me it made him appear poetic and defenseless. When he came in, edging his way through the crowd, he looked for me nervously, ignoring the others. It gave me pleasure to see how eagerly he looked for me, although I thought it shameful on my part.

Pepper was popular and a very talented person, but he had no future. He was the first to admit it. I had no right to feel pleasure or anything for the way he searched the malt shop for me, and yet the sight of him confused me too. I felt if I talked it all out with Lee she could set me straight, since she was a worldly brilliant talented wise person and had always been a good strong right arm for me.

Pepper sank into the booth, smiling at me. He had no right to keep me waiting and no right to confuse me the way he did, always waiting around for me to make up my mind about him.

"You make me sore," I said. "You just make me awfully sore sometimes, Pepper Henderson."

"Couldn't get away. Professor Adams was going over some new experiments."

"That old goat."

"Smart fellow." Pepper ordered two hot chocolates. That was how much money he had. "You look good, Jean. When'd I see you last?"

"Night before last."

"What'd you do last night?"

"Waited for you to call until almost eight o'clock. Then I went out with Hugh Deems."

"Nice fellow. You like him?"

"Don't talk to me like that. You really ought not to, Pepper. What's between Hugh and me is strictly my own affair—not yours."

"If he ever gets fresh, let me know. Anyhow, I was just asking. Friendly interest," he said politely.

"You're trying to mix me up," I said.

"Listen, I've got only ten minutes. No more. Professor Adams wants me to meet him in the lab then."

"You and that old prof are a thing."

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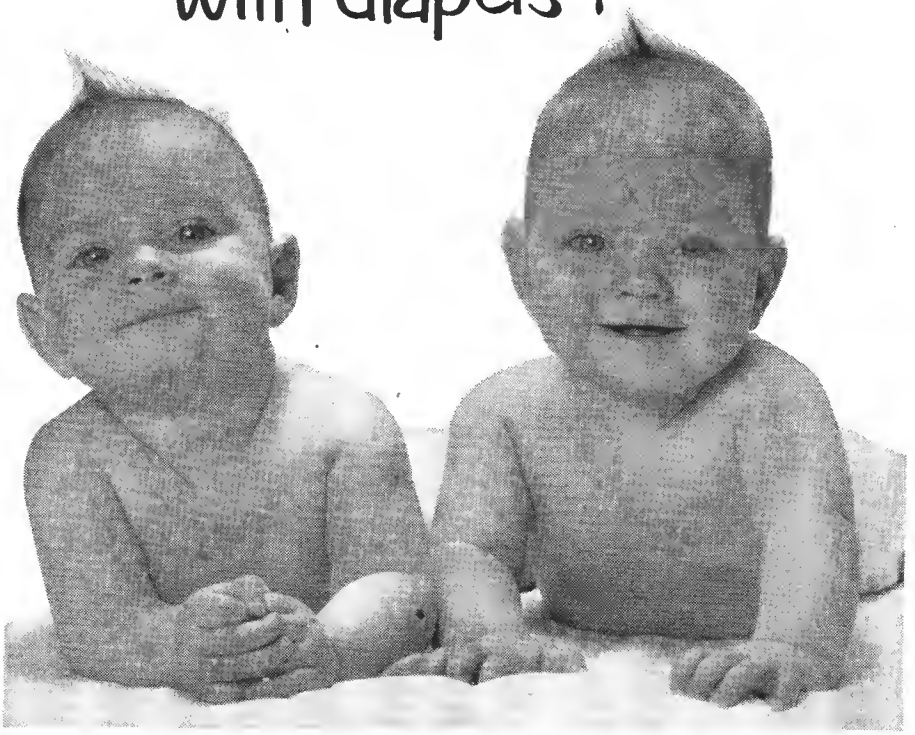

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"I admire him," he said. "I wish you wouldn't knock him just because he's shabby and out of this world. He's happy, isn't he?"

"So's a turtle. I was just going to tell you that I've decided to shoot the treasury and go to Chicago for vacation. I wasn't going to, but suddenly I just wanted to see Lee."

"Good idea."

"What about you?"

"Professor Adams wants me to—"

"Oh, that!"

He looked at me seriously. "If I could change my nature to please you, I'd do it. Honest. As it is, my father was a teacher and so is one of my uncles. That's for me. Maybe it isn't hot stuff like Hugh Deems and his crowd. Not like your sister and her Bohemian life. But it's for real."

"I know," I said as gently as I could. I wouldn't hurt him for the world. He touched me in a most peculiar way, the sight of his old jacket and the way his knobby wrists protruded out of the short sleeves and the sweetness of his mouth. "I wish we couldn't see each other any more for awhile, Pepper. I mean, maybe when I get back from Chicago, after awhile we can be friends again. Like in the very beginning when everything was casual."

"Okay, okay," he said. "You do what you like, Jean."

"You don't hate me? Sore at me?"

Sure. I hate you like sweet Technicolor dreams, like chocolate candy, like a first snowfall. That's how I hate you. Like beer on a hot day and smoke fires in autumn." No one else ever spoke like that. It was the poet in him. This confused me.

"No doubt I'll have a mad time," I said.

"She on the stage now?"

"No, she quit when she got married. But Lee's really a very gifted personality and this man she married, Jack Ivers, he's very talented too, I understand. I never met him. I do love big cities and gay parties and people with wads of talent and money."

"Hummm?"

"Were you listening?"

"Tell the truth, I got to get going, lady," he said and bent and kissed me on the mouth. You cannot tell how much of what men like that say and do is bravado. I had known him over three months, and yet I seemed to know him less and less each time. Most of the time he was very quiet and serious, but when he acted up a bit and talked that poetic line of his, it made me think of a little boy locked in a dark room, yelling and whistling to pretend that he has no fear. I watched him cross the square, his jacket blowing open, his long body idling along as though he were lost in his thoughts. On the other side, he hesitated a moment, looking back, and I thought he was going to return. But then he went on finally, more slowly.

My sister Lee was named for someone Mother knew who played bit parts in Shakespearean tragedies and went on tour. Lee is three years older than I. Everything she had done all her life had been wonderful. We were never very rich, but when Mother was alive and working as a buyer for women's sportswear, we had things very nice. And Lee was like the man of the house, the one who listened to Mother and me and made a big joke of everything.

When I was sitting on the train looking out the window, I could hardly wait to see Lee again. It was like going home, in a way, and I thought about the life that she must be leading. I was counting on Lee and her husband to introduce me and help to get me started in the theater too as soon as I finished school. I figured that this Jack Ivers must be something special since Lee had given up a great future, when she was so gifted and talented. My reasoning was immature and simple-minded, but at the time that was the way I reasoned.

I looked for Lee in the crowd when I was going down the steps from the platform. A man in a gray stadium coat came up to me. He was not a big man, not even very handsome, although he had beautiful clear gray eyes. He looked undernourished, I thought, and reminded me of Pepper Henderson. He had Pepper's shyness too, judging from the way he looked and spoke when he said, "You're Jean?"

I nodded.

"I'm Jack—Jack Ivers."

"Where's Lee? Is she sick or something?"

"No." He smiled. "I was coming home from work and it seemed easier if I picked you up."

"Oh," I said. Now I did not know what to expect since Lee had not shown up to meet me. I had imagined her in a smart suit with a beautiful fur coat draped over her shoulders, great glittering earrings and people in the crowd admiring her. That was the way we had planned it a long time ago.

I followed Jack. He said something in a gentle voice which was obliterated in the traffic of the station. Outside, he called a cab. He limped a little, but he kept smiling diligently. I felt sorry for him. I must appear like a terrible invader, I thought. And then all at once I liked him. Maybe it was the sweet way he managed the situation, trying at once to make me feel that I was a member of the family and it was a natural accustomed thing for me to come home for vacation.

"You're in the theater too?" I asked, trying to be friendly.

"Uh—radio," he said. He looked at me, hesitating, and then lit a cigarette. I felt that he wanted to tell me something but could not find the words for it. I noticed that when he paid the cabdriver he considered the tip carefully. Then, as he entered the old dark apartment building, he said, "Uh—we don't have anything grand, you know. I wouldn't want you to expect anything fancy."

"It's Lee. I've been wanting to see her," I said. I had a sense of the world falling away from me in a long dark tide. Nothing was going to be as I had expected it. There was no certainty, then, in life—none at all. Lee had been watching for us, and when we reached the third floor she flung open the door and held her arms wide to hold me to her. I felt warmer and happier than in a long time, held there against her tall thin body.

The first thing that impressed me about her was that she was, as suggested in her letters, an altogether different person. She looked more ordinary, some of the gloss and color having worn off although she was only twenty-one. She looked more like Mother. Lee always had been very styl-

the boy who Talked too much

by Sidney Carroll

In which a young and enterprising Wild West enthusiast encounters real adventure—right under the noses of his impatient parents.

a distinguished fiction story for FEBRUARY

ish, even glamorous, and when we lived at Canon Lake, Wisconsin, she had passed on the street to a real trumpeting of whistles and wolf calls. Now her gray eyes looked at me seriously, but there was more of real beauty in her face. I felt even more confused. And shocked too that life did such strange things to people—even to my sister Lee.

The apartment was small and pretty, but it was easy to see how carefully Lee had spent every penny. There was only one bedroom. In the living room there was a studio couch for me—and a picture of all of us when both Mother and Father were alive; it was taken a long time ago at a picnic, with Lee wearing her sailor dress and me in an old Girl Scout uniform.

Lee and Jack moved in front of the picture now—hand in hand, beaming pleasantly at me as though they expected words of admiration.

"Believe me," Jack said, "when I was in the Army, I dreamed of a place like this. Everything like this."

"It's awfully nice," I said, but I was disappointed in everything. They seemed to sense it and at once set out to make me pleased with them.

Jack brought us some sherry and Lee put on the supper and we laughed a lot, recalling old times which, I could see, he had already heard about. It was almost as though he too had lived them.

Jack and Lee stirred in me something that had not been aroused in a long time, not pity so much as awe that they had made their own world and were satisfied in it. When I was ready for bed, Lee came and sat on the edge of the studio couch and we talked.

"Are you lonely down there at school, baby?" she asked.

"No," I said, "I'm used to it now?"

"Do you like Jack? Do you think I'm lucky?"

"He's awfully nice," I said.

"Well, he hasn't had it easy. You can't imagine how he's been counting on your visit. He wants you to feel that this is your home and we're your family. He works awfully hard, baby. You have no idea. And he's talented. Right now he's producing a little program at the studio, something new in television. Of course, nobody's noticed him yet. But they will. You'll see."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"I know. That's all."

"But what about you? Remember how we planned things?"

She laughed. "Oh, I've grown up now. This is what I want. The other business—fame and fortune—that was all right in its time, but you outgrow that. Especially when you run up against stiff competition. Any number of girls I know are more talented than I ever was. It's just that I'm your sister that makes you think I've got talent."

"Oh," I said.

"Don't worry about it," she said.

I remember that time now as one remembers a voyage into a place of particular and amazing beauty, an island place that rises out of a mist and looms before the eye, all golden and lush and perfect. How did they do it? I kept asking myself. There was some spell that held them in beauty in that funny little apartment with no view. I felt foolish considering my expectations of a lavish setup with wide modern windows looking down on the city or the old lake, with a good couple to serve and help with the work and with crowds of brilliant knowing rich people. It seemed like a poor movie of which, as days passed, I grew more and more ashamed.

"How did it go today, dear?" she asked him.

"Oh, I think we have something. It's beginning to shape up. Ned Evarts came in this afternoon and said the sponsor is pleased. That's something of a miracle."

"Ivers rides again," she said.

Under her interest and praise, he was a man who could do anything. He lost his shyness and became rather worldly, witty and admirable. They took me to a little Italian place for supper on Saturday night. It was the only time we went out except to movies and downtown to buy me a new hat.

I had the impression that they had saved for some time to manage the outing, and as I sat at the little table in the smoky room with an anemic burning-eyed young man wandering about playing the violin, I felt that whatever else I had believed in before this visit could no longer matter to me. Some of the ambition had gone out of me and that little tight thing which, like a machine, operates in a calculating fashion and steers one always to best advantage—that had broken or run down like the spring of a watch. My sister was like a child who has come to a birthday party. Everything was splendid. She wore an old dress she had worn the last time I had seen her three years before. Where was the tawny fur coat, the great glittering earrings, the air of glamour and success? I could hardly look at her now when I thought of what I had expected.

"We're going to miss you, baby," she said on that last night. "We're used to you now."

"I'll miss you too," I said. I had missed her before but in a different way—for what I thought she could give me. But now I would miss her in my heart. "Didn't you want to talk

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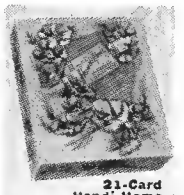

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to me about anything?" she asked me.

"No," I said. "Not now."

"Got a fellow back there?" she asked gently. She put out her hand and held mine. Her hand was rough but strong. She had beautiful hands and used them well, and under her touch I felt how close we were now, closer than any time before in our lives. Much closer than when we were children or when Lee was touring all over the country and came home a little hard.

"There is someone," I said. "Pepper Henderson. He's going to be a teacher."

"That's nice," she said. "Teachers are important people. Jack wanted to be a teacher once, but then he was bitten by this radio thing. What's important, baby, is if he needs you. I wouldn't want you to get anything less than my Jack. Oh, I used to know the handsome cookies, met them on tour, some of them rich and all, and a couple of them really asked me to marry them. But somehow I wasn't moved to it. I mean—" she put her hand over her heart— "here. Right here I wasn't moved, but then when I met Jack it was simple. He needs me. I need him."

"Yes," I said.

"Honey, don't be disappointed in me. I would like to have been a real success for you and given you things, but this is the way it is. I know how disappointed you were in this place, in me, even in Jack, I suppose, and it seems—"

"No," I said quickly. "You gave me —I can't explain it, Lee. But I grew up here with you and Jack. I like the way you have it here. Don't change it. Don't change a thing, please."

"Why, baby," she said, and then she smiled. We smiled at each other, woman to woman. What she had given me was hard to explain, but it changed my life. I had seen there in the gloomy winter air of Chicago, in that little back apartment that looked down on an alley and an empty lot for used cars—I had seen the face of love, brilliant and clear. It is seldom seen in a lifetime, but I saw it, a kind of reflection, a face, something without sound but of this one brilliant color.

It was then that I first began to think of what I would say to Pepper when he met the train. Something about Professor Adams, I thought, something that would show that I no longer scorned the old man. I began to wonder, then, if Pepper still needed me and if he would see the changes in me —that I was more like my older sister who was, after all, a worldly and wise woman. —ANN CHIDESTER

This Language Called Love

Continued from page 36

felt both resentment and relief at its healthy serenity. Her hair might not be so blond as it once was, but there wasn't a hint of any gray either; her skin was clearer than most sixteen-year-olds' and equally firm and her hazel eyes, with their naturally dark lashes, held all the wonder of a serious little girl. Eleven years of marriage, the crucial childbearing years, from twenty to thirty-one and only a pound and a half had been added to Dr. Morton's chart through the years.

If she had lost her looks or there were another woman, it might be simpler. But it was other things, not so easy to name, more subtle and much more frightening, that were pulling Jan and her apart.

Back on Charles Street, when they first had talked about moving to the country, Jan had bubbled with enthusiasm. "No suburbs for me. I want real country—get out of this rat race and remember how to relax!"

"You don't have to worry. You'll be in New York more than you're here," Liz had reminded him. "I'll be the one who's stuck."

"Not you," Jan said affectionately, looking at her with pride. "Six children and all the king's horses couldn't keep you away from Fifth Avenue for very long."

She knew what he meant, and it was all the more reason why what happened was the last thing in the world she ever expected. Liz was a doer and she never stopped long enough to imagine life without a million casual but constant demands. She and her friends had little use for women who let themselves go, the intellectual has-beens who fumbled their way through the mending, the baking, the nose-wiping.

The women she knew could tell a joke as well as a man, read the important new books from cover to cover and had frank discussions on the real meaning of Tennessee Williams. They would rather be dead than caught joining a women's club and never giggled in a feminine corner while their men talked shop. Whether they worked or not, they lived actively in a world created by their husbands, alert intelligent modern women who believed passionately in keeping up with their men.

Liz happened to be one who worked, not because of any great ambition for a career of her own but rather for love of the substance it added to her life with Jan. It gave her a special ringside pass to the inner circle, the jargon of advertising Jan spoke, a short cut to his mind, a working knowledge of his pattern, an unspoken guarantee against the horror of dull mediocrity.

When Liz rather abruptly lost her job, her boss having closed shop and moved to California, the push to the country seemed to make sense. Private school for two children seemed impossible, in spite of Jan's good salary as a top copywriter. What with summer rentals becoming prohibitive, food skyrocketing and the city offering less and less to growing small fry, the Hawks' found themselves a comfortable rambling house in Westfield, bought it and moved in.

"Once you're on a train, what difference does another half hour make?" Jan explained to his friends, although everyone knew they had a perfect setup in Liz's mother's apartment. Liz's mother was in Florida most of the season and so no one believed that the Hawks' really would spend many long winter evenings by their country hearth.

The summer flew by much the same as always. All their friends kept coming up to the country, and Liz wondered how she ever had had time to work, there was so much to do. Golf tournaments, parties, visiting back and forth, a quick trip to the Cape.

It was only with summer's end that the strange thing that happened began to take effect.

It was after Liz had sorrowfully helped her last friend close up her house for the winter and promised without a doubt that she and Jan would meet them in town for dinner the following week that Liz let one, two, three, four weeks slip by, with one excuse or another, before she realized that she really didn't give a hang about going in at all.

Looking back at it now, it was hard to remember how it had started. She had been tired, yes, but ordinarily a day in bed would take care of that. Perhaps it was the fall. Liz had never, since she was a little girl, lived in the country with the day-by-day excitement of the changing fall colors. She never had been able to watch a tree turn from light yellow to bright orange to red. She had forgotten that you could walk down the same ordinary dirt road every afternoon and find it new each time, different, filled with delight.

She never had known the peace of being alone, not because there was a party she couldn't get to but because she didn't know or care what parties there were. The phone became some-

thing for necessary communication, not an alive demanding dictator with every ring begging another hour, another evening out of her week, her life.

Perhaps it was none of these things. Perhaps it was just the children, her own Peter and Ellen, whom she always had loved but had been preoccupied with mainly in terms of lists. Cook, please be sure to get fresh top sirloin chopped for the children, don't buy ready-made hamburger. New pants for Ellen. Send Peter's snow suit to the cleaner.

Liz marveled at her joy at being home when the kids arrived on the school bus, the way she watched the clock so she would be out front and not miss their first look of wonder and quickly hidden satisfaction at finding her there. She was as impatient as they to go out exploring, to follow the stream, climb rocks, identify the wild flowers in Peter's little book.

One day, not so long ago, Ellen had waved her arms and sung, "I'm a butterfly, I'm a butterfly. . . ." Then Peter had come whizzing past with a grinding noise and his own chant, "I'm an airplane, an airplane," nothing but disdain in his voice for a butterfly.

Liz had watched Ellen drop her own song and pick up after Peter, "Me too, I'm an airplane too."

Liz suddenly, without thinking, had stopped Ellen and said, "You can be a butterfly. You don't have to be what Peter is!"

Ellen had wriggled out of her mother's arms and looked at her with disgust. "But I want to be, I want to be what Peter is," and flown off after him.

Liz wanted to laugh and cry because there it was. Ellen was only six and Peter nine and it was so clear. What hope was there for her and Jan? Keeping up with him had become so difficult.

With all the wealth of conversation between them, the words murmured till dawn across restaurant tables, side by side at bars, Liz could find no place, no right time, to talk to Jan about what was happening to her now, inside. Many times she tried.

"I guess I'm just a simple country girl at heart," she had started one night hopefully, wishing she didn't have to make it sound so flippant. "Next thing I know, I'll be buying a sewing machine," she added with a deprecating laugh, having already seen one she was dying for.

Jan had looked at her startled. "By God, Liz, don't go overboard. I knew you when. Listen," he had added, almost seriously, "you're too smart to be caught in a rut, but you've got to be careful. The country's filled with nice cozy empty little traps."

She had laughed at him then, but his words came back to her time and time again. And now they were a melody in tune with the hum of the furnace, the beat of her heart, the wind in the trees. "It's not the country, it's you. You're in a rut, Jan thinks you're in a rut, your friends think you're in a rut, all God's chillun think you're in a rut."

Liz powdered her nose and gave her hair a quick brushing as she heard Jan's car pull into the drive. As ever, she had a quick sense of anticipation at Jan's coming home, but even as she went down the stairs she knew it would be the same again tonight.

There would be the same dull blankness between them, two people suddenly living in two different worlds, their communication broken down, gone. Just another married couple sharing a home, deeply loving the same pair of children, having a joint bank account. She remembered their hearing and laughing together at the same jokes, satisfying the same restlessness, sharing confidences from the first moment of the first lunch they'd had together, when he was a young writer and she was the boss' secretary. Could she ever find her way back?

"Hi, darling," Jan said languidly, shedding his topcoat and hat. "I'm bushed."

"Have you eaten?" Liz accepted his peck at her cheek obediently.

"Kind of, but I could use a sandwich and a drink."

"I'll get them for you."

When Liz came in with the highball and sandwich on a tray, Jan was stretched out on the sofa, his eyes closed, his long nervous fingers quiet for once. When she put the tray down beside him, he sat up and pushed the hair away from his face. Jan had a talent for dramatic gestures and yet miraculously avoided appearing theatrical. Tall, graceful, not handsome in the conventional sense, his face too bony and his nose too big, at thirty-six Jan, nevertheless, was an interesting-looking man. The kind who added a fillip to a secretary's day if she received one of his special deep-from-the-eyes smiles.

"Anything special going on?" Liz asked the question consciously, trying to keep the balance between not cross-examining and being interested in his work.

"Much excitement. Everything had to stop because Tom decided he needed a cigarette account to play with. Some high-type goings on."

"Which one you going after?"

"Who knows! I guess Tom will consult the stars tonight. But what a circus. Everyone spent the day inventing jingles for radio commercials." Jan

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chuckled but didn't offer to sing any of them for her. Liz could tell by the look on his face that there had been a few good ones—real high-type humor—and was frightened by her own self-conscious inability to pursue it further.

She *was* a fool; she was killing something precious, thinking she could wrap herself up now, cozily, in a little cocoon with her house and her children.

Jan had once said, "Life with you will never be dull," and now she was dull. Jan was bored to death with her, and before she knew it, she'd lose him altogether.

"How was your day?" Jan asked the question in much the same way he might have queried Peter or Ellen, and looking up to answer, Liz found his eyes closed.

"Nothing much," she mumbled and busied herself thumbing through the magazine Jan had brought home. Why couldn't she come out with some of the things she felt, instead of knowing it would sound like a cheerful gingham woman's page and Jan would look at her with eyes of anxious pity, unable to say how sorry he was she had let this happen.

Why did Jan, without a word, have to leave her unsure, torn by a million conflicts, turn her piece into something of which to be ashamed?

"By the way," Jan was saying, "Tom's having a big party on Friday. Five o'clock on and supper. Wants us both to come."

Liz rummaged in her mind for a note she had made earlier in the day, and when she found it, smiled. There'd been a notice in the store of a homemaker's meeting on Friday and she had thought she would go. Good lord, but she had strayed far. "Wonderful! I would love it. I haven't been to a real party for ages." Liz really was pleased.

Jan gave her a quick look. "Do you good. Been too cooped up here."

"You're probably right," Liz said thoughtfully.

By the next day, Thursday, Liz realized that she really was excited about the party. What a wonderful chance to prove to them, to Jan, to herself, that nothing had happened, that she hadn't changed into another droopy housewife. She was determined to look as chic, as smart, as anyone there, to be bright, gay, filled with a raft of new anecdotes that they never had heard before, even if she had to make them up!

She spent Thursday going all the way to Danbury to the beauty parlor and then the rest of the day trying to take out the tight little curls she had paid good money getting put in. She made a careful survey of her clothes and finally decided on a short black taffeta with a full skirt and a low-cut square neckline, her highest heels and gold jewelry. She couldn't help laughing at herself. If she had been living in town, she would have thought nothing of appearing in a tweed suit, but now she decidedly wanted to avoid anything resembling the conventional city-country look.

Jan was staying in over Thursday night and she was to drive in on Friday afternoon and meet him at Tom's. She was as excited and nervous as a sixteen-year-old going to her first dance.

She timed her arrival carefully, and just ten minutes before six she pulled up in front of the old spacious apartment house on upper Fifth Avenue where the big boss, Tom Weatherby, lived. The party was in full swing, noisy, smoky, gay-sounding, when she walked in.

"Liz, darling!" Big round-faced Tom had his arms around her and kissed her full on the mouth. "It's about time you came out of the country. We've missed you."

"I missed you too," she lied unthinkingly.

Tom held her off and looked at her carefully. "You're prettier than ever. That crazy husband of yours said that you've taken to wearing—what do they call them, Mother Hubbards?—and that you spend your days gathering recipes from the natives."

Liz laughed. "Sheer libel. How about taking me in and giving me a drink?" She should have known that Jan would reveal his hurt, his disappointment in her, only indirectly in one of his casual devastating little jokes.

Jan rose from a deep divan and walked across the room to greet her. Wanting to throw her arms about him, she gave him her cheek for his kiss. "Darling, you look lovely," he whispered.

How could she, after eleven years, still feel a warm thrill at Jan's coming across a room to her? How could she get such a girlish lift from his compliment, be so eager to say, "I know I've failed you but give me a chance, I'll catch up. I'm just a dope, a foolish female dope, but I'll keep up—I need you so, your approval, your blessings."

Between Jan and Tom she was escorted to the bar, and she knew that the evening was going to be a success. She felt light, gay, free of the heavy weight she had been carrying around with her. How could she have measured anything against all the familiar faces around her, the affectionate fuss her friends made, convincing her for this moment that she was the prettiest, the brightest, the wittiest, that Peter and Ellen were lucky to have such a mother? And she and Jan, what a wonderful couple they seemed to make for this moment, their keen brittle minds ever sharpening up the other. No dull tarnish there.

Maybe later, when she was fifty, she could fold up her tent and go for walks with her grandchildren. Then she could indulge in those absurd yearnings handed down, probably from some buried ancestor, sustain herself entirely on the simple pastimes of traditional womanhood. But not yet, not yet.

Later in the evening, Jan pulled her aside. "Wes Taylor wants to talk with you. He's looking for someone to fill a publicity job and I said you might be interested."

Liz's eyes went wide and startled. "Me? But how could I, now?" She felt suddenly frightened, like a bather prepared just to wet her toes, faced instead with a man-sized wave that could swallow her whole.

"Why not?" Jan said easily. "You're

the Philanderer

by Ann Head

Any one of a dozen women could have told her that her husband was unfaithful, that he existed in a carefully contrived atmosphere of deception. Perhaps one of the dozen could also have understood that what he did no longer mattered

A PERCEPTIVE STORY OF MARRIAGE

coming in FEBRUARY

no farther away from town than I am We can get a good maid. You're wasting your talents. Speak to him anyway and see what he has to offer."

"All right." Liz followed him over to Wes, walking very straight, tummy in, shoulders square. Jan was asking her to come back; he needed her, missed her too. It didn't matter what Wes had to offer; it would fill her intense need to have the line drawn for her, straight, familiar, clear, with no deviations.

"Hi, Liz." Wes Taylor stretched out a long arm and pulled her down onto the sofa beside him. He looked more like a dreamy philosopher than one of the best brains in radio. Perhaps years of writing soap operas had given him that absent-minded expression. Now he had a soft mauve office and developed and sold a few top-notch radio and television shows.

"I hear you're making more money than any one man should have," Liz said, settling herself comfortably beside him. "This tweed is softer than I am." She rubbed her cheek against his arm. "Who makes your clothes?"

Wes grinned delightedly. "You're a smart girl, Liz Hawks. How did you know the way to my heart is nothing so vulgar as my stomach?"

"Obviously. You stopped eating years ago or you wouldn't look so unhappy," Liz answered readily.

"Come here and tell me more." Wes put his arm around her shoulder and pulled her closer. "Nothing I like better than for a pretty woman to tell me my troubles."

It took them almost an hour to get around to the job, and in less than ten minutes, it was settled. "It's nothing sensational," Wes warned her, "but I think you can have fun with it. And hurry up, please, with your mundane domestic problems so you can get started."

On the drive home in the cold clear night, Liz still felt wonderful. She drove because they both agreed that Jan was too wobbly. As a matter of fact, Liz was glad; she liked driving, especially at night when the roads were empty of everything except herself and the magnificently contrived steel machine, helpless without the softness of her touch. It seemed to her that she could make the car fly—she could do anything—hold down a job, be gay with Jan, still have Peter and Ellen.

Home and the impact of the fresh country air made her feel dizzy. Pulling Jan along with her, she hurried into the house. Propped up on the hall table was a little note from Mrs. Clancy, who was staying overnight with the children. The library had called to say there was a book being held for her. The children were fine. There were also two large red unevenly cutout hearts, both decorated with the white lacy edges of paper doilies. One said, "Mommy, I love you, Peter." The other, also in childish painstaking printing, read, "To Mommy and Daddy from Ellen Hawks."

Liz wanted to cry because she couldn't remember why she and Jan never had paid attention to Valentine's Day and how they happened to have two such sweet sentimental children.

Jan just smiled and said, "They're real cute, aren't they?"

For the first time in her life, Liz had trouble finding a maid. Jan would come home and say, "Have you found one yet?" and she would shake her head no, wondering why she hadn't said yes to that nice girl she had interviewed two days ago. Plenty of girls answered her ad, but somehow no one was just right, the proper one to wait there joyfully for the children to come home on the bus.

Finally she settled on Mrs. Clancy's niece, a nice wholesome country girl who seemed to have her share of common sense.

Jan was enthusiastic. "Shall I tell Wes you'll start on Monday?"

It's like when we were getting married, Liz thought. Once I agreed, Jan couldn't wait. "Give me a few days to stay home with her until she gets the hang of things and the children know her," Liz pleaded.

When at last the first morning to go to work arrived, going down with Jan became a lark. Getting up early, riding across the valley in city clothes at such an unknown hour, meeting Jan's train friends, accepting their admiring glances at her trim good looks while they waved good-by to their sleepy-eyed wives in shapeless slacks and unmade-up faces. They're going home to their dirty breakfast dishes, thought Liz.

The children had been wonderful when she left, not a whimper out of them. Of course, they were used to her going off but this time it had been so different, so wonderfully different that she had been afraid they might be upset. "Are you coming back tonight?" Peter had asked politely, and Liz had felt her heart tear as she bent down to kiss him good-by. Soon they'll be like us, mixed up between wanting to make valentines and needing to laugh at them.

"Of course I am." She gave him a hard tight hug. "What a silly question!"

Jan and Tom picked her up for lunch that first day and it was very festive.

"I think it's wonderful, your taking

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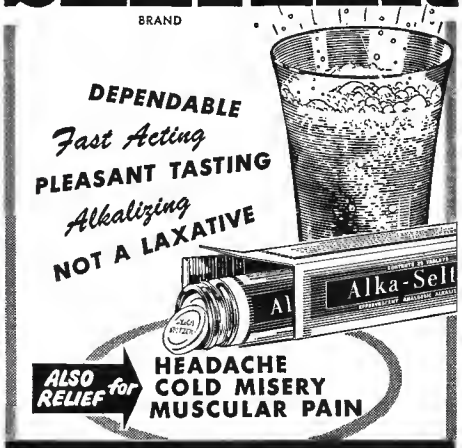

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this job," Tom said. "I wish Corinne would do something," he added wistfully. Liz thought of Tom's wife and the few minutes she had seen her at the party. Big, blond, she was very drunk by the time Liz had arrived, and Liz knew that none of the expensive cures had helped so far. There were more ways than one of getting old, and Liz let herself bask in the warmth of the two men's approval. She was lucky to be Jan's wife, glad he cared about what was happening to her, glad she was being pulled out of a rut.

Glad, glad, glad. . . .

In a few weeks, a couple of months, it was almost as if there had never been any confusion at all. Jan thought it was even more fun than living in New York. There was something carefree about having the apartment when they wanted it, being able to decide at the last minute to skip the train, go to a party, stay in for dinner, visit friends, take in a late movie.

"We have the perfect setup," Jan said. "Wholesome fresh air for the kids—and delicious smoke and grime for ma and pa who would shrivel up and die without it."

Liz didn't argue. One night when she called Peter and he said something about Robin Hood, she couldn't quite follow him because the door of the phone booth wouldn't close. So she spent the next day at lunch looking for the perfect copy of it for him. Finally she gave up in despair because the editions of the book all seemed too adult for him and she knew there never would be time for her to read it to him. That was the same day that she took a cab up to Central Park, climbed out on a rock and sat there wishing she had been born a hundred years ago when it was okay to be just a woman and not a million darned other things.

She even thought hard about Jan and how much she loved him, in spite of the fact that he had changed. He wasn't the same eager beaver she first knew, grabbing at life with both hands. His thinking had got a little narrower and his waistline a bit broader. Yet she still loved him. Why, then, did she have to remain the same for him?

Finally she went back to the office and worked like mad to make up for all her doodling.

The job itself was a cinch, and it wasn't so big a surprise as she pretended it to be when a couple of weeks later, a soft warm day the first week in June, Wes called her into his office.

"Liz," Wes said, "I've got a break for you. Palmer's leaving and you can have his job if you want it."

"Who, me?" Liz pushed her hand through her short blond hair and sat down opposite Wes, her legs stretched out in front of her. "Golly!" Palmer handled their big-name talent and had quite a job for himself.

"It's not an easy job, Liz. You'd have a lot of prima donnas to work with. Long hours, hard work, but I know you can do it."

"I don't know, Wes. I'll have to think about it. Talk it over with Jan."

"Sure. But listen, Liz—if you're going to work, you may as well go the whole hog. A lot of women beef because they never get the big jobs, but when they're in the offing they get scared."

"Why not? A woman's got other things to think of—a home, kids." Liz was staring out the window.

"That's your problem," he said good-naturedly. "Think it over and let me know."

That's your problem. Men were wonderful with that phrase, acting suddenly as if they were a bunch of strangers, and the last thing their poor feeble minds could comprehend was a simple practical problem projected by a woman! Nuts! Liz swore lightly to herself and fully aware of the paradox immediately telephoned Jan to ask his help.

"How soon can you meet me? Sure it's important."

At four-thirty they met in a small bar on East Fifty-second Street.

Jan said everything she knew he would and more. "Darling, it's wonderful. Excuse my sounding corny, but I'm real proud."

"I don't know," Liz said for the fourth time.

"Don't be a goose. It's really just the job you've been looking for all these years. Wes is big time, honey, and it's a break you might never get again."

Jan went on, outlining the job for her, reminding her of all the people they knew who would come in handy. He was so enthusiastic that she just couldn't get around to anything else. Against the chance of a lifetime, how could you say house and kids, especially when it came out sounding like real corn, something women today did with one hand tied behind their backs? You didn't want to sound like a provincial nasty matron determined to be a slave. To admit, confess, scream that you enjoyed it, that you would rather stay home and bake a pie with the kids than be president, made you sound like Whistler's mother and a dimwit to boot.

Everything was interrupted because Alice Tisdale and a man dropped in and joined them. Almost immediately, Liz started putting on her jacket and nudging Jan.

"Where you going?" Alice asked, surprised.

"Home, of course. We're commuters, you know. Trains and stuff."

"But not tonight," Alice protested. She adored Jan and Liz, thought they were a marvelous couple. "There's a party at Rocky's. And Jed, here, has a divine restaurant way downtown, a new discovery that only he and the angels know about yet. You must come along."

"Sure," Jan said. "We have to celebrate. Liz is getting a wonderful new job."

"Just a sec, I've got to call home," Liz excused herself, wishing that they had left five minutes earlier. She really wanted to think out this new job from all angles.

She came back quickly and said to Jan, "There's no answer."

Jan pointed outdoors. "Dopey, it's still light out. You know our kids, air-lovers. Try them later."

Later, there was still no answer but Jan said he was sure that on a perfect evening like this they would be having a picnic down at the outdoor fireplace.

But Liz was tired and jittery and they did break away early to make the nine-forty home. It was just about eleven o'clock when they drove up to the house.

"It's so dark," Liz said, jumping out of the car.

"Natch. You'd be sore as the devil if they were up."

Liz waited for Jan to close the garage doors and together they went into the dark house. As soon as Jan lit the hall light, Liz flew upstairs, and it was only a matter of seconds before Jan heard her terrified shriek. "Jan, they're not here!"

In a moment Jan was beside her, standing in the door between the children's two rooms. The light from the upper hall lit both rooms.

In horror, Liz watched Jan tear the two beds apart as if the children might be hiding somewhere inside.

"Margaret!" Jan ran down the hall and pounded on the housekeeper's closed door, then tore it open. But her bed was the same, untouched.

"Perhaps she left a note in the kitchen," Liz said with relief at something so simple, and together they ran down the back stairs. But the kitchen was as neat as a pin and there wasn't a sign of a note anywhere.

They divided up the house and went through it carefully, from basement to attic, Liz silently leaving both those areas to Jan. Neither one of them dared to admit what they were terrified of finding. But everything was in perfect order, with not a sign of Margaret or the two children.

"Damn that Margaret, I'll kill her! We'll have to get someone really responsible. They're probably off visiting somewhere and she forgot to come

home!" Jan's face was white and tense.

Liz kept running her hand through her hair. "We've got to do something. We can't just sit here. Where do we start, whom do we call? Is there a police station?"

"No, just a local constable and the state police. Don't you know any friends where they might be?"

Liz couldn't think of a soul. "Mrs. Clancy's house was dark, but I guess she'd be the best one." Liz was picking up the phone when she heard a shout from Jan.

"A car's coming up. Wait a minute, I think it's them—"

Liz thought her heart was going to burst until she heard the children's voices.

"Good lord, where have you been?" She heard Jan's voice as they trooped in, Peter, Ellen and Margaret.

Liz had the two children in her arms, and they both squirmed a little under the passionate relief of her embraces. "Darling, you gave us such a fright!"

"Why, we were at the school graduation," Margaret was saying, trying to sound calm. "Peter said he told you about it, but you and Mr. Hawks had a very important business engagement. The Collinses took us in their car and the children insisted I come along. They were so sweet. I'm sorry, ma'am."

"It's all right," Liz said wishing her heart would stop pounding so, her eyes searching out Peter's tense little face that mirrored his father's. Peter's big dark eyes were beseeching her not to say anything, to wait, he'd explain.

"Peter was wonderful in the play," Margaret said to no one in particular. "Ellen was good too," she added, patting Ellen's sleepy-looking head. "But of course Peter had the lead. I guess I'd better get them to bed."

"I'll do it," Liz said quickly, her arms still around the children. Before going upstairs she dared one swift look at Jan standing silently watching them, his face still pale and tight. "Why don't you fix yourself some coffee?" she called over her shoulder. "You look like you need some."

Ellen was asleep almost before her head touched the pillow, but Peter was still wide awake.

"I hope you're not mad, Mom," he said in between brushing his teeth.

"Why should I be? You didn't do anything wrong, did you?"

"Well, you and Dad did have important business in the city, didn't you?"

"Why didn't you ask us first before you decided?" Liz asked quietly.

"Aw, I told you about it once on the phone and you didn't say anything. So I figured you were too busy. Any-

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Tony Curtis answers your personal questions

Be sure to get your copy of the January issue of

"I HAVE NO SECRETS"—That was Tony Curtis' reply when we asked him to answer your personal questions. Why, he even answers the one about being henpecked! He's honest, amusing—and tells all.

OURS IS A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE—Dick Powell tells some very interesting things about his wife, June Allyson, and their marriage.

LOVE WALKED OUT—Here's a story you won't want to miss—about the girls who loved and lost in the 1951 Hollywood marital race.

MOTION PICTURE'S color camera brings you CHRISTMAS IN HOLLYWOOD!

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Helpful Modern Points of View

Presented with the hope you will find this interesting and useful

Mother Goose — Important Book

Child experts now hold this collection of beloved rhymes of real educational value

Apparently no age is too young for a child to learn to love Mother Goose. Even little babies are enchanted with *Pat-a-cake* at play time and *Hush-a-bye, baby* at sleepy time.

Furthermore, say child experts, when the young child first begins to like pictures, the time is ripe to cuddle him up in your lap and read to him from his first Mother Goose book —not a little volume but a big one full of bright, clear-color pictures.

But Mother Goose is much more than a collection of entertaining jingles. While the little "non-readers" look at the pictures and learn the rhymes, their facility in speech increases surprisingly.

Tongue twisters such as *Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers* teach little children to speak more clearly. The amusing verses expand imagination and humor; their desire to read grows apace.

Joyously learning Mother Goose builds a bigger, better vocabularly (big help to kindergarteners and first graders).

Yes, Mother Goose is important book. It is wonderful fun. And poring over the amazing illustrations is an education in itself in the history, customs, costumes of other days and ways.

If You Are Further Interested—The above information comes from PROF. NEY MACMINN, Department of English, NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

With all the holiday "stuffing" apt to go on—remember you can help the between meal problem by giving youngsters wholesome, delicious WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM. The long-lasting, lively flavor satisfies without crowding tummies.

AF-525

way, what's so important about a dumb play in a dumb hick school like ours!"

Liz had to turn her face away so he wouldn't see her tears. "Next time, Petey, let Dad and me decide what's important. Most times it's anything you and Ellen are doing."

"M-m," Peter said, very grown up, even his voice picking up Jan's tone. "Live and learn."

But when he was in bed and Liz turned out the light and bent down to kiss him good night, the boy started shaking with pure child sobs. "You'll never see me be Robin Hood again, never as long as I live. You'll never have the chance. Neither will Dad."

Liz saw Jan standing in the door, and quickly he came in and knelt down beside the boy and held him in his arms until finally, worn out, Peter fell asleep.

Liz was the first to get up and tiptoe from the room. She was sitting at her dressing table watching the moon rise over Huckleberry Hill when she heard Jan sit down heavily on the bed.

Without a word, Liz got up and walked across the room to kick off her high heels way into the back of the closet. She slipped her feet into a pair of old loafers and then, as if armed with the proper support, she turned around and faced Jan.

"I'm not taking Wes's job. I'm quitting the one I now have." She spoke as if she had known for a long time the exact thing she wanted to say. "I'm staying home, and Jan, please understand that I'm not making any sacrifice because the children need me. I need them more. I *want* to, that's the big thing. I enjoy it, I love it—and I don't care what anyone thinks, even if I fall into the biggest rut in the world!" she ended up defiantly and then burst into tears because Jan's face was so tender and hurt.

She stretched out her hand and he took it eagerly, pulling her down close to him. "Darling," Jan said, holding her close, "it's all right not to care what I think—or anyone else. That's how real thinking starts. The important thing is for each of us to understand just what the other's thinking. Sometimes there are no short cuts and it has to be spelled out. Even for old married folks, the symbols keep changing."

He was smiling down at her now, and Liz knew that she didn't have to do it alone. Jan would be with her every step of the way—during the slow, perhaps painful and yet exquisite task of building up a new communication, a new language, that all four on her little island would understand. That was the least and the most a woman could do for her family.

—HILA COLMAN

Today's Woman at Home

January 1952

Size: 33 pages

Content: new ideas for yourself and your home to start the New Year off right

Guarantee: prepared by experts in our six departments—Home Furnishings, Beauty, Fashions, Needlework, Home Equipment, Food

Price: what you can afford*—in some cases, just your time

Barbara Hewson
director

*For the first of our January price-tag features, 3 Bedrooms in 3 Price Ranges, turn the page

3 bedrooms in 3 price ranges

Jack Macurdy home furnishings editor

SUSAN KADISON associate

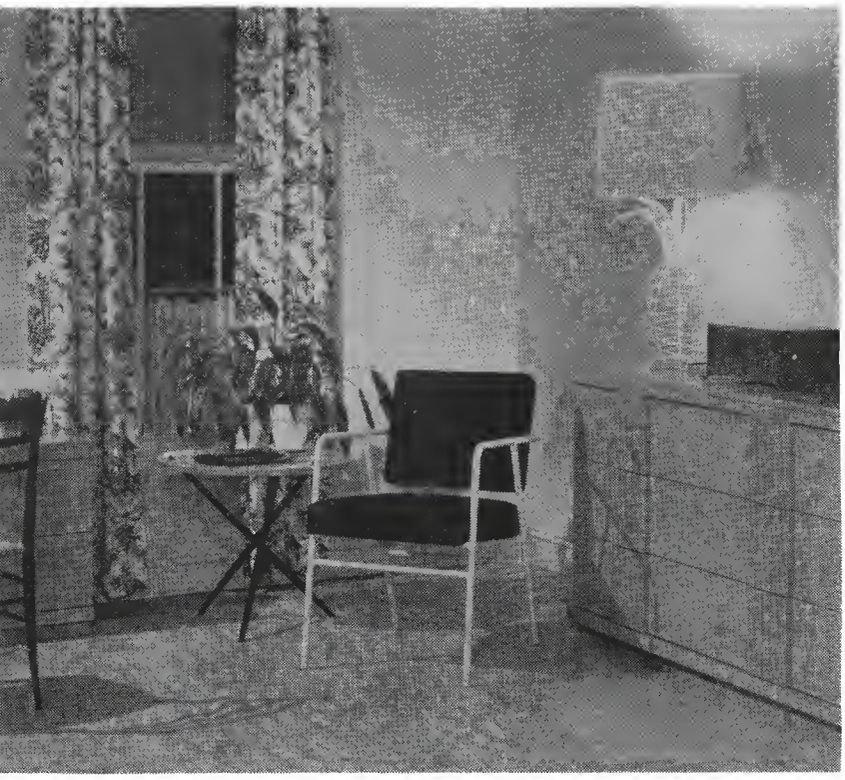
Whether you prefer a master bedroom that's traditional or modern in flavor, these 6 pages will help you choose furniture to suit your taste and your budget, give you ideas for appropriate decorating schemes and show you how to fit accessories and odd chairs that you already have into your new room. The prices given for our three bedrooms represent the cost of three or four basic pieces of furniture—the minimum needed to start with. Later on, you can add other pieces. To give an idea of the flexibility of the decorating schemes in these three rooms, we've used the same antique pewter and porcelain accessories in each—and they're just as much at home in the modern bedroom as in the two traditional ones.

ON PRECEDING PAGE: PHOTOGRAPH BY TOSH MATSUMOTO
STRIPED SHEETS BY WAMSUTTA; DYNEL BLANKET BY PEPPERELL; COMFORTER BY WOODS AND LOGAN

On these two pages we show a room built around traditional furniture, in dark mahogany and gumwood, by Kent-Coffey—a lifetime investment for very little money. The three basic pieces are priced as follows (west of the Mississippi they'll be a little higher): four-poster bed, about $82; dresser, about $115 and night table, about $50. On the walls in this bedroom we have used Imperial's dark-green and white paper with traditional geometric design. Woodwork is painted a harmonizing green. These colors are repeated in the white cotton seersucker curtains and green and white bedspread—both by Cabin Crafts—and the white cotton-loop rug, by Firth. For dramatic effect, we covered a small drum table with a cloth of white felt. All lamps in the room are from Nathan Lagin; pictures are reproductions from FAR Gallery. Innerspring mattress by Serta; foamed-latex pillow by International Latex.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WESLEY BALZ OF JOHN JOYCE, INC.

3 bedrooms in 3 price ranges



For our modern room we've chosen handsomely designed but bargain-priced furniture by Johnson-Carper. It's of blond korina, a wood that's relatively new in this country—it comes from the Philippines and has a grain similar to mahogany. The four basic pieces around which the room is built are priced as follows (they'll be slightly higher if you live west of the Mississippi): double bed, about $49.50; vanity, about $95; double dresser, about $129; night table, about $34.50.

When you're ready to add other pieces, you'll find they can be mixed and matched in many ways for interest and convenience. Just to give you an idea of what can be done, we placed a night table, lower right, next to the vanity.

To highlight the blond finish of the furniture, we've used a warm rosy pink as the background color in this room—walls and woodwork are painted with Martin-Senour's Nu-Hue pink. James Lees' carpet—of cotton in a simple carved "chicken-wire" pattern—repeats the color. Incidentally, the floor coverings in all three of our rooms cost less than $10 a square yard. They were selected to indicate the variety of sturdy attractive carpets available in fabrics less expensive than wool.

Black and white are our accent colors. The chintz quilted coverlet and draperies come ready-made, by Charles Bloom. Notice how neatly the two black-lacquered Italian side chairs with rush seats, by Waldron Associates, fit into these modern surroundings. You could use any simple chair having similar lines—lacquer it yourself.

Our accent colors are repeated in several modern pieces by Knoll—the interesting desk, lower right, with white-enameled metal base, glass top and two birch drawers; the white-enameled metal armchair upholstered in black; and, upper right, the small round tripod table with ebony-finished legs. To round out the picture: white wrought-iron lamps, designed by Ferris Shacknove, and a steel-mesh basket for magazines, by New Dimensions.

Very short café curtains—you can make your own—are fun in this kind of room. Ours are of pink chintz, to match the walls. Brass rings for the curtains are by Gould-Mersereau; innerspring mattress is by Eclipse and the foam-rubber bed pillows are by U. S. Rubber.

Holland's split-bamboo shades harmonize with the blond furniture. They're equally appropriate in a traditional room, as you'll see when you turn the page.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WESLEY BALZ OF JOHN JOYCE, INC.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WESLEY BALZ OF JOHN JOYCE, INC.

3 bedrooms in 3 price ranges

The rich coloring of solid-cherry furniture dominates our third bedroom—traditional in an elegant way that belies the relatively small cost of the four basic pieces you'll need to start with. These four pieces are priced as follows (they'll be slightly higher west of the Mississippi): four-poster bed, about $88; chest-desk, about $144; dresser, about $120; night table, about $40.

This furniture by Kling, with its clean Colonial lines and simple sunburst decoration, stands up beautifully with genuine antiques, like the chairs we've used here. You could mix in other old pieces too—mirrors, pictures and the like.

A traditionally styled hope chest or cedar chest fits nicely into a room of this period. We placed one at the foot of the bed—it's by Cavalier, of cherry with a cedar drawer in bottom.

Walls and woodwork in this room are light, to contrast with the bright sheen of the furniture. Wallpaper is by Imperial—yellow with a tiny deeper yellow "shirting" stripe. Though the carpet is also light, it doesn't show soil so easily as you might think. It's rayon low-loop pile, by Magee; a mixture of brown, gold and white gives the tweedy effect.

Again, café curtains are used at the windows—longer ones in this room. They're of Textron's Indianhead in a rich burnt orange to accent the cherry furniture.

The white candlewick bedspread, by Bates, and the pair of Victorian globe lamps, by Quoizel, on either side of the bed contribute to the room's gracious Early American air. Incidentally, these two lamps, which can hold their own easily with genuine antiques, cost only about $19 each.

The brass student lamp with green fluted-glass shade is by Argo; brass column lamp with green corduroy shade, by Mutual Sunset; innerspring mattress is by Stearns & Foster.

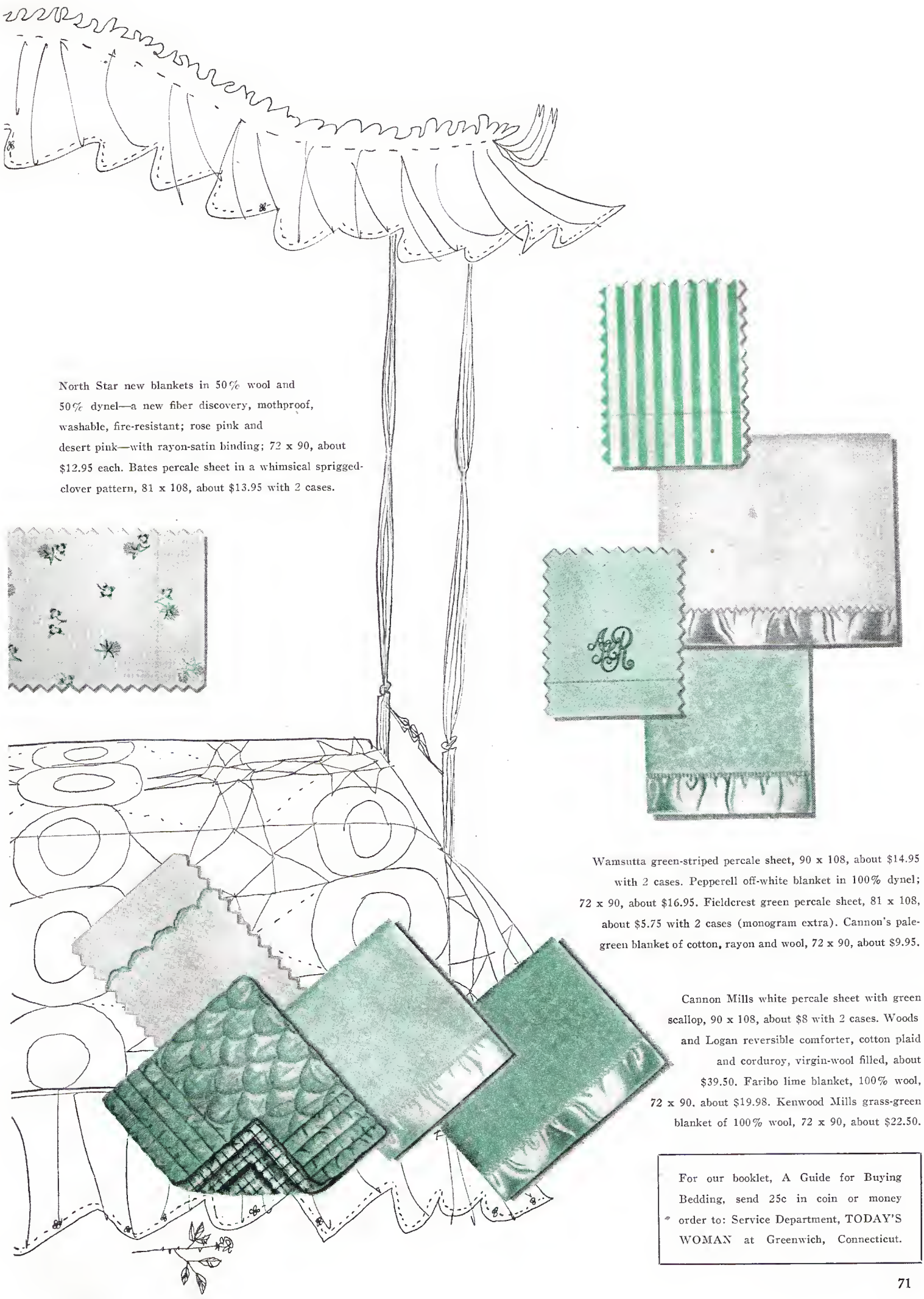
For stores carrying furniture used in our 3 bedrooms, see page 122

new materials and candy colors

Sheets take dramatically to modern design—stripes, prints, scallops, bright borders. Blankets are more colorful—and come in exciting synthetic fibers as well as wool

Bates pink-bordered percale sheet, 81 x 108, about $9.95 with 2 cases. Pompey-red Fieldcrest electric blanket with new illuminated dial; of wool, cotton and rayon, double-bed size, about $49.95, incl. tax. Woods and Logan reversible comforter—Glosheen and satin, virgin-wool filled, about $29.95. St. Mary's gray blanket of pure wool, bound with wide satin ribbon, 72 x 90, about $25.

SKETCHES OF LINENS BY ARLINE MITTLEMAN
BACKGROUND BY RAY PORTER



North Star new blankets in 50% wool and 50% dynel—a new fiber discovery, mothproof, washable, fire-resistant; rose pink and desert pink—with rayon-satin binding; 72 x 90, about $12.95 each. Bates percale sheet in a whimsical sprigged-clover pattern, 81 x 108, about $13.95 with 2 cases.

Wamsutta green-striped percale sheet, 90 x 108, about $14.95 with 2 cases. Pepperell off-white blanket in 100% dynel; 72 x 90, about $16.95. Fieldcrest green percale sheet, 81 x 108, about $5.75 with 2 cases (monogram extra). Cannon's pale-green blanket of cotton, rayon and wool, 72 x 90, about $9.95.

Cannon Mills white percale sheet with green scallop, 90 x 108, about $8 with 2 cases. Woods and Logan reversible comforter, cotton plaid and corduroy, virgin-wool filled, about $39.50. Faribo lime blanket, 100% wool, 72 x 90, about $19.98. Kenwood Mills grass-green blanket of 100% wool, 72 x 90, about $22.50.

For our booklet, A Guide for Buying Bedding, send 25c in coin or money order to: Service Department, TODAY'S WOMAN at Greenwich, Connecticut.

Bruce Clerke beauty editor

CREAM—a treat you can afford

There's a lot of saved money in a jar of face cream. Each time you remove make-up with cream, give yourself a home facial or treat an oily or dry skin with cream, you're saving yourself future skin problems and the treatments they would require. Do you know the new creams available today—liquid smoothers to pour from a bottle; special creams for facials; lotion creams, in plastic squeeze bottles, that cleanse and soften your skin; creams in tubes for traveling; creams for skin that has matured before its time? When you treat your skin to cream, you're giving it what it needs to stay fresh and young-looking

Start applying cream at the base of the throat, and work upward in long pulling motions with your fingertips. Apply special pressure under jawline

Bring the cream up the sides of your cheeks, up and around your mouth and your eyes. Always massage upward and outward for firmer contour

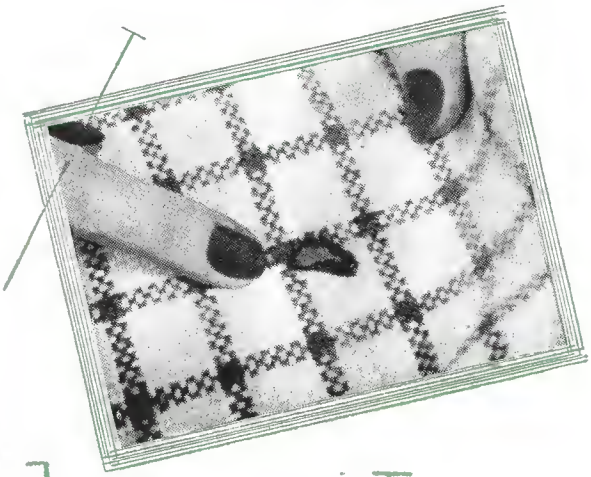
Work from center of forehead up and out to hairline in sweeping curved strokes. Pat lightly with fingertips under eyes and up across temples

Wipe cream off with cotton pad—dipped in astringent, if you like—starting at base of throat. Use same motions as when applying cream

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANGELO PINTO

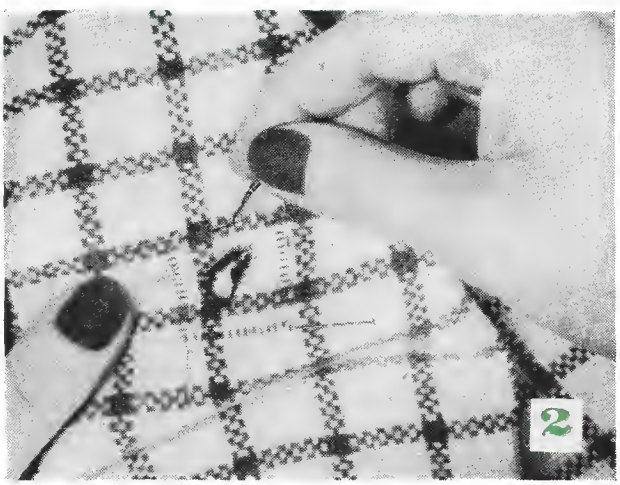
Ruth Gaffney

home equipment editor



Weave it like new

1. Start to reweave patch by marking off a square around damaged area with pins. To ensure a strong patch, allow ¾ inch around snag or hole



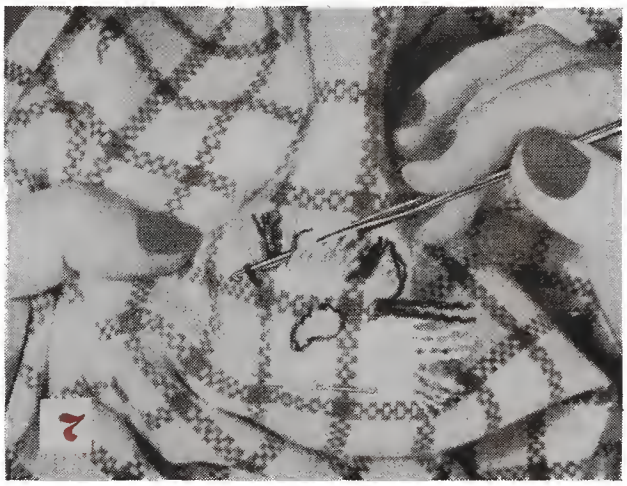
2. Using pins as guide, clip and pull a single thread in each direction. This outlines damaged area and forms design for weaving the new patch

3. Cut a matching piece (from hem or behind pocket) large enough to cover outlined area. Allow an inch on all sides to fray for reweaving

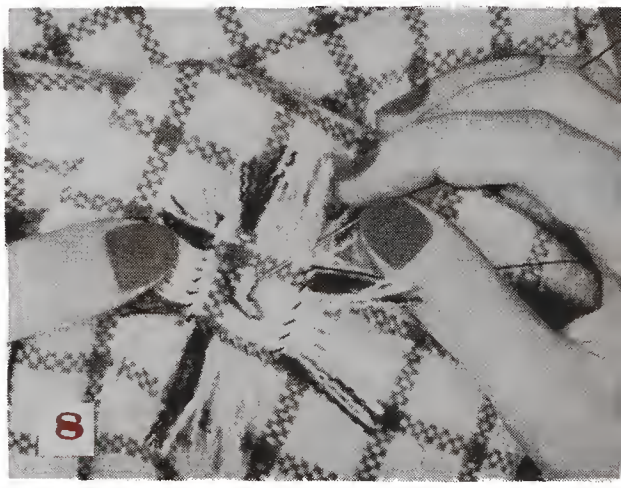
4. Fray edges of patch until center exactly fits outlined area. Place patch over damaged area—on right side of the garment—and pin securely

5. Here reweaving starts. Line made by pulled threads (Step 2) is where you'll draw frayed threads through the garment to the wrong side

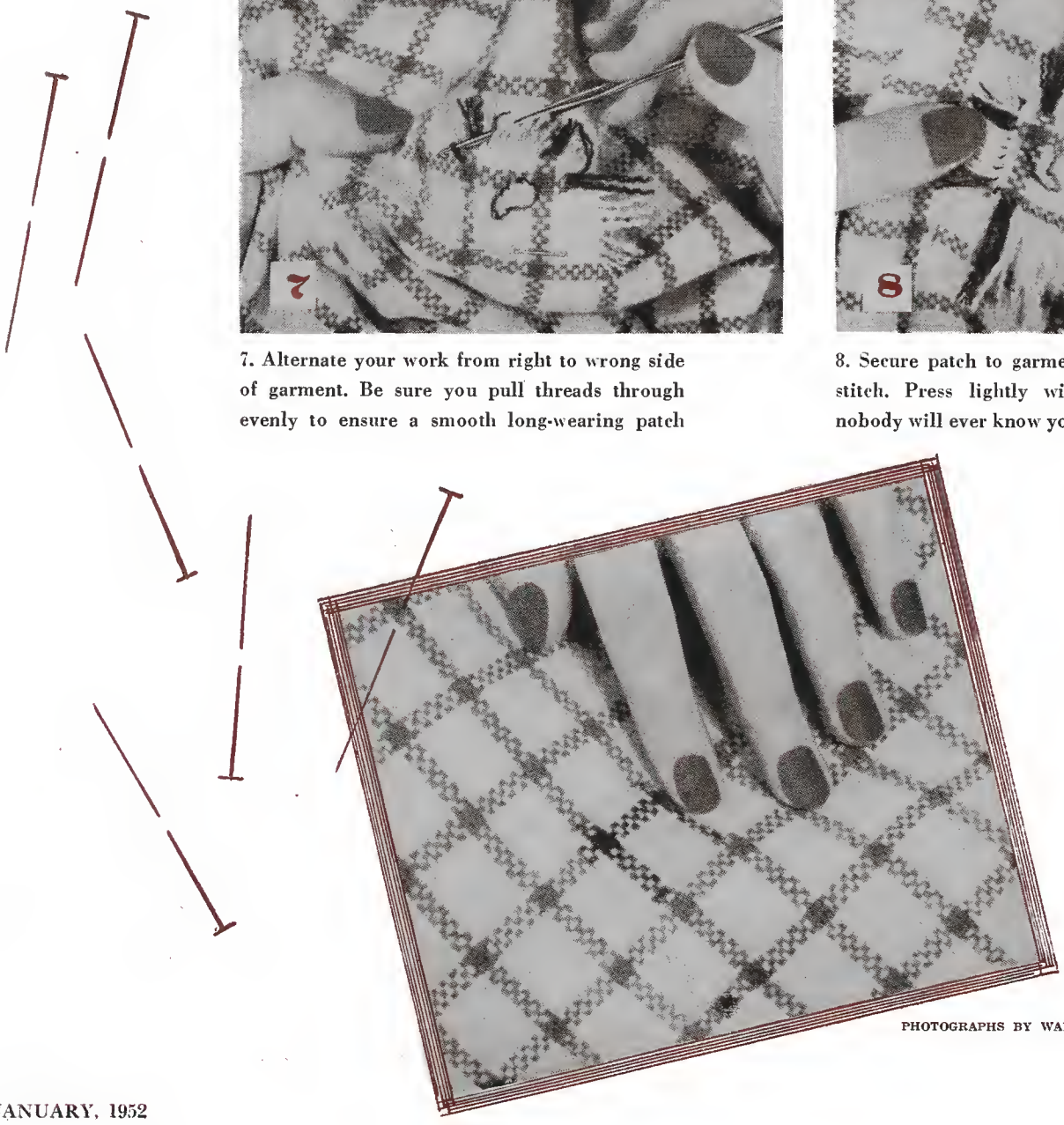
6. Push a crochet hook up from the underneath side—holding frayed ends taut on top side—and catch one thread at a time with the hook



7. Alternate your work from right to wrong side of garment. Be sure you pull threads through evenly to ensure a smooth long-wearing patch



8. Secure patch to garment with invisible whip-stitch. Press lightly with a steam iron and nobody will ever know you have a mended dress!



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER FISCHMAN

Two ways

1. A snag or tear may be mended in one of two ways, depending upon fabric garment is made of

2. First basic step is to cut a neat square around damaged area

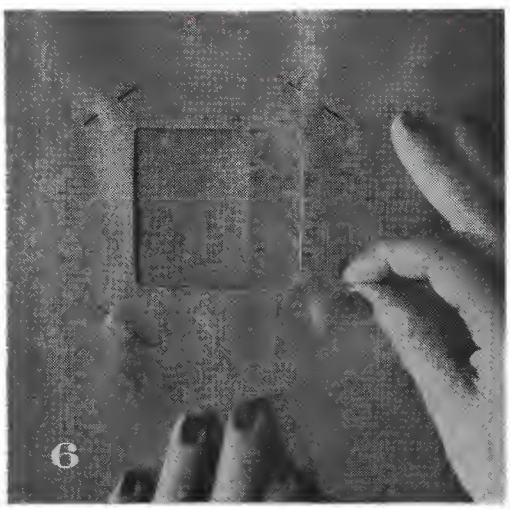
3. Clip each corner of square about ¼ inch to allow turn-under for a hem. This prevents raveling of fabric and gives strength to patch

4. Press hem lightly with hot iron, but be careful not to stretch edges

5. This inset patch is good to use on thin fabrics such as silk or rayon. Cut square of matching fabric a bit larger than square around damaged area

5. This is a stronger type of patch than the one shown above and is good for heavy fabrics, such as denim. Cut a matching square of fabric, allowing

to patch it up



6. Work from right side of garment and pin matching square of fabric in place underneath. Match weaves so that patch won't pucker or pull. Turn work and

7. trim edges of patch, using turned-under hem of damaged area (Step 4) as a guide. To make work easier, lay garment on flat surface to fit patch

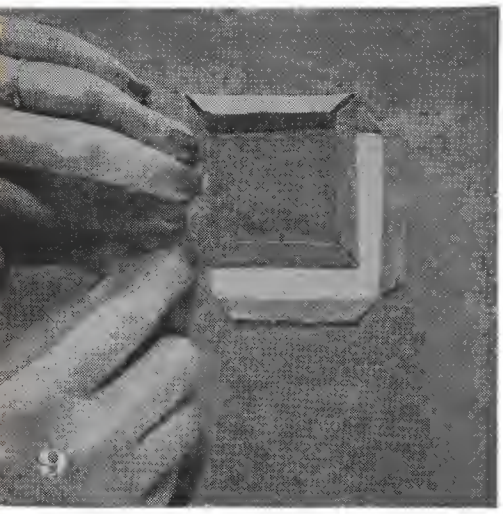
8. Unpin patch and turn the edges back so that patch will fit exactly into square of damaged area. This makes the inset and gives the patch its name →

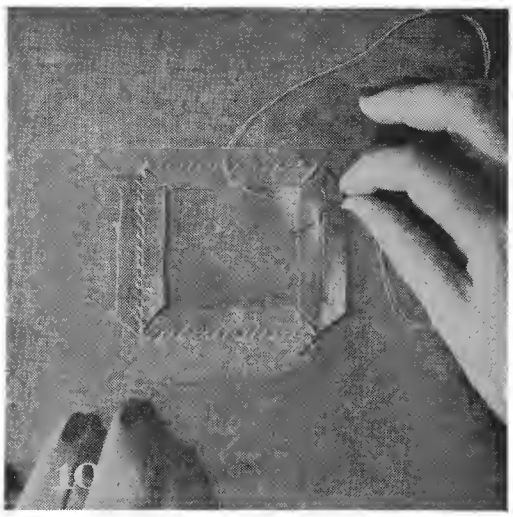
6. at least ¾ inch on all sides. Pin securely into place on wrong side of garment over damaged area (Step 4) and baste around all four edges of patch

7. Turn garment to right side and sew around damaged area; take small stitches, making them as invisible as possible. Press smooth with a hot iron

8. Turn garment again to wrong side and carefully trim away edge of patch, leaving about ½ inch of the fabric for turning under and hemming →

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER FISCHMAN



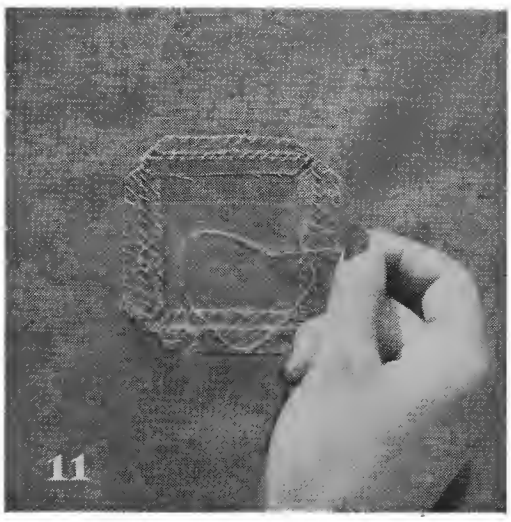


9. After you've turned back edges of patch, clip the corners as shown so inset patch will be flat and smooth. Press patch lightly with a hot iron

10. Sew patch securely into place with small invisible whipstitches. Now press it lightly again with a hot iron

11. Finish hems of patch and damaged area with invisible whipstitches to make patch stronger and prevent raveling

12. A neat smooth mend is your reward

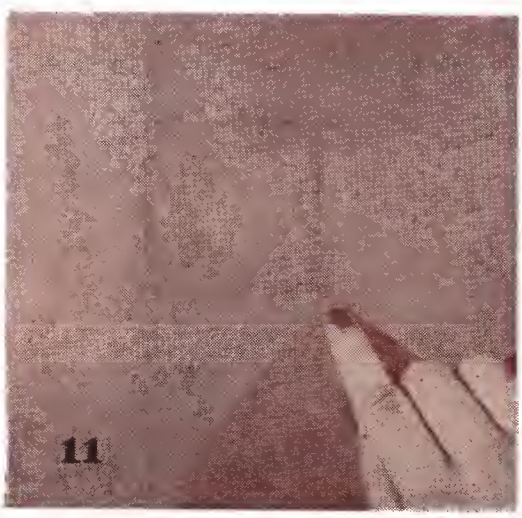


Two ways to patch it up (continued)

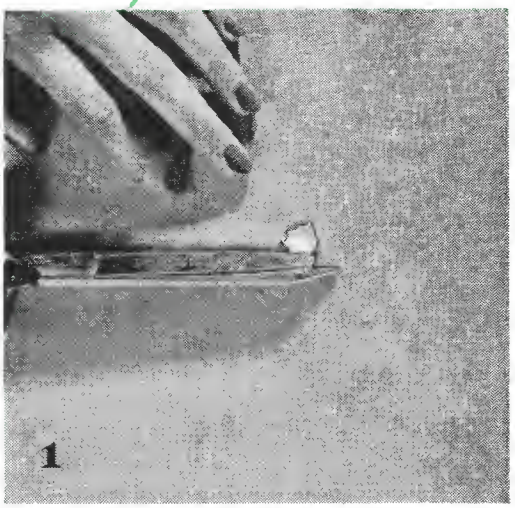
9. Round off the corners so that the patch will be smooth when edges are turned under. Baste or press the hem

10. With a light invisible whipstitch sew patch to garment. This prevents raveling and gives strength

11. When done with care, this patch is inconspicuous and ensures lots of additional wear from any garment



Darn that hole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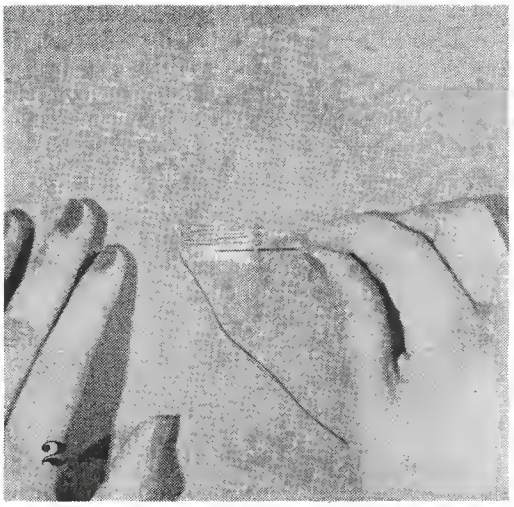
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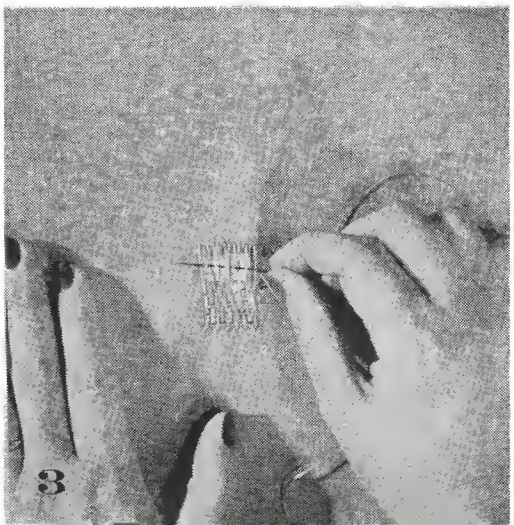
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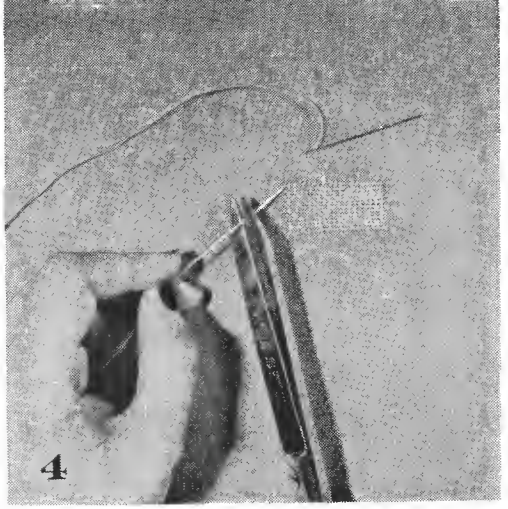
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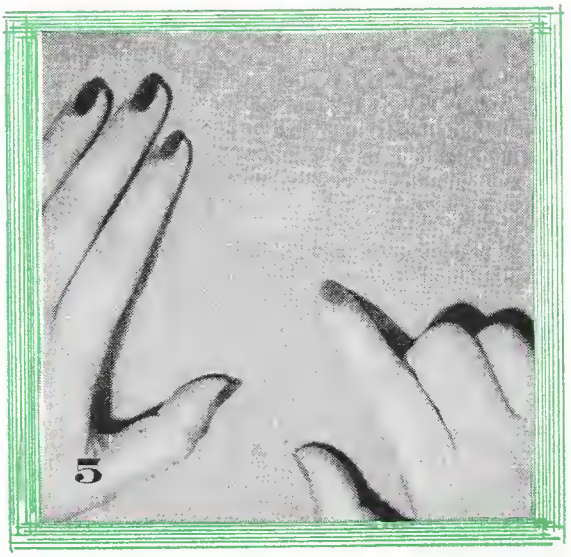

5

A darn is a mend made by interlacing threads in one another. When properly done, darning gives a soft inconspicuous finish. It's suitable for repairing small holes in fabrics such as linen and light woolens.

To make a darn, use threads raveled from scraps of the same fabric as the garment or from straight-cut seams. If this is not possible, use sewing thread that blends with color of fabric. Leave hole (1) as nearly as possible in original shape but trim off frayed or damaged threads. Use a fine needle. Work from right side but start with an unknotted thread on underneath side; take tiny stitches on each side of hole (2), using an overhand stitch. Continue well past hole. Don't pull thread too tight because this makes darn pucker; likewise, too-loose threads will make it look puffy. Stitches around the darn should not be exactly even—this makes the line too definite and keeps darn from blending into fabric. Finish darning in one direction; then interlace threads (3) in opposite direction, filling entire area. Pull thread ends to underneath side (4) and clip—but not too closely! Now press the finished darn (5) with a hot iron.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER FISCHMAN

We believe in hand-knit sweaters. They're lovely, they're lasting and they're as versatile as you care to make them. But when you knit them yourself, they are not a luxury—they are a very practical addition to a young and active life

H-351: The indispensable cardigan—this time in white with patterned front and plain back and sleeves. Yarn for knitting costs $10.50

the finest of Sweaters

at a price you can afford

H-352: For parties now and summer days later on—a slipover with a flattering neckline formed by bold stripes. Cost to knit, $5.96

H-353: Pale-pink scoop-necked pullover with black trimming added later. Cost to knit this and matching cardigan (not shown) about $9

Marguerite Kohl
needlework editor

When ordering patterns, 5¢ each, from the Service Dept., TODAY'S WOMAN, Greenwich, Connecticut, please give the pattern number and enclose coins or money order.

H-354: A striking cable-stitch band, made separately and then sewn on, decorates this white ribbed sweater. Yarn for sweater costs $10. Yarn for matching scarf, mittens and cap, $3

H-355: Designed to be worn alone or as a suit blouse, this sweater has an open-stitch front, cap sleeves, plain back. Cost to knit, about $7

SWEATERS KNIT WITH BOTANY YARNS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARMEN SCHIAVONE

Gwen Randolph Allison
fashion editor

twenty-three accessory ideas we call

turnabout

• with hats

We like a hat that turns inside out—a hat that's all black on one side, black striped with white on the other. And opposite, to begin our story of turnabouts, we show just such a hat—a soft felt cloche with white pompons. As a striped hat, it's as casual as the sweaters, skirts or sport clothes you wear with it. But as a black hat, it's perfect for dress-up, especially with this all-black costume of many textures—charcoal men's-wear flannel suit, shiny taffeta scarf, black calf bag, dull-black woolen gloves. Hat about $11, Charmer by John Frederics. Available at Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.

• with white

We like the look of summer white in January—it makes such a pretty turnabout from winter to spring. And most of all, we like surprise touches of white—a scarf, a ruffled petticoat, a big carryall or a white raincoat to wear over everything day or night. All these—and more—are pictured on pages 84-85.

• with scarves

We like the idea of one scarf performing many tricks—one scarf tied to become a halter top, a fichu, a pretty collar for a suit. And we think that a good scarf—a large square of chiffon or brocade—is a real investment. For six good reasons, turn to page 86.

• with ribbons

We like the way a length of ribbon can make magic. For instance, it can be a bracelet or a bright trimming for an old cardigan or an evening hat for a topknot. More ribbon magic, pages 88-89.

• with handbags

We like "two-timers": our turnabout bag on page 87. It's two envelopes, to be carried as one or used separately—one for day, one for evening.

• with gloves

We like sleight-of-hand tricks: A double glove that can be worn as one for extra warmth—or as two separate pairs of gloves. Page 87.

• with belts

We like two-in-one: a belt within a belt. They're worn as companions, or each is worn alone in several different ways. Page 87.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

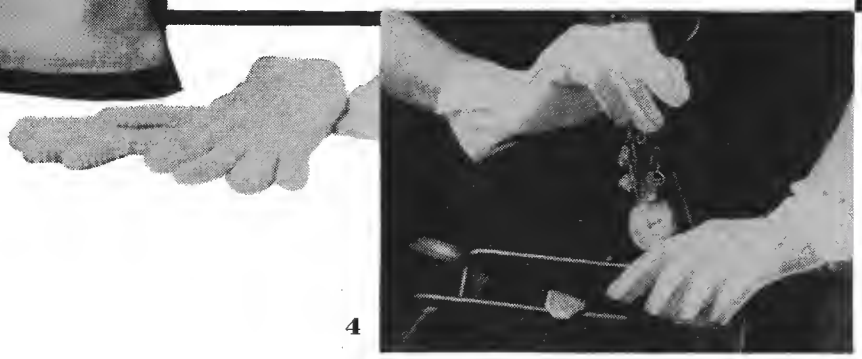
1

turnabout · with winter ~~summer~~ white

2

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

3



4

6

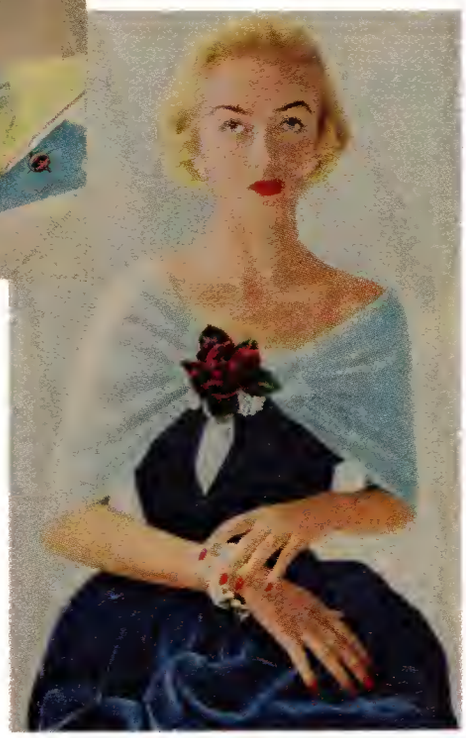
1. White-checked patent pump. About $7. Charmette by Saksplan. Lowenstein's, Memphis; Gilchrist, Boston. 2. White turtleneck of heavy ribbed wool—looks like an expensive hand-knit. 34-40, about $13. Geistex. At Best's Apparel, Seattle; Bullock's, Pasadena. 3. White and red cowhide carryall. About $17 plus tax. Astrid. Lord & Taylor, N.Y.; Abraham & Straus, B'klyn. 4. White cotton gloves, stitched cuffs. About $4. Dior design for Shalimar. At Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C. 5. White crinoline petticoat with an eyelet ruffle—to peep out from under a black skirt. 8-16, about $6. Sydney A. Bush & Co. At John Wanamaker, Philadelphia. 6. White silk-shantung scarf—24″ square and cut on the bias—to tie into a pretty pouf at the neck. About $4. Bersoie. Available at Lord & Taylor, New York. 7. From midwinter through spring, we love a classic white faille raincoat to wear over suits, sweaters and skirts—and even a silk dress at night. Of water-repellent acetate, lined in taffeta; also black or navy. 8-18, about $25. Aquatogs. Marting, Portsmouth, O.; Helen Caro, Upper Darby, Pa.; The Hub, Wheeling, West Virginia. Jana carryall.

5

7

For stores carrying this raincoat *see page 114*

1



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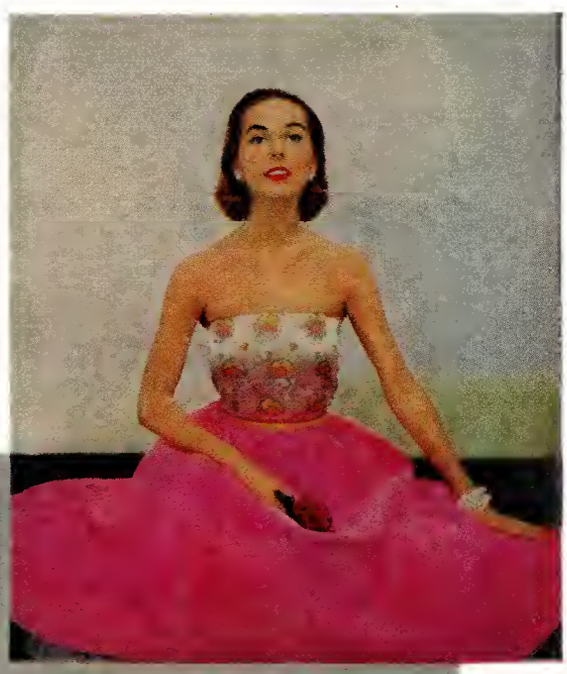

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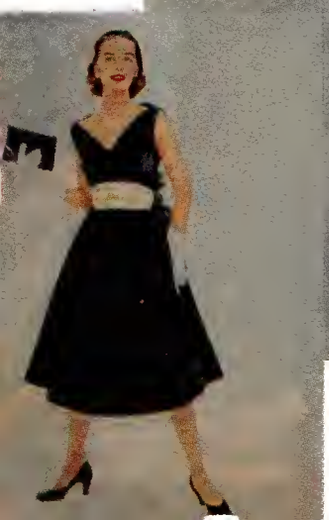
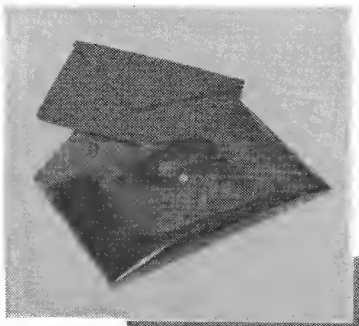


6

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

turnabout



7

• with scarves

Wear a silk-chiffon scarf (42″ square, about $3) as: 1. A windbreaker: Fold once, wrap around head, tie ends into a soft bow. 2. A fichu: Fold scarf into a triangle and wrap around shoulders. Fasten ends into a bow, adding fake flowers and a jeweled pin. 3. A suit collar: Drape scarf around neck. Tuck edges inside of revers of jacket but allow rest of the scarf to puff out prettily. Wear a brocaded silk-satin scarf (33″ square, about $9) as: 4. A strapless top: Fold scarf into a triangle, tucking point into skirt. Wrap around midriff, securing ends in a bow at the back. 5. A halter blouse: Fold into a triangle; tie top tips together around your neck—like a sling. Tie other ends in back at waist. 6. A cummerbund: Wear scarf as a sash; decorate bow with flowers. Both scarves by Baar & Beards. Denver Dry Goods, Denver; Best's, New York; Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn. Flowers by Flower Modes.

• with handbags

7. Two bags in one—ottoman envelope (for evening) fits into a larger one of patent leather. About $15*. Alan. Higbee's, Cleveland

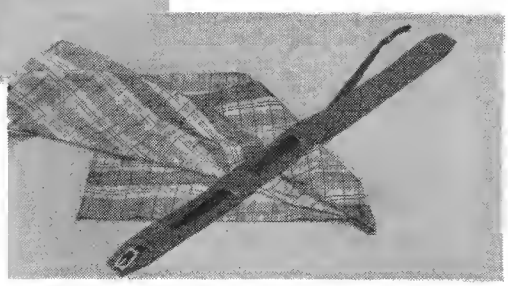
• with belts

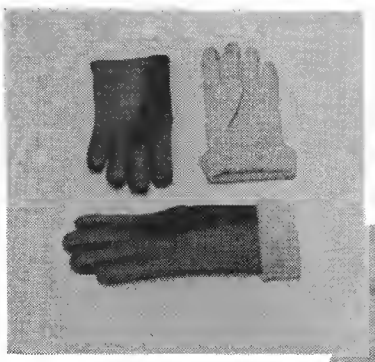
8. Narrow belt fits through the slots of a shell belt. Shell can also be threaded with scarves. Of Neolite (plastic leather), 24-30. about $3 each. Charm Belts. Scruggs, St. Louis; Lazarus, Columbus.

• with gloves

9. Woolen gloves inside a pair of cotton shorties with leather palms Each pair can also be worn separately. Small, medium and large in many color combinations: about $5. Wear-Right. The Fair, Chicago

8





9

*Plus federal tax.

1

1. Pretty ribbons give new life to an old cardigan or a custom-made look to a new one. To achieve the effect we show, you'll need 1¾ yards of plaid, taffeta or brocaded ribbon. Bind right side of front opening with ribbon, being careful not to stretch or pucker wool. Clip and work buttonholes. Before stitching ribbon around neckline, be sure it's adjusted to fit your measurements; leave long-enough ends to tie in a soft bow. Wool sweater, untrimmed, by Select Sportswear, about $9. Lipstick: Revlon's new Love That Red.

2 3

turnabout · with ribbons

2. Ribbon bow for your topknot makes a pretty evening hat. Pick a wide tricolor ribbon, make a big bow and wear it flat on the head. Suggestions: When bow is tied, a few stitches will make it permanent. To keep bow securely in place, attach tiny strings to fasten underneath topknot. 3. Ribbons make a wonderful extra bracelet. Simply tie a pretty taffeta bow around the wrist; add a sparkling pin. 4. Ribbon stole—a fabulous coverup made from yards of picot ribbon in different colors and widths. Sew ribbon in bands until the stole is as wide as you desire it to be. 5. Ribbon lacing for at-home espadrilles. Change color to match each costume. Slipper by Oomphies. 6. Ribbon sash makes a wonderful evening cummerbund. Sew bands of different-colored narrow ribbons together to fit around waist. Let ends fall free so they can be tied in a big bow in the back. All ribbons are from Century Ribbon Mills.

4

6

5

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO; SKETCHES BY GARDNER LEAVER

1

3

2

4

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE LAZARNICK

by FRITZI SWANSTROM RYDGREN

lunches children love

The food loves of the three- to six-year-old are as fluid as a mood. Mothers who accept this fact will save a lot of wear and tear on their nerves—and their children will eat better. If your child consistently refuses food, you'll find some excellent advice in the TODAY'S WOMAN *article, If Your Child Is a Problem Eater (November, 1951). The first rule is to be nonchalant. Then dust off your ingenuity and try to intrigue young appetites with a variety of colors, shapes and textures. Your child may prefer smaller servings. Make the plates as attractive as possible. Cranberry jelly slices and cooky cutters produce a wondrous assortment of garnishes. Invest a few pennies in gadgets such as lattice vegetable cutters and a ball cutter. They transform everyday foods in a jiffy. On this and the following 4 pages you'll find 10 exciting well-balanced menus with directions for whipping them up easily. They're all time-tested favorites of my own six-year-old, just waiting to tempt your child too*

1

Broiled lamb chop
Baked stuffed potato half
Parsley carrot slices — Celery curl
Parfait pudding
Milk — Name cookies

To make a chop-frill quickly, cut a strip of colored paper 1 inch wide and 2 inches long; snip a fringe on one side, wrap around chop as shown and fasten with gummed tape. For a celery curl, cut stalk in narrow strips almost to the top. Crisp in refrigerator or ice water for an hour or so till it curls. Have you tried the new packaged puddings that don't have to be cooked? For 2 servings of parfait pudding, use ¼ box each vanilla and chocolate (or butterscotch); spoon alternate layers into dessert glasses. Top with a cherry and whipped cream, if you like. Press cooky dough through a pastry tube to form the letters of your child's name—or cut them out of dough—making each letter a separate cooky.

2

Funny-face sandwiches
Baked beans in an orange cup
Lettuce and tomato salad
Gumdrop tapioca pudding
Milk

With a large cooky cutter or a glass, cut out circles of bread for sandwiches. For variety, use both white and whole-wheat bread. Spread half the bread circles with cream cheese topped with tart red jelly. In the remaining bread slices, cut out holes for eyes and mouth, using scissors or a sharp knife. Put sandwiches together. To make gay containers for baked beans, notch the top edges of orange halves saved from the breakfast juicing. For a colorful dessert, cool plain tapioca pudding about 20 minutes, then fold in bits of gumdrops. This makes a fine menu for your youngster's school lunch box if you substitute a thermos of hot bean soup, flavored with a few drops of lemon juice, for the baked beans.

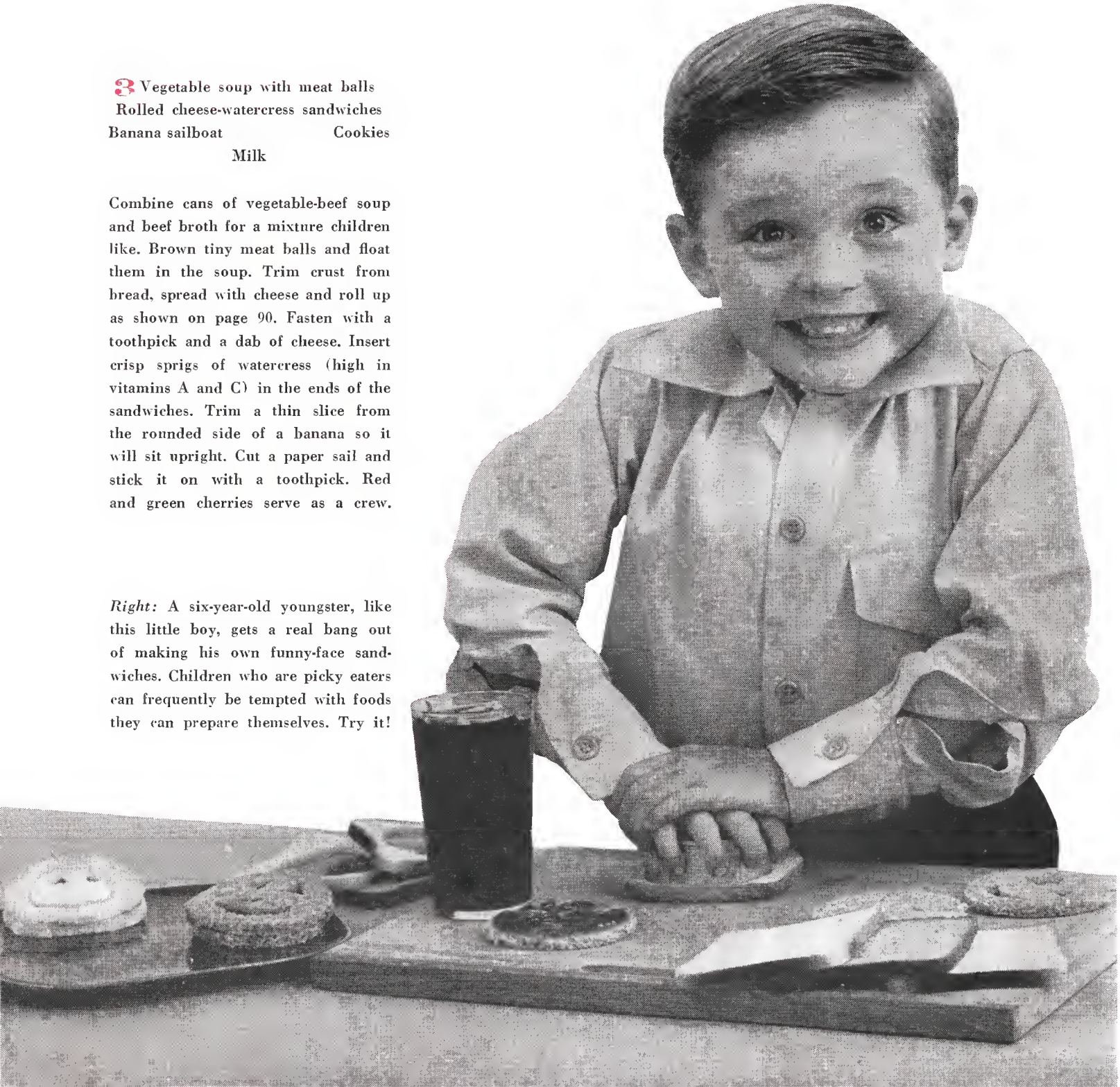
lunches children love

Many dishes in these 10 menus will make interesting and nutritious additions to a child's school lunch box. The new plastic containers, available in assorted sizes and shapes, enable you to pack a variety of foods that formerly were stay-at-homes

3 Vegetable soup with meat balls
Rolled cheese-watercress sandwiches
Banana sailboat Cookies
Milk

Combine cans of vegetable-beef soup and beef broth for a mixture children like. Brown tiny meat balls and float them in the soup. Trim crust from bread, spread with cheese and roll up as shown on page 90. Fasten with a toothpick and a dab of cheese. Insert crisp sprigs of watercress (high in vitamins A and C) in the ends of the sandwiches. Trim a thin slice from the rounded side of a banana so it will sit upright. Cut a paper sail and stick it on with a toothpick. Red and green cherries serve as a crew.

Right: A six-year-old youngster, like this little boy, gets a real bang out of making his own funny-face sandwiches. Children who are picky eaters can frequently be tempted with foods they can prepare themselves. Try it!



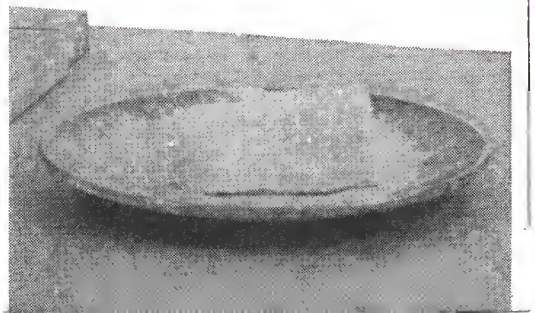
4 Individual cheese-bacon soufflé
Buttered macaroni shells
Cranberry stars Asparagus tips
Minted pears in cherry gelatine
Milk Animal crackers

Fold ⅓ cup crumbled crisp bacon into a bread-and-custard or standard 3-egg cheese soufflé. Bake in custard cups in a moderate 350°F. oven for 20 to 25 minutes. (For a mother with one child, ⅓ of the recipe will be enough for lunch for both.) Children love macaroni in fancy shapes—shells and many others; make use of the variety at your grocery. To a can of pears add a dash of mint flavoring, a few drops of green food coloring. Let stand several hours before molding in gelatine.

5 Creamed chicken on a biscuit
Mashed sweet potatoes with marshmallow
Shoestring beets
Fresh fruit salad in an orange cup
Caramel custard with tinted coconut
Milk

Canned chicken mixed with undiluted cream of chicken soup makes a quick delicious luncheon dish. Sprinkle with paprika for color. The marshmallow can either top the potatoes or be tucked inside for a surprise. Make the orange cup as described in lunch No. 2. To tint coconut, sprinkle a few drops of food coloring over it and toss with a fork till color is absorbed evenly.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROY PINNEY

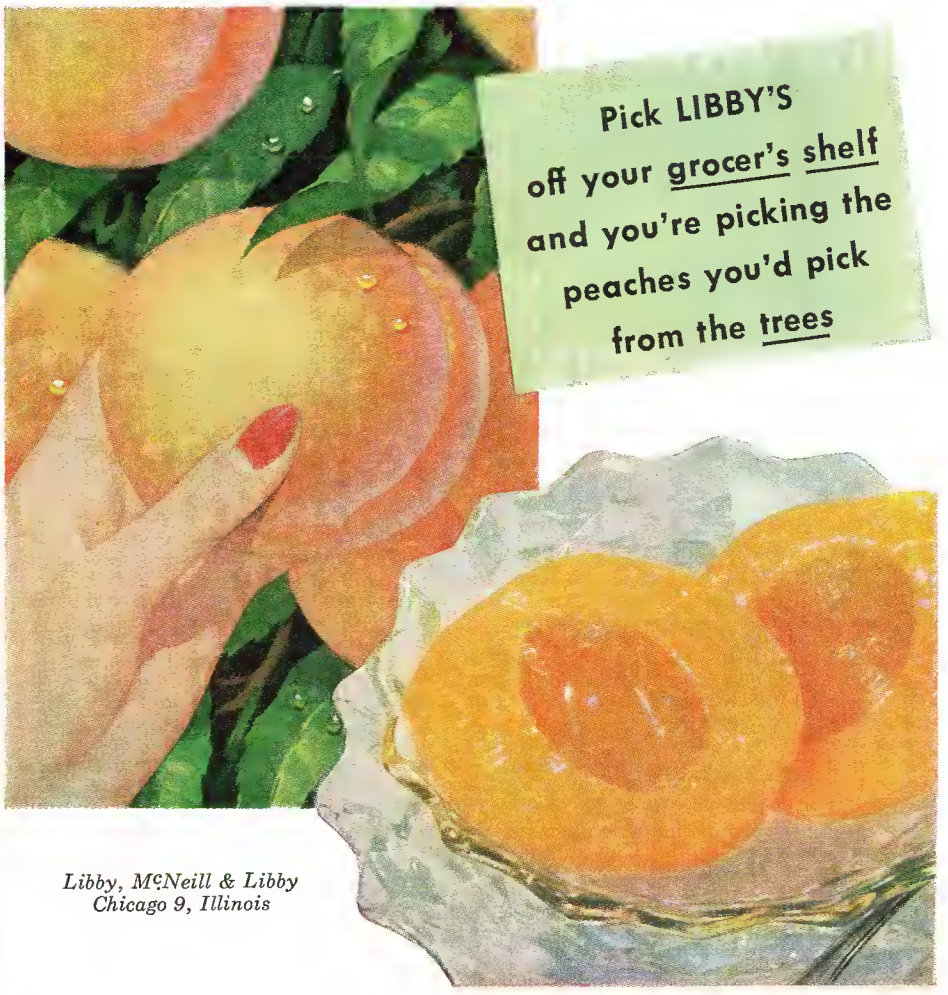


Pick the peaches you'd pick yourself!

Picture yourself in a peach orchard . . . and imagine the kind of peaches *you'd* pick!

They'd be the roundest, fullest beauties your eye could single out. They'd be the fruits neither too firm nor too yielding to your touch. They'd be the ones with the warm, crimson "blush" on their upper surfaces, the telltale sign that they're right, ready and waiting for you.

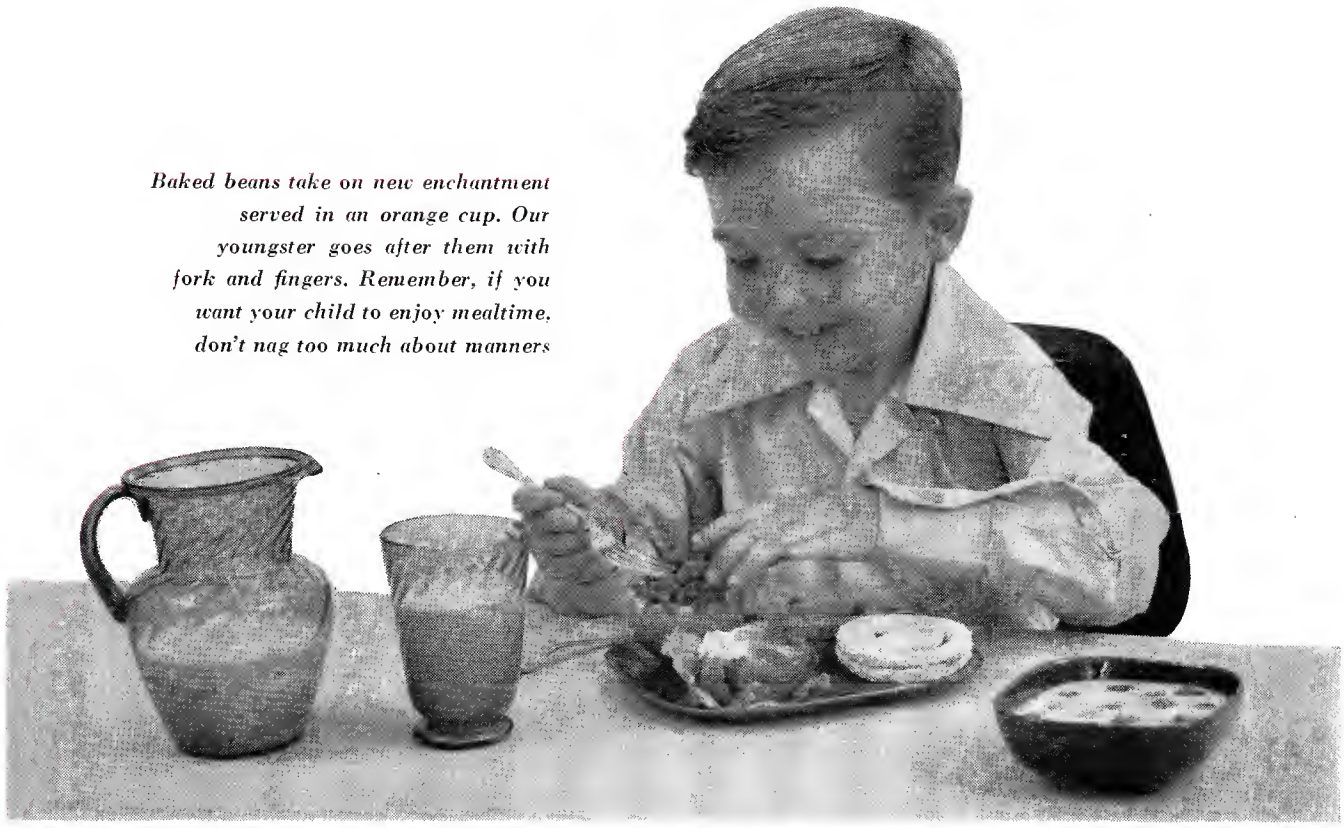
These are the luscious peaches you get in the can labeled Libby's. Good to look at, wonderful to eat—peaches you'll be proud to serve in any of the hundred ways that people enjoy them! Pick Libby's.



Pick LIBBY'S off your grocer's shelf and you're picking the peaches you'd pick from the trees

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago 9, Illinois

lunches children love



Baked beans take on new enchantment served in an orange cup. Our youngster goes after them with fork and fingers. Remember, if you want your child to enjoy mealtime, don't nag too much about manners

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROY PINNEY

6

Beef-noodle soup
Frankfurter in a blanket
Potato salad — Carrot daisies
Lemon pudding — Cookies
Milk

Zip up a small batch of biscuit dough with a prepared mix. Roll out about ¼ inch thick and cut in oblongs about 3 by 4 inches. Roll each frankfurter up in a "blanket," letting the tips of the frank show; then press edges of dough together. Bake in a hot 425°F. oven for 12 to 15 minutes. A bit of cheese or pickle tucked in with the frank makes a nice surprise. Carrot daisies are 3 or 4 slices of raw carrot arranged like the petals of a flower with a slice of stuffed olive in the center. For a delicate fluffy dessert, fold 2 stiffly beaten egg whites—flavored with a little nutmeg, cinnamon or mace—into a package of lemon pudding—a good way to use up the egg whites that accumulate when you have a young baby.

7

Boneless baked fish fillet
Creamed potatoes with paprika garnish
Square of baked winter squash
Tomato slice
Baked apple with marshmallow topping

Use frozen or fresh fish. Season with salt and pepper and brush with melted butter. Bake in a moderately hot 400°F. oven 15 to 20 minutes. Garnish with a lemon wedge—just like the grownups'. Cream tiny canned potatoes or fresh ones cut with a ball cutter. Spread the top of a square of winter squash with butter and sprinkle with salt, pepper, a little brown sugar, a dash of cinnamon. Bake till tender (about 40 minutes) in a moderate 375°F. oven. Raise heat slightly during last 20 minutes to bake fish at the same time. Tuck raisins inside the apple for good eating; sprinkle with nutmeg too. Top with marshmallow as it comes from the oven. To conserve fuel, bake some apples for the family at the same time.

8 Miniature meat balls
Rice ring Green peas
Raisin-and-carrot slaw
Butterscotch pudding with a chocolate-bit face
Milk

Shape meat balls about the size of a walnut. Bake or broil in a little butter. Pack cooked rice into well-greased individual ring mold. Bake 5 minutes. Unmold on plate. Stick colored toothpicks into meat balls and arrange in rice ring. Garnish with paprika or parsley. Tuck the slaw in a lettuce cup. Make a raisin face on top, if you like.

---

9 Cream of tomato soup
Stuffed eggs Orange salad
Raisin toast Cinnamon applesauce
Milk Cookies

For a delicious flavor change, combine condensed tomato soup with cream of chicken or green pea soup. Float some crunchy cheese crackers on top. Salad may be a jellied one or orange sections arranged on greens. For the lunch box leave the raisin bread untoasted. Sprinkle cinnamon over the applesauce just before serving instead of cooking it in the apples. Most youngsters like a little sugar mixed with the cinnamon.

---

10 Diced liver in scrambled eggs
Lattice-cut potatoes Baby limas
Carrot curls on watercress
Banana-chocolate pudding
Milk Cookies

Fold finely diced cooked liver into scrambled eggs—a good way to serve the sometimes-balked-at meat. If you have never used a lattice potato cutter, you have some fun in store—it's so easy and the result looks so professional. For carrot curls, cut long thin slices with a potato peeler; wrap around your finger and fasten with a toothpick. Crisp in refrigerator or ice water for several hours, then remove the toothpick. Fold diced banana into chocolate pudding made with a packaged mix and chill in individual serving dishes. Garnish with a ring of banana slices and a maraschino cherry or march animal crackers around rim.

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POISE
Protein is nerve food. Your youngsters need it to develop a well-poised personality.

BRAIN
Protein is brain food. Your youngsters need it to help the growth and health of brain cells.

STAMINA
Protein is power food. Your youngsters need it to keep up their animal energy.

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**Results published on Page 163, Vol. 16, No. 2 of "Food Research", a nationally known scientific journal.*

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Thrifty Cake into Party Cake EASY WITH BAKER'S COCONUT

Start with your pet economy cake—a one-egg cake, a "mix" cake, or store-bought layers. Frost . . . then top with Baker's Coconut, and you'll have a beauty every time! Let tender Baker's Coconut dress up thrifty puddings, salads, Jell-O desserts, too!

4 "party dresses" for budget cakes!

Jolly Children's-Party Cake (*top left*) . . . Frost a 2-layer cake, and mark 9 squares on top with yellow-tinted confectioners' sugar glaze. Sprinkle with lacy Baker's Coconut. On each square, stand an animal cracker dipped in melted Baker's Dot Chocolate.

Sweetheart Cake for Shower or Valentine's (*top right*) . . . Frost a pretty pink. Outline a heart on top with silver dragées. Dust heart with pink sugar—rest of cake with Baker's Coconut.

Festive Card-Party Cakes (*center*) . . . Frost 2-inch squares of cake in assorted colors. Sprinkle toasted Baker's Coconut on sides of white cakes, untoasted coconut on sides of tinted cakes. Outline hearts, clubs, etc., on top in contrasting shades of frosting.

Radiant Birthday Cake (*bottom*) . . . Glamorize a white-frosted layer cake with bands of white, pink, and yellow-tinted coconut. Top with candles.

To tint cacanut, place in glass jar, filling half-full. Dilute a small amount of food coloring and sprinkle over coconut. Cover jar, shake vigorously till coloring is evenly distributed.

To taast cacanut, spread thinly in shallow pan. Toast in moderate oven (350°F.) until delicate brown, stirring often.

Products of General Foods

Pancakes are a treat any time of the day—for breakfast, lunch, dinner or a between-meal snack. Serve them as appetizer, main dish or dessert. They're delicious topped with butter and syrup, jelly, shaved maple sugar, honey or fruit sauce, creamed seafood or chicken.

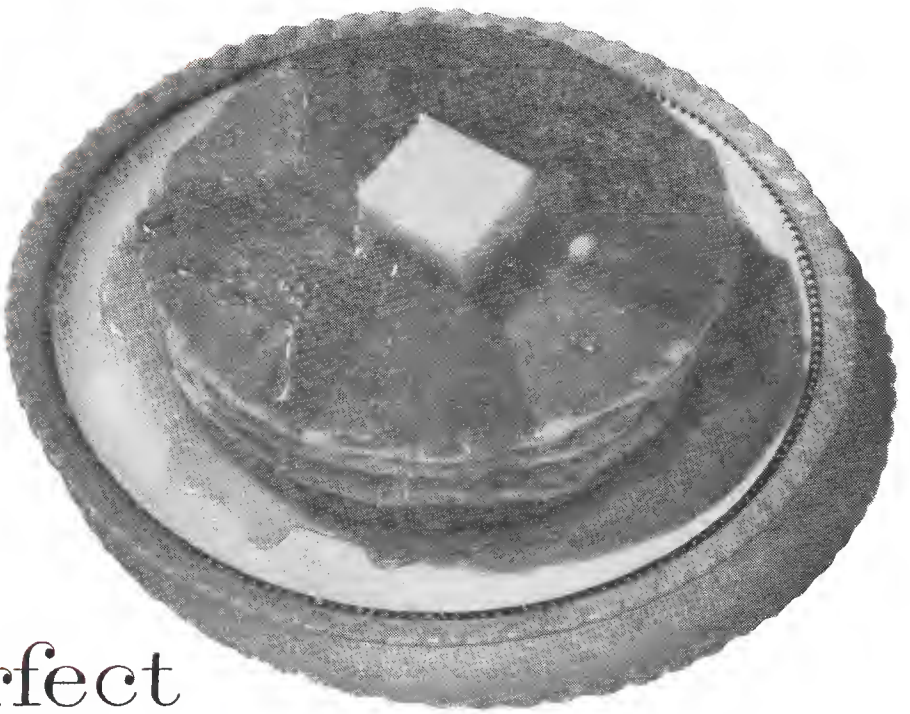
They can also be infinitely varied by adding 1 cup chopped fresh or drained canned or frozen fruit to the batter. But when this is done, they should be baked on a lightly greased griddle.

The texture and flavor may be changed by making the following substitutions in the basic recipe: ⅔ cup cornmeal for ⅔ cup flour; *or* 1 cup buckwheat for 1 cup flour and add 1 Tbs. each of sugar and shortening; *or* 2 cups sour milk for 1½ cups fresh milk and 1 tsp. soda for 1 Tbs. baking powder.

A suggestion for tasty leftover pancakes is to cut them in quarters, spread with hors d'oeuvres mixtures, roll and broil till heated through. Serve at once.

1

To make about 10 pancakes:
Mix and sift together 2 cups flour, 1 Tbs. baking powder, 1 tsp. salt and 1 Tbs. sugar. Beat 2 eggs with a rotary beater until frothy; stir in 1½ cups milk. Then combine the liquid with flour mixture and beat till smooth.



perfect pancakes every time

2

Stir 2 Tbs. melted shortening into mixture. Ladle about ¼ cup of batter for each pancake onto a hot ungreased griddle. For a thinner cake, add a little extra milk to the batter.

3

When bubbles appear and remain on the surface of pancakes and the edges become slightly dry, turn with a pancake turner and lightly brown the second side. Serve piping hot.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT E. COATES

The Truth About Reducing Diets

Continued from page 27

Here are some of them, with answers that can help you to better health and longer life:

Is an all-liquid diet a good way to lose weight? No. An extended liquid diet should be adopted only under a doctor's orders because the body needs a certain amount of dietary bulk for health. Also, since it's quite possible to gain weight on some liquid diets, a liquid diet is not necessarily a reducing diet.

Is cutting out all liquids a good way to lose weight fast? Positively not. If you skip all liquids for a few days you will lose a few pounds—of water, not fat. And with a normal fluid intake, these pounds will return almost immediately. Since water is essential to life, if you drink less water than you need, your body has to extract and hold what liquid it needs from your solid-food intake.

Will a salt-free diet help me lose weight? Loss of weight does not necessarily mean loss of fat. A man who runs a mile on a hot day will sweat off several pounds, but what he has lost is mainly water and salt. He would have to run thirty-six miles before he burned up one pound of fat. He will be extremely thirsty and tired until he has replaced the water and salts. Although you can cut down somewhat on salt while reducing, don't cut it out entirely except under doctor's orders. Most of us need salt for good health.

What are the best reducing exercises? Not much fat can be lost by exercise alone. Very strenuous exercise, undertaken in the hope of reducing, usually so increases the appetite that it defeats its own purpose. An overweight woman who does all her own housework probably does not need additional exercise—just different food habits. Exercises, however, strengthen the muscles. Setting-up exercises can help to draw in the waistline so that you lose inches even though you do not lose many pounds. And don't forget that good posture, alone, helps shorten the belt line.

How long should it take to massage off ten pounds? Massage has little effect on fat. Its chief value in a reducing program is to stimulate the circulation and so put the body into slightly higher gear.

Can you recommend a good reducing drug? Most positively not. Reducing drugs should be taken only by a doctor's order and under his careful supervision. Under any other circumstances they may be very dangerous. Some reducing drugs are appetite depressants—they make you less hungry but don't correct a poorly balanced diet. Others contain ingredients that affect your basal metabolism—a dangerous thing—these drugs should be taken only under a doctor's supervision.

What is metabolism? To put it simply, metabolism is the way your body uses food and produces heat. Your basal metabolism is the rate at which this process takes place when you are physically and mentally rested and have not eaten for twelve hours. Some people have a low basal metabolism—which means that their bodies take slightly longer to turn food into energy and that they need slightly less food to maintain normal weight. Nervous high-keyed people usually have a high basal metabolism. Their bodies are apt to use food more rapidly and they must eat slightly more to maintain normal weight.

A holdup man made his getaway after entering a Baltimore grocery store and rifling the contents of the cash register by running out of the door and shouting, "Stop that thief! Stop that thief!"

—Harold Helfer

Does metabolism change at different times of life? Yes. It speeds up during pregnancy. In both men and women it decreases after the middle forties.

I cut out smoking and gained weight very fast. Why? This experience is common and leads many people to believe there is some direct connection between smoking and weight reduction. This is not true. Tobacco is not an appetite depressant. However, many people eat more when they cut out smoking. They are accustomed to the taste of tobacco and the gesture of putting something in their mouth, so they substitute candy, sweet soft drinks, nuts and other snacks for tobacco. In substituting one taste or mouth habit for another, they increase their food intake without being aware of it.

Isn't it normal for me to put on weight as I grow older? No. It is only *usual* for most people to acquire a middle-aged spread. As we grow older, we become less active and need less food. On the other hand, most of us have more money and greater social responsibilities. This means richer eating and drinking. It is not middle age that causes obesity—it is less activity and more food.

Where do you draw the line between plumpness and obesity? Obesity is the medical term for overweight in any degree. Anyone who weighs ten to fifteen pounds more than normal is considered obese. It is not a pretty word. For that reason I wish doctors would use it more often to impress patients with the seriousness of abnormal weight.

My parents are both fat. Have I inherited a tendency to fatness? Very few persons are inescapably born to be fat. Usually when you see whole families growing fat, it is because they imitate each other's faulty food habits and not because of heredity.

I have gained weight very fast in the last year. Could this be due to my glands? Probably not. Only about two per cent of obesity is due to glandular maladjustment, though many fat people like to think that they are helpless about their obesity because they hate to face the fact that it is due to overeating. Glandular maladies are a very serious matter. If you think overweight is due to that cause, see your doctor immediately.

I had a medical checkup six months ago. Is it necessary for me to see my doctor again before starting a reducing diet? It is always best to see a doctor before making any drastic changes in your diet.

I want to take off twenty pounds in two weeks. What do you recommend? I recommend that you give up the idea of fast weight reduction. If you starve off ten pounds in one week you are likely to feel weak and ill, and you may look flabby. Besides, seven of those ten pounds probably will come back just as soon as you start eating again. Here is the reason: The human body puts on fat slowly and takes it off slowly. If you lose more than three to five pounds a week, you probably are losing weight from your lean tissues as well as fat. This is a real threat to your health.

Why do I continue to gain weight when I eat no breakfast and hardly any lunch? If you are gaining weight, you are eating too much. I do not mean too much in bulk or weight. I mean too much in caloric value for your needs.

What foods will keep me healthy without making me fat? The foods that you need to keep your body in good working order, for upkeep and replacement are what we call the protective foods. They are: 1. lean meat, fish and poultry; 2. citrus fruits; 3. leafy, green and yellow vegetables; 4. white and root vegetables and fruits; 5 whole-grain cereals and breads; 6. milk and milk products; 7. butter or fortified margarine. For health and normal

weight, you need some food from each of these seven classifications every day.

Are there certain foods that go mainly into fat? No. All foods have calories and any food will build fat if you eat more of it than you need. However, a poorly balanced diet consisting almost entirely of sweets, starches and fats will probably make you gain weight steadily.

Will I have to cut out all sweets, starches and fats for the rest of my life if I want to stay slim? By no means. Once you have reached your desirable weight you can eat them again in reasonable amounts and not grow fat. As a matter of fact, some fat and starch are essential in the normal diet.

Is alcohol fattening? Its *effect* is fattening for two reasons. 1. Alcohol is very high in caloric value, and it sometimes sharpens the appetite, making you eat more food than you need. 2. Alcohol is the one food that is taken directly into the blood stream from the stomach. This means that the body uses it before it can use other foods, which must go through the usual digestive processes and be absorbed from the intestinal tract. Sometimes your body gets all the energy it needs, fast, from a few cocktails, so what you eat at the following meal is apt to be stored as fat.

Does too much sleep slow reducing? Yes. Your body goes into low gear during sleep. You use less energy and so burn up less food. You should get eight hours of sleep each night during a reducing schedule but no more unless your doctor advises otherwise.

I have a bigger appetite than most people. Doesn't that mean that my body needs more food? Hunger and appetite are not always the same thing. Many people eat more than they actually want or need out of habit or as a social gesture—the extra cup of coffee with sugar and cream because they want to prolong a conversation in a restaurant for example. It is an interesting fact that appetite for good-tasting food remains keen for a short while after hunger is entirely satisfied. If you wait for a few minutes before taking a second helping, you'll often find that you really don't want it.

Do emotionally upset people always stop eating? No. Sometimes people who are worried or bored or frustrated or otherwise unhappy overeat and overdrink in a subconscious effort to compensate for lack of success and happiness. Often such people who slip into bad food habits during an emotional crisis continue to overeat long after the problem has been solved.

As I lose fat will I need less food? Yes, though the difference is rather small. There is a relation between the surface area of the body and the amount of food needed. A six-foot man weighing 200 pounds requires more food than a five-foot man weighing 100 pounds, even if their metabolism and activities are exactly the same. That is why doctors disapprove of reducing diets that call for exactly the same quantities of food for all overweight people.

What is a calorie? It is the unit by which we measure the energy produced by any food. Fuel burning in a furnace produces heat, which is one form of energy and is measured in degrees on a thermometer. Food is the fuel of the body and the energy it produces is measured in calories. However, if you overload a furnace with fuel, the excess heat escapes through the chimney and the heat-distributing system. But if you eat more calories of food than your body needs, much of that extra energy is stored in the form of fat.

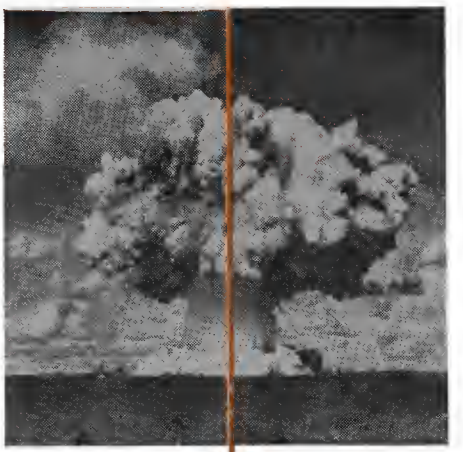
If I cut out all foods high in calories will I lose weight safely? It is not so simple as that. Certain foods comparatively high in caloric value are essential to health and should never be left out of the diet, reducing or not. A calorie measures energy only—not the proteins, minerals, vitamins or any other elements in food. For instance, one cup of a soft drink contains about 80 calories but it has very little other food value. A cup of milk contains 170 calories, but milk is packed with vitamins, minerals and proteins. You can cut out soft drinks at no loss to physical health, but the normal balanced diet should have some milk. In addition to supplying energy, it supplies materials for the upkeep and replacement of tissues. Remember, fuel burning in a furnace is not expected to replace worn parts, but food must do so in the body.

Every overweight man and woman in the world will feel better and be healthier if those extra pounds are not permitted to stay on. For additional information on your weight problem, write for the booklet, Overweight and Underweight, the Health and Welfare Division, Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., 1 Madison Avenue, New York 1. For a well-organized diet suited to your own special problems, consult your doctor, follow his advice, cut down on the foods you're eating in excess and be assured that the pounds will roll off.

—Donald B. Armstrong, M. D.

How much do you know about calorie values in various foods? For an amusing quick check on some basic calorie values, see the short quiz which appears on the next two pages.

BOMBS!



PHOTOGRAPH BY ACME

what to do . . .

By Joan Gould

Do you know what objects in your home can protect you and what can harm you if we have an atom-bomb attack? You may have only a few seconds to make a decision that can save your life.

Now is the time to get a list of essential equipment from your civil-defense office.

Beds and tables can protect you, so lie flat underneath them and cover your face and exposed skin. Falling objects cause more than half of all bombing injuries.

Windows are deadly enemies, so keep away from them. Flying glass can kill more people than radioactivity.

Draperies, closed blinds and curtains may protect you from flying glass and fire sparks. If your windows are broken in an atomic attack, nail blankets over them to keep out radioactive dust or mist.

Doors left open can cause drafts that will fan a small fire into a blaze. If you have time, close all the doors before you take shelter.

Pots filled with water will help you put out small fires. Take water with you to your prepared shelter, if you have no fire extinguisher. But don't throw water on an oil or an electrical fire.

Water may be radioactive due to damaged water systems. So don't drink tap water until officials say it's safe. But bottled water that has been stored in your refrigerator will be pure.

Food left exposed during an atom bombing may be contaminated. Wash the outsides of canned or bottle foods before using them. Food in closed containers or in your refrigerator will be safe.

Radio broadcasts will tell you when it's safe to leave your house, whether the water supply is polluted and whether there is radioactive mist in your vicinity.

Telephones will be vital after an attack to report disaster and mobilize civil-defense forces. Don't tie up lines with personal calls.

Utilities are subject to local rulings. Check with your local civil-defense office to learn whether to shut off your oil burner, pilot light or gas. Close all doors on a coal furnace or stove.

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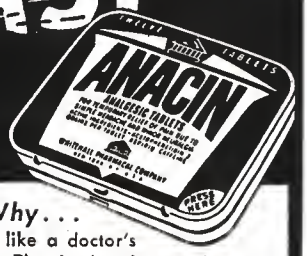

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How smart are you about CALORIES?

A Quiz by

You don't have to go on periodic diets to shed those extra pounds if you follow the principles of weight control—low calorie intake. Millions of Americans reduce the hard way because they don't know which of their favorite foods are the least fattening. So see if you can master this simple quiz. Then you can adjust your daily menus to favor the foods that are lowest in calories.

1. *Ice cream:* The three most popular flavors are chocolate, strawberry and vanilla. Every time you eat a half cup of this favorite dish you can save 90 calories if you know which flavor has the lowest calorie content. If you worry about double chins, which flavor should you select?
Answer: Strawberry which contains only 150 calories in contrast with chocolate which has 240 calories. The 90 calories you save here are the equivalent of a slice of rye bread lightly dabbed with butter. The same portion of vanilla ice cream contains 200 calories.

2. *Potatoes:* Everyone finds them hard to resist. But if you're anti-starch, how should you eat them—French-fried, boiled, baked or mashed?
Answer: Baked. One medium baked potato —2½ inches in diameter—contains only 97 calories, while the same size boiled potato holds 105 calories. French-fried offers an extravagant 450 calories and the mashed style contains 135.

3. *Cocktails:* Your host is pouring behind the bar and you find the tinkle of ice and the swish of the shaker difficult to ignore. What'll you have, a Martini, a Tom Collins, a Manhattan, a daiquiri or an old-fashioned?
Answer: Members of the stout set, if they drink at all, should order a Martini, which contains only 115 calories. A Tom Collins has 174. Daiquiris contain 125 but a Manhattan has 146 and an old-fashioned, 141.

4. *Wines:* If you're fighting a battle of the bulge but won't get off the wine wagon, which variety should you choose—sherry, port, sauterne or muscatel?
Answer: Sauterne. A wineglass of sauterne contains 90 calories; the same glass filled with muscatel or port contains 165 calories. Sherry comes up with 140.

5. *Nuts:* That Lazy Susan has five compartments, each heaped with mounds of different varieties of tempting roasted nuts. If you're calorie-conscious, which kind should you nibble on—almonds, pecans, cashews or peanuts?
Answer: Peanuts. A half cup contains 684 calories, while the same amount of pecans has 830. Almonds, 718; cashews, 696. In the wintertime, 8 large roasted chestnuts will give you only 100 calories.

6. *Soups:* You can save more than 100 calories every time you have a bowl of canned soup if your calorie I. Q. is sharp. Which soup should you select—vegetable, clam chowder, split pea or lentil?
Answer: Vegetable which contains 82 calories per cup, or clam chowder which adds up to 86 calories. Split pea is 141; lentil, 191. And did you know that a cup of bouillon, broth or consommé contains only 9 calories?

7. *Bread:* Why increase the size of your breadbasket unnecessarily by not knowing which type of bread contains the least calories? Next time you make a sandwich, should you select rye, whole-wheat, pumpernickle, white or Boston brown?
Answer: Whole-wheat. One slice, ½ inch thick, contains 55 calories. American rye bread is a close second, with 57 calories per slice. White is 63; pumpernickle, 70; Boston brown, 105.

8. *Cake:* We all know that plain cakes,

MORT WEISINGER

without icing or nuts, are less fattening than the richer variety. But if you are a waistline watcher, which of the plain cakes should you favor for dessert—a piece of sponge cake, gingerbread, angel food, poundcake or devil's food?

Answer: Angel food, which contains only 108 calories per 2-inch sector. A scant serving of poundcake (1 slice ½ inch thick) costs 130 calories. Sponge is second best—a 2-inch sector yields 117 calories. A 2-inch square of gingerbread has 180 calories. And one small chocolate cupcake, without icing, yields 150 calories.

9. ***Poultry:*** Do you know which type of poultry offers the paltriest amount of calories per 4-ounce portion? Chicken, turkey, squab, duck or goose?

Answer: Squab contains only 119 calories. The duck flies highest—313 calories. Then comes turkey, 200; roast chicken, 198; broiled chicken, 145; goose, 153.

10. ***Cereals:*** Cereals are good for you, but do you know which variety will add the least to your adipose tissues—corn flakes, rice flakes, cooked farina, oatmeal or whole bran?

Answer: Farina—⅔ cup, cooked, contains only 88 calories; 1 cup rice flakes, 112; 1 cup corn flakes, 106; ⅔ cup oatmeal, 98; ½ cup whole bran, 95.

11. ***Meats:*** Which cuts of meat should you concentrate on if you'd like to cut down your calorie intake? Veal roast, tongue, liver, frankfurters, broiled sirloin, hamburger, pork, broiled bacon, Bologna or boiled ham?

Answer: Your best bets are tongue or liver, which contain 235 and 236 calories, respectively, per 4-ounce portion. Veal roast, 257; hamburger, 263; boiled ham, 344; broiled sirloin, 336; pork, 454; bacon, 690; ½-inch slice Bologna, 251; 2 frankfurters, 282.

12. ***Dried fruits:*** You can go wrong on dried fruits if you aren't right on their calorie content. Should you reach for dates, raisins, prunes, apricots or figs?

Answer: Prunes. Eight small to medium dried prunes contain only 128 calories. Three medium dried figs will cost you 171 calories; 9 large apricot halves, 211; 8 pitted dates, 200; ⅓ cup raisins, 143.

13. ***Tidbits:*** You're at a party and are being seduced by potato chips, pretzels, popcorn and cheese. If you're calorie-wise, what should you nibble on?

Answer: Pretzels or popcorn. An ounce of pretzels—25 small sticks—contains 100 calories; an ounce of popcorn—a scant 2 cups—gives you 108 calories. By comparison, a 1-ounce cube of Cheddar cheese has 113; 15 potato chips, 216.

14. ***Fish:*** Do you know how the different varieties of fish stack up on the calorie chart? Which is lowest—shrimp, shad roe, tuna, mackerel, swordfish, lobster or flounder?

Answer: Shrimp—⅔ cup—contain only 40 calories. Flounder is second best, with 78 calories per 4-ounce serving. And lobster has 104 per 4-ounce portion. Beware of canned tuna which has 225; mackerel, 200; swordfish, 202; and shad roe, 143.

15. ***Miscellaneous:*** Next time you visit a Chinese, Italian or Mexican restaurant make sure you know the fat facts of life. Which contains the least calories—a cup of plain spaghetti (no butter, no sauce), chow mein, chop suey or chili con carne?

Answer: Chow mein will set you back only 268 calories per cup while its cousin, chop suey, contains 380 calories per like amount. The same cup filled with spaghetti, contrary to popular belief, contains only 218 calories; chili con carne, 510; and Spanish rice and meat, 304.

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The Horse in the Parlor

Continued from page 24

because you can recognize the things he paints.

Gen Fuller *did* have a touch of the dreamer in her. She is tall and blond and pretty. If you came across her sitting in a restaurant, staring into space, you'd figure her for a latter-day Elizabeth Barrett, romantic and wistful and lost in the stars. You would figure wrong. She would just be working out the intricate details of a snappy four-horse parley.

"What a lucky guy, that Bill," their friends would say. "Such a doll he married."

What a lucky guy, that Bill. The unhappiest of souls wed to a confirmed alcoholic is living in easy street by comparison. There used to be an old saying: I have a wolf by the ears.

Their three years of marriage began to come to a head the night Genevieve begged off from the Christensens' dinner party.

Tom Christensen was an advertising copywriter and occasionally he hoisted a beer with Bill at the Commodore bar; Kaggen raised two children and read Ogden Nash. Good people.

"I wouldn't say I have a headache exactly," Genevieve said that night and she *did* look listless, "or anything you could put a finger on, but I know I couldn't get through a whole evening with people." She looked wistfully at him. "Why don't you go without me?"

"Who wants to go to a dinner party anyway?" he asked. He took off his tie and she headed for the kitchen to stir up some eggs.

It would have been all right except that around nine o'clock, when he was deep in a chair, reading a page of Thomas Wolfe for the third time to see if there were a hidden key to its meaning, she poked her wan face around the living-room door. It was a small thing she asked.

"I think the Form should be on the newsstands by now, dear," she said. "Would you call Johnny on the house phone and ask him to get a copy?"

He called the doorman, and five minutes later gave Johnny half a buck when he brought up the racing sheet in person. After Bill passed it to Gen, he wandered restlessly around the living room. He phoned Tom and Kaggen and asked how the racket was going. He fixed a lamp plug and he listened to Hudson Hill, the tough-guy detective, on the radio. Finally, around midnight, he snapped off the living-room lights and started to tiptoe softly into the darkened bedroom. Only it wasn't darkened. Gen was sitting up in bed, the Form spread in front of her. When he came in, she looked up in sheerest delight, the listlessness completely gone.

"I never will come up with a surer thing than Folderol in the third at Tropical Park tomorrow," she exclaimed. "He likes the distance, the weight suits and if it comes up mud—"

But Bill disappeared into the bathroom. "I have a headache," he said. "A genuine one."

It was three nights later that he told Tom Christensen the whole thing, including the spurious headache to duck the Christensens' dinner party in favor of a cozy evening at home with the Form. They were good-enough friends so Bill knew Tom wouldn't be insulted.

"My home life," he said miserably, "is shot. We don't see anybody any more. I am lucky to get a hot meal occasionally, and when we go to a night club, all the waiters come up and give Gen tips on horses." He shook his head wearily. "I don't know how much longer I can stand it." Tom looked at him startled.

"You're not mulling over a divorce, you jughead?"

"Who could divorce Gen? She puts the cap back on the toothpaste. I can't go through looking for someone like that again. But something will have to be done."

"Phil Migliore," Tom said softly.

"I suppose that's a horse," Bill said darkly.

"Phil Migliore owns horses," Tom said. "He also owns shoe stores and I write copy for his advertisements. Every time I talk to him about his horses, he tells me what a crooked no-good racket the racing business is and how he'd like to get out of it. Although he never does." He looked at Bill.

"What we do," he said, "is take Gen to dinner some night with Phil Migliore, and he will sound off about fixed contests in the sport of kings. He will cite names, dates and places and she will be so disgusted that she never will bet again."

"Let's give it a try," Bill said doubtfully.

The dinner was at El Morocco. John Perona sent over a bottle of wine, compliments of the house, and Phil Migliore, a big swarthy man, danced samba after samba with Genevieve before they finally came back to the table. Mr. Migliore had been coached well. He was willing to go along with a gag. He had pointed out, however, that in forty-three years he never had seen a horse player quit. He eyed Gen resolutely.

"You know," he began, a little too casually, "I run a filly named Penniless the other day. The trainer tells me that it does not look like we can lose, so I make a small wager on her." He looked properly hurt and broken. "Some no-good stable picks just that race to cut loose a five-year-old they had held back in seventeen previous races. She beats Penniless by eight lengths and pays ninety-seven-eighty for two."

"I had a bet on the winner," Gen murmured. "She figured."

Phil Migliore looked at her, a little startled. "The point is," he persisted doggedly, "how can they let such crooks into racing, to do a thing like that?" He plunged on. "And that ain't all. I seen more crooked things in that business. I bet you that not four out of eight races daily at any track in the country are honest. Why, I remember at one track, one day . . ." and he droned on, giving chapter and verse.

When he finished and sat back proudly, like a schoolboy who had fumbled successfully through all seventeen verses of The Highwayman, Genevieve turned and looked at him gently. She reached over and patted his paw.

"Heavens, dear," she said, "everyone knows that such things go on at race tracks. It's part of the game. You just have to know which stables are leveling and which aren't. I can tell a crooked stable a block off." She looked at him cheerfully. "Shall we dance?"

As they freewheeled around the floor, Bill looked morosely at Tom. "They don't pay you for that mind of yours where you work, do they?" he asked.

"We have to take more drastic measures," Tom said defensively. "The infection has spread beyond the surface."

"Sure," Bill said glumly. "Let's cut my throat."

When the tracks closed in the winter, Gen started spending more time in the apartment. But in a way she wasn't there either. She would start to dust the books and get them all pulled out of the case, and the next thing, there she would be sitting on the floor, checking the situation in the fourth at Laurel. She lived in a world very far removed from her own home.

The worst times were in the dark of the night. Bill Fuller still was enormously in love with his wife and he liked to tell her so, but there were times when he would feel that, if he did, he would break a reverie she might be enjoying about the Kentucky Derby. It was no joke.

Bill Fuller decided then to go, so to speak, right to the horse's mouth. Fred Papert was selling a chocolate

bar to a small girl and asking her if she wanted to flip a coin—two bars or nothing for the nickel—when Bill walked in.

"She ain't here, Mr. Fuller," Fred said politely but defensively. He knew Bill was no horse player and he never knew quite what to make of strange ones like that. "She just made a couple of small back-to-back parleys this morning. Didn't hardly amount to anything."

Bill shook his head gently and sadly. "I'm not after her, Fred," he said. "I just want to ask your help. You are a family man," Bill said. "You have a happy home life."

Fred beamed. "Those are true words, Mr. Fuller," he said. "And do you know, my youngest—he's eight—shows signs of stopping growing? Keep your fingers crossed, but he may be a rider for one of the big stables yet."

"Fred," Bill said, "my home life is coming down in ruins around my head. And my wife is becoming a stranger. The worst kind of stranger, like a blind date from Vassar. Do you know why all this has come about?"

"I cannot imagine."

"Horses, Fred."

"No," Fred said low and incredulously.

"Yes."

"Is she playing with the rent money, Mr. Fuller?" Fred asked solicitously. "I don't like to take wagers made with rent money. It isn't right."

Bill shook his head again. "I don't know how she makes out," he said, "and I don't care. Matters are beyond that stage. I could be just another horse for all she cares." He looked appealingly at his wife's account executive. "As far as I can see, there is only one thing that will bring my wife back to me. She's got to stop playing the horses. It's the only thing." You would have thought he'd hit Fred.

"It isn't that I mind losing a client, Mr. Fuller," Fred explained. "But I hate to see a nice person like Mrs. Fuller deprived of a little recreational fun. Maybe if you told her she could only play, say, two days a week."

"Do you think that would work?" Bill asked him reproachfully.

Fred sighed. "No," he said. Then, like a little man, he straightened up and squared his shoulders. "I'll do anything you say, Mr. Fuller. What is a lousy few bucks, I always say, compared to the American way of life. I *always* say that."

Bill scratched his head and fingered a package of peppermints thoughtfully. "How do you stop a horse player, Fred?" he asked. "I have no idea."

"Well, to be frank," Fred said, "the only one I ever heard of who stopped had a two-grand bet riding on a three to five shot that came into the stretch at Belmont leading by seven lengths and fell down just before the finish line and broke both legs. And you can't count on something like that happening."

"Suppose," Bill Fuller said, "suppose she had a big bet—a real big bet—going on a horse that couldn't lose. And he lost?"

"It would have to be a whopper of a bet, Mr. Fuller. It would have to be the family jewels practically."

"Suppose we got her to put practically the family jewels on it," Bill said. "How could we get her to believe firmly enough in the horse to do it?"

"At the expense of my professional reputation, I could give her such a tip," Fred said in a small lost voice.

Bill stared at him. "She wouldn't take a tip from you, Fred, would she? I don't mean to be insulting or anything, but look at it logically. You're supposed to be trying to take her money away from her."

"If I were to tell you just how bad most horse players are at picking winners," Fred said, "you wouldn't believe it. So every now and then, when a customer's man like myself gets a really good tip, he passes it along. You got to keep them winning once in awhile. A reasonably happy customer is a customer who keeps coming back."

Bill put his hand on Fred's shoulder.

"I know what this would mean to you, not only financially but ethically, Fred," he said apologetically. "But it's the only thing. Give her the hot tip, take her money but don't call the bet in to your syndicate. Just hold the money and I'll pick it up."

Fred nodded. "To preserve the American way of life," he said solemnly. "Leave it to me, Mr. Fuller."

Fred Papert watched Bill go out and then shook his head. The talk before him was the most onerous of chores, and like a Secret Service man he never would be thanked for it.

The light of the Madonnas comes into some women's faces when they learn they are pregnant; it comes to others when they discover their names will be up in lights. It came into the face of Gen Fuller two days later when Fred Papert, almost as if he were speaking with one hand on the Bible, told her that a horse named Dead Broke was, in the patois of the trade, a shoo-in to win the third at Palm Park on the coming Saturday, three days hence.

Some women trust their husbands; others have faith only in their mothers. Gen Fuller trusted her bookie. In three years she had received perhaps a dozen tips from Fred and had won on eleven of them, the other having been disqualified.

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With Dead Broke no chance was involved, Fred gave her to understand. He hesitated to use the sordid phrase, but he let it be known that the fix was in.

It is true this information was in some defiance of the known facts. Dead Broke had made thirteen appearances before the public, most of them at Jewel Park in Ohio and Clam Park in Florida. If a horse can't win at those tracks, he is a mandrill in disguise. Not only had Dead Broke not won there, he had finished last in each of his engagements.

"You're sure, Fred?" Gen asked, pondering Dead Broke's macabre history.

"May I drop dead if this horse loses," Fred replied with great dignity. She bent over and kissed him tenderly on the forehead and then raced out of the little store, the wheels spinning in her lovely head.

Let it be noted here that Genevieve Fuller was not, in one respect, the compleat horse player. The compleat horse player bets the horses basically, not because he wants money but because he wants to prove to the world that he is an expert at spotting the winners.

In Gen Fuller, there was one flaw. Her basic aim in playing the horses was to make enough money to buy a ranch-mink coat. A ranch-mink coat? This is an accomplishment? Most Manhattan chorus girls have two, one to wear and one to drag.

When Genevieve was thirteen, she had made up her mind about having a ranch mink someday. Technically, Genevieve was now an adult. But she still had a recurring daydream. In it a horse rushed across the finish wire first, at outlandish odds, while she flourished a sheaf of win tickets on him. Then the scene segued, as the movie people say, to a medium shot of her entering the Colony Restaurant in her own ranch-mink coat. None of her friends made snide remarks about that ain't no sable, Mabel, or why in the world didn't you spend a little more and get a wild mink or a chinchilla, honey. They just sat there openmouthed while the glamorous Genevieve Fuller swept to her table.

Bill came home that night from his art studio, worn but proud of himself. (His favorite model had decided, out of the blue, during the day, that she loved him less like an employer than, say, as a lover; but he had fought her off successfully.) There was a cathedral-like atmosphere to the apartment. There was the smell of a roast, the record-player was revolving some old Hal Kemp records and when Gen came in from the kitchen she was a Greek bearing Martinis.

Bill knew *der Tag* had come and that Fred had done his work well, but he decided to enjoy it anyway. When Gen brought out the strawberries floating sassily in cream, she sprung the trap.

"Willie—" he *was* getting the red-carpet treatment; "Willie" usually was saved for moonlight sails— "I need some money to bet a horse."

"I thought you were ahead sixty-one dollars for the season," he protested. "Hasn't Fred been paying you off?"

She smiled. "Real money, darling," she said. "I can make us independently wealthy for a year. But I need, oh, a few hundred dollars."

To reach for his checkbook and cheerfully pass over half a grand, as her turf colleagues put it, would be a giveaway. "Not for a horse, baby," he said gravely. "I wouldn't sleep nights if I knew you had bet that kind of money."

"Willie," she said, and he could hear the stars in her voice, "I have a horse running this Saturday that just cannot lose."

" 'Of all sad words of tongue or pen,' " he murmured as sadly as he could.

She kissed the top of his head. "My dearest," she said, "there are horses that *might* win. But this is a horse that cannot lose. Only a man on the roof of the jockey club with a telescopic-sight rifle can stop this horse. Why, if this horse doesn't win—"

He looked up at her, sharply. "If it doesn't win, what?"

She looked at him, wide-eyed, tense, beautiful. "I will never bet on another horse as long as I live."

He hadn't even twisted her arm. She had said it herself. He felt as if he were halfway through a good healthy stick of marijuana. He scribbled his name on the bottom of a blank check and handed it to her, looking into her blue eyes as he did.

"Five hundred dollars to you," he said. "One ironclad promise to me."

She took the check and nodded. "One ironclad promise to you." From the time Genevieve Fuller had been three years old, she never had broken a promise. From her, ironclad meant what it was supposed to. In many ways, a wonderful woman.

She folded the check thoughtfully, then sighed a little sigh and made for the dinner dishes. "I'll clear up the table," she said. He caught her wrist as she passed and pulled her over to the big plaid chair where, with the skill of a happy and purposeful man, he switched out the lamp and settled her comfortably in his lap.

"Clear it later," he said, and she bored a relaxed little groove into his shoulder with her head. There was the click of phonograph records as the player dropped a new one into place, the needle arm swung over and Skinney Ennis began to sing I've Got You Under My Skin.

The next two days were, as the movie writers say, the way it was before. The dawn of a new day seemed ready to dawn for William Lytton Fuller. There was closeted within the bosom of Genevieve Fuller the horse player's greatest, most wonderful secret—the predestined race. They were floating off in the Elysian fields, and if their ecstasy bordered a bit on opium dreams, well, that's the way it was.

When Bill awoke on Saturday morning, it was to hear Gen's voice speaking over the telephone, through the half-opened door to the living room. She seemed to be talking with Peggy Cortwright, one of her closest friends.

". . . and listen, Peg," she said, "this is absolutely the surest thing that I have ever given you. Beg, borrow, steal . . ."

Bill lay there listening as she hung up, and then he heard the rolling click of the phone dial again.

"Frannie? Frannie, darling, I'm going to give you something more precious than pearls this morning, and I want you to listen carefully. In the third race today . . ."

There were Peggy Cortwright and Frannie Gibbons and Leslie Hollenbeck, the Dean twins, Alice Martin, Marion Sitek. . . . William Lytton Fuller lay there terrified and tried to remember them all. Finally he scrambled out of bed, pulled the paper and pencil from the night table and started taking down the names as fast as she telephoned. Most of them he got. When she seemed at long last to be through, he slid between the covers hurriedly. She opened the door and peered in.

"I'm off on some errands, honey," she said, smiling at him. "Eggs and milk in the refrigerator. I'll be gone most of the day. Don't forget we're due at the Millers' tonight—early." She blew him a kiss and then looked back at him, her face warm and proud and happy.

"Darling," she said, "I had the most wonderful idea! I called Flora Cullman and told her that this was the chance of a lifetime and for her to get a bet down on Dead Broke. She—"

"Flora *Cullman?*"

"Yes, Flora. And do you know, she knew so little about it that she didn't have the name of a bookmaker, so I gave her Fred's and told her to call him right away."

He collapsed into the bedcovers again, like a ship going down the runways. Flora Cullman was the wife of Caleb Cullman, executive editor of

Milady's Day, the huge national magazine to which Bill was a regular artistic contributor. Milady's Day might not pay the Fullers' rent, but it did a great deal toward keeping the gas and lights operating and stocking the refrigerator.

Even in the fog of early morning Bill could add two and two and get a kind of red death. Flora Cullman wins a bale of money on the tip from Genevieve Fuller. Only it develops it wasn't real at all, and the horse runs last and "What kind of tip is that, and Caleb, if I were you I don't really see what you see in that Bill Fuller's paintings. He's not so . . ."

When the front door shut, Bill bounded out of bed to the phone.

He got Peggy Cortwright immediately. "It is so simple," he said urgently. "This horse is *not* going to win. Today or any other day. I'm trying to cure Gen of betting, and her bookie and I have concocted this scheme and—What? Aw, Peg, listen, I *am* telling you straight. This isn't a gag. No, honest, no."

He called back all he could remember. Some seemed reasonably willing to believe him. Others he couldn't sell the idea to at all. They had had a sure thing given to them and they wouldn't dream of passing up a bet on it.

The cruelest blow of all was when he called the Cullmans. The phone rang endlessly and finally an indolent maid answered, a Thelma Ritter type who seemed to be chewing a caramel and thumbing through a movie magazine as she talked.

"Nope," she said, "neither of them is here. Gone for the week end. Left just fifteen minutes ago." She giggled. "The Mrs. just had time to put a bet on some horse that she got a tip on. Well, like I say, nope, neither of them is here. Good-by now."

He lighted a cigarette and called Fred Papert to tell him not to phone in any of the bets from the list he had written down.

"I turned down at least half of them, Mr. Fuller," Fred said later. "But some just wouldn't take no. *You* know horse players."

"Fred, one of these bets we must sidetrack. Did a woman named Cullman call you?" She had. And Fred mentioned the sum Mrs. C. had bet.

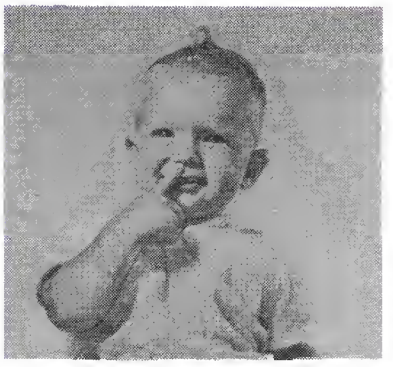
"You must not put that bet through," Bill said. "You understand, don't you?"

"I would not dream of it, Mr. Fuller," Fred said. "Some good we can salvage out of this anyway. Mrs. Cullman will be saved her cash. I promise."

Bill hung up and contemplated his toes. Even at this moment Gen Fuller was afoot in the city like Typhoid Mary, hurrying to those assorted

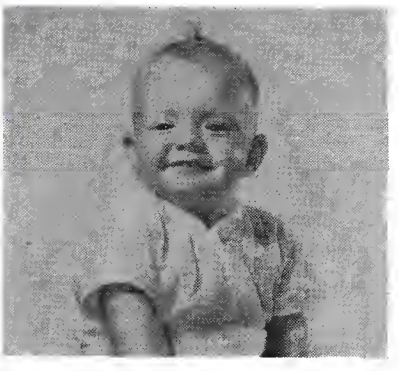
On the similarity of babies

by richard armour



Same round eyes
And empty stare,
Same small mouth
And wisp of hair.

All one mold,
Of one design,
All the same,



Same flat nose
And slanting chin,
Excess ears
And reddish skin.

Same fat wrists
And dimpled knees—
Same as any
Pods of peas.

Except for mine!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MEEK

TODAY'S WOMAN FEATURETTE

friends she hadn't roused by phone. He went to the kitchen to raid the refrigerator on three different occasions and each time, as he looked blankly into the hospital-white interior of the box, his appetite disappeared. He tried to listen to a basketball game on the radio and turned it off after a few minutes, convinced that basketball was the silliest sport he had ever heard of. The day went by.

In sharp contrast was Mrs. Genevieve Fuller when she turned up around five, after her afternoon of spreading cheer to the hundred neediest horse-playing cases. She was a quiet and confident woman who knew that shortly life would be good to her.

"This is black tie tonight, darling," she said. "You know it takes you three hours to put on your armor." He stared dully at her.

"Offhand," he said offhandedly, "how many of your friends would you say you handed that horse tip out to?"

She beamed at him. "At least sixty," she said, preening herself. "I always say, when you have good fortune, share it with others. What do you always say?"

He shuddered. " 'They are not long, the days of wine and roses,' " he said softly.

"That's Ernest Dowson," she said.

He nodded wearily. "He was a drunkard. Died at thirty-two. That ain't no bad prospect," he muttered to himself.

He was dressed by 6:28, and at 6:30 Genevieve went to the radio instinctively and turned on the racing roundup. "Good evening, racing fans," the unctuous voice said. "The racing news you are about to hear is brought to you through the . . ." On and on it droned. They were running at Tropical Park in Florida and he gave all eight results there. They were running at Fair Grounds in New Orleans and he gave all eight results there. Bill looked over at Gen. She was as composed as Whistler's mother and considerably prettier.

"Here are the results at Palm Park as we have them up to this time," the oily-voiced man said. "In the first—" Gen looked up from finishing the last touch of Cut-Throat Crimson to her fingernails and waited, the paintbrush poised.

"The third at Palm, the winner number eleven, Dead Broke. Thirty-seven eighty to win, fourteen twenty to place and six sixty to show. Second, number three, Murdered Dream—"

"*Dar*ling!"

The clock ticked. Her arms were around his neck. The man on the radio kept talking about odds-on choices being beaten. He looked at her.

"Maybe there's a mistake. Bookies welsh sometimes, and—"

"I thought you knew Fred better than that. How much is three times five?"

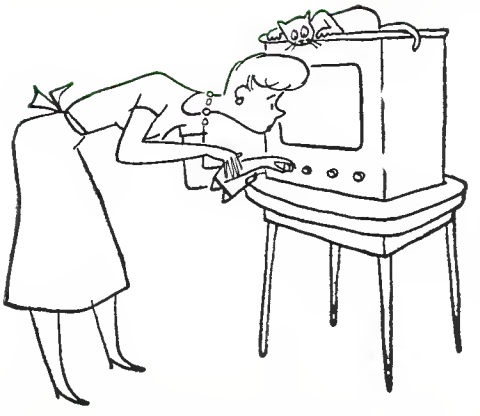
"I know, but even for Fred this is a lot of mon—"

"I make it a little less than nine and a half thousand. Does that look right to you?"

He sighed and, with the aching of the ages in his dark heart, looked at the figures, which swam before his eyes. "Nine thousand four hundred and fifty." He looked at his watch. "Maybe we'd better get going or we'll be late for the Millers."

She mock-pouted. "You don't seem terribly excited by my good fortune," she said. Then, leaning over and kissing his ear, "But I forgive you, dearest. When you make so much money just for painting a picture of some silly woman being kissed by a man in the moonlight, nine thousand four hundred and fifty dollars doesn't seem like such a much, I guess."

TODAY'S WOMAN



"Oh," he said, "it's a respectable figure. I respect it all right." For a moment, they sat back in their respective chairs and meditated. Their separate thoughts were separately overpowering, and they went something like this. Mrs. Genevieve Fuller: *Not really. Can it be? At last—a ranch mink.* Mr. William Fuller: *Should I kill myself? Or let Mrs. Caleb Cullman do it for me?*

She took maybe ten minutes to polish off her dressing, five of them for selecting the right dangly earrings. Then just as he was about to snap off the living-room lights, the front-door buzzer sounded. He hoped it wasn't the man he thought it was, but it was. Fred Papert looked haggard and somewhat suicidal. He stood there at the door for awhile.

"Fred, darling," Gen exclaimed, "really, you didn't have to come and pay so promptly. I trust you implicitly." She looked at him. "You *did* hear, didn't you?" He nodded mutely. A large gray cat had got his tongue. She looked at him again. "It won't hurt you personally too much, will it, Fred? I mean, you said you'd lay off part of the bet with other bookies—didn't you? And anyway, your syndicate pays all your losses, doesn't it?" She looked at him. "You did, didn't you, Fred? Tell me."

He stood there for, roughly, fifty years. He waited for Bill to say something but it was obvious that Bill had little to say. At long last, Fred cleared his throat. He looked at Genevieve mournfully.

"Mrs. Fuller," he said, "there is a little more to this than meets the eye."

"The horse won, didn't he?"

"What horse?"

"Why, Dead Broke of course."

"Oh, *that* horse."

"Yes, that horse. He won, didn't he?"

"Oh. Oh, sure. He won."

"Well?"

Bill Fuller was basically a gentleman, even if he was an artist. Now, with his shoulders back and his lower lip trembling, he stepped in between the impromptu vaudeville team. He took Gen tenderly by the shoulders. "My dear," he started. She looked at him coldly.

"When you talk like that, I know you're going to tell me I have bad breath or you want a divorce," she said.

He shook his head. "None of all this is Fred's fault, I want you to know." He took a deep breath and then plunged. "A few days ago I went around to Fred's," he began, and then proceeded to tell her the entire story.

Mrs. Genevieve Fuller, horse player extraordinary, listened to him with obvious disbelief. He left out nothing. When he came to the last stages of the story, how he called back all her friends and talked them out of betting, she winced. Then, with steady measured stride, she walked into the bedroom, yanked open a closet door and pulled out her three-year-old mink-dyed muskrat coat. She returned to the living room and threw it in the center of the floor.

"Ranch mink," she said in flat and dead tones. She looked around. "I hate men," she said and she reached for the living-room door and was gone.

They stood there for a moment. Fred looked at Bill sympathetically. "I guess you have lost her," he said. Bill nodded slowly.

"I suppose so," he said. He looked at Fred. "You can't blame her, can you?"

Fred shook his head no. "Remember, she is a horse player," he said. "It is like she has just hit the biggest daily double in history, only one of the horses is disqualified. I knew a man in Chi-

cago that happened to, once. He slit his wrists."

They mumbled idiotically to one another for a few minutes. Bill poured Fred a drink and tried to down one himself, but he couldn't. He looked around the living room nostalgically. There was so much of her in it. He knew that so long as he lived he never would marry again. You don't forget a woman like Genevieve Fuller. They tell you to go on living, to make as good a life for yourself as you can, but her memory is green with you always. They tell you—

A key twisted in the door lock. Then she was back inside, studying them again with that inscrutable look. She sank into a chair and a slow grin came over her lovely little face.

"I should leave you," she said to Bill. "You know, don't you?"

"You have, haven't you?"

"I don't think another man would serve me Sunday breakfast in bed."

"I'll pay you back, if I have to take home washing. I'll pay you fifty bucks a week until—"

She put up her hand and shushed him. "The tragedy is less than meets the eye, as Fred would say. I mean," she said, "I collect quite a wad anyway." She looked almost apologetically at Fred. "I bet with another bookmaker, Fred."

"Let's say agent, Mrs. Fuller. The other is a mean little word."

"I bet with another agent." She looked up at Bill. "You know how I go swimming some afternoons at the Sherry-Simpson Hotel pool? Well once in awhile, if I'm lying there under the sun lamp and studying the Form and I see something good, it's a lot of trouble to go to a pay phone and call Fred, so I just place the wager with Stanley O'Brien, the attendant there." Bill looked at her closely. She just beamed.

"I bet three hundred with him," she said happily. "That's next month's rent money, all of the house money for this week, two war bonds I cashed in —I'll replace them next week—and everything else I could lay my hands on. You don't really let me handle much of our money, do you, dear?"

Bill Fuller sat down on the sofa finally. He pulled out a pack of cigarettes, lighted two of them and tossed one to her which she caught in mid-air the way he had taught her one lovely wasted evening years before. Fred Papert reached for his hat and left as unobtrusively as possible.

"Maybe," he said, just before closing the door behind him, "you should do your business with this Stanley, Mrs. Fuller. Yes, that is a very good idea, I think."

When he had gone, Bill looked at her. "Mrs. Caleb Cullman," he said thoughtfully.

"I can pay off Flora," she said, "with my winnings from Stanley O'Brien." She looked at him with a grin. "Ah, who wants a ranch-mink coat?"

"Tomorrow I go downtown and pick you out the best ranch-mink coat in New York City," he said. She shook her head no.

"You can't," she said. "I've got to buy it myself. Those are the rules."

Bill got up slowly, crossed over and pulled her out of the chair. He lifted her in his arms and carried her into the bedroom where he tossed her gently onto a twin bed. She looked up and shook her head at him.

"If you were going to pick a horse not to win," she said, "why didn't you pick one that really didn't have a chance? Dead Broke, you know, was the logical horse. He just had to win, the way the conditions were."

He raised his eyebrows as far as they could go.

"This horse," he said, "finished last thirteen times in a row. How could you—"

"Those races were with much better company. He ran against stakes horses —you don't know what they are, but they're better horses—and now they dropped him suddenly into a claiming race for the first time and, well, when you consider the shift in weights and the fact that he had a good post position, why—"

He listened to the whole explanation. Then he reached down and kissed her, almost absent-mindedly. She smiled up at him alluringly.

"We'll be late for the Millers," she said as archly as a nonarch woman could. "Oh, all right—we'll stay five minutes—maybe six. But we've got to go then."

He patted her forehead tenderly. "Don't move," he said. "I want to tell you how much I love you. Just stay right where you are. I'll be right back." He got up and went into the living room.

She waited about eight, ten minutes. When she finally got up with disgust, smoothed out her dress and marched to the bedroom door in quest of him, he was sitting in the big plaid chair in the living room, the paper fanned out in front of him and his brow furrowed. He looked up at her and you could see that telling her he loved her was not exactly uppermost in his mind.

"You know," he said, "I can see what you mean. Now, right down here in the workouts, you will see where Dead Broke worked out a half mile in forty-seven seconds and—"

They'll probably live happily ever after. It is about a six to five shot.

—Mel Heimer

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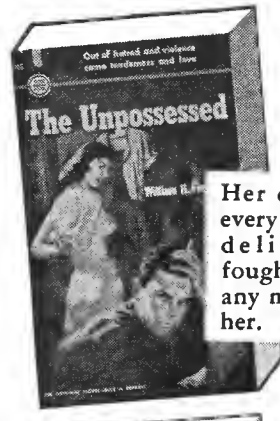

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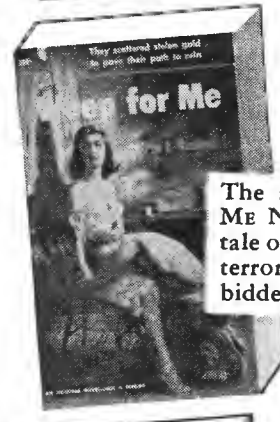

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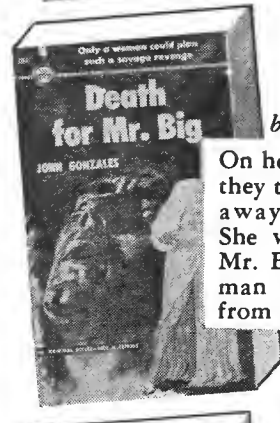

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To order, write to: The Service Department, TODAY'S WOMAN, Greenwich, Conn. Please enclose coin or a money order.

They Make Money in the Mail-order Business

Continued from page 30

figures too, dependable about keeping records, willing to handle voluminous correspondence. You must be calm while raveling your way through postal rules and regulations, must not blanch before shipping costs and occasional snafus.

You have a fair chance of success if you can say, "The customer is always right," and hand back cold cash without cringing. It also helps if you're awfully, awfully lucky.

When asked why, in the face of all this, he and his wife decided to start a mail-order business, Carl Jensen grins and says, "Well, you see, my wife refused to darn my socks."

As a matter of fact, their idea took form during a week-end sailing trip when they had a rip in the sail. In port, Carl bought some mending tape and, having no flatiron aboard, heated a monkey wrench and neatly sealed the rip with the tape. It worked so well that it led Carl to consider the heat-seal method for mending socks.

Carl's idea sounded promising if just the right stretchable knit fabric, capable of being coated for heat-seal mending, could be developed. For months between business trips, Carl worked to develop the fabric he needed. He arranged for one company to supply the knit yarn, another to dye and treat it for shrinkage, another to coat it, another to die-cut it according to his specifications. In addition, he had to find a supplier for printed material and packages. The Jensens figured they might have to invest about $1,000 in their project, but before the first mending kit was ready to go out, they had spent more than $2,000.

They ran their first ad for the mending kit in a New York newspaper on January 14, 1951. They were still filling orders from it this fall. A spot advertisement on television, which cost $175, pulled in $1,100 worth of telephone orders in the first hour.

"We had to hustle and get more kits together," Carl explains. "There was a slight delay. But that's one mistake we won't make again. You must always have a sufficient supply available to fill your orders."

The Jensens have had offers to sell their company—a sure indication of success—but they think they have a winner and plan to ride it as hard as they can. They now sell in quantity to other larger mail-order houses and are planning, on request, to make up kits with khaki and Air Force blue patches to sell in post exchanges. Before long they hope to distribute the kits in foreign countries.

"Why, we've only begun," Carl exclaims. "There are industrial applications of heat-seal too, and we've several other projects now in the works."

Probably the great appeal of the mail-order business for most people is that in these days of giant industry it's still possible for the Jensens or you or me to start right out at home an individual free enterprise with small or middling capital. You may even be one of the lucky number who, according to the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, earn $40,000 to $50,000 a year through an individual mail-order business.

Suppose you'd like to try. Where do you start? Well, obviously the first thing you must have is something to sell. It can be merchandise, an idea, service of some kind or even specialized knowledge, such as how to plan an herb garden or how to make the most of your appearance.

The busiest and most common mail-order businesses offer gifts and household items, but you can also peddle by post useful services, such as hosiery repair, china mending or photo developing and gimmicks and oddities. There's a man in Brooklyn who appears to do amazingly well offering by mail for $1 a poem written especially for and about people whose names he gets from newspaper stories.

But the successful mail-order item must have at least one, and preferably several, of these characteristics: It should be 1. a bargain, 2. unique, 3. new and novel, 4. exclusive with you. And it can't be something the customer might easily obtain locally, since in urban areas you'll be competing with about 2,500,000 retail stores.

Before you decide on an item to sell by mail, ask yourself: What does it have? What do I offer to make people want to buy it, be willing to sit down and write away for it, and what's more, willing to send off good money days before they ever see the merchandise?

Regional specialties, especially food, seem to have a certain appeal to mail-order customers. People like the idea of getting something direct from the spot where it's grown or made—lace made by Utah's Mormon women, California redwood products, Vermont maple syrup, canned North Dakota rattlesnake meat.

Ed and Julia Myers began a new venture with just such a regional specialty when they went back to Damariscotta, Maine, after Ed left a university job in Princeton, New Jersey. The Myers developed an in-

genious way to ship out real Maine clambakes alive and ready to cook. They pack the sea food in specially designed metal containers. Lucky recipients have only to punch a few holes in the container, pour in salt water and set the container on the fire to steam. When the Myers began a couple of years ago, they shipped out three barrels a week. On a single recent week end, Ed figured that no less than one thousand people from New Hampshire to California were enjoying his Maine specialty.

Every veteran of the mail-order business develops a feel for that elusive something called sales appeal. Most of them will shake their heads and smile and say, "You never can tell what will hit in a big way or why."

But they all have certain convictions.

"Nostalgia, sentiment—they always sell," maintains Elizabeth McCaffrey who started a successful mail-order company five years ago with her husband, Jerry Kornbloom, and now sells about 200 gift and household items each year.

Just where do you find such a treasure in the first place? You may be smart enough to make or produce something yourself. Mrs. Dorothy Day of Lowville, New York, made party favors and table decorations in her spare time. Her work was so clever that, with the expert advice of the Woman's Program of the N. Y. State Department of Commerce, Mrs. Day went into business selling pine-cone Christmas trees for holiday tables. Now her Day Dreams, seasonal and party novelties, are products in a substantial mail-order business.

The perfect mail-order item for you should be something with which you are familiar, in which you already have an interest, about which you can be enthusiastic, say the experts.

Mrs. Vella Smith, for instance, mother of two sons, 7 and 2, liked cooking better than any household chore. She particularly liked to experiment with herbs and spices.

Vella Smith reasoned that many women might use herbs and spices if they knew more about them and if they could get a kit of sample amounts of herbs to try. She put together a folder describing her tricks with various herbs and attached small cellophane packets of marjoram, fennel, coriander, etc. A food editor featured the spice booklet in a newspaper column and orders began to arrive for the $1 sample kit. Calling herself The Herb Smith, Mrs. Smith was launched into the mail-order business. Now she sells larger amounts of the spices too and is branching out to sell pepper mills, spice grinders and many other items.

More than one busy mail-order business has grown from the clever idea of assembling a number of useful go-together items in one package.

Two sisters, Martha and Ruth Pearse, got a good start for their mail-order business, Unusualities, Inc., with The Barbekit. They put together a number of things to make a shish-kebab dinner complete—steel skewers, a large apron and mitts for the cook, hard-to-find vine leaves, spices, Turkish delight and Turkish coffee—all handsomely packaged in a blond-wood salad bowl.

If you haven't a good idea like this, or a product of your own, you must look for ready merchandise from other manufacturers for your mail-order business. You operate, in other words, as though you had a retail store, buying your products from a wholesaler or from a local producer.

Before her daughter was born, Alice Assatourian was bookkeeper for her husband's company, in New York, which manufactures tableware.

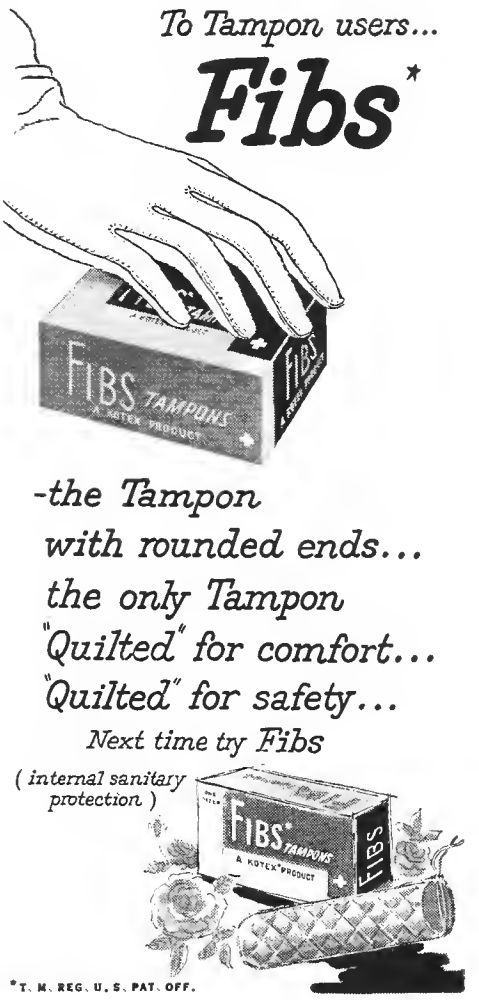
"I told my husband I was going to miss the business world," she explains, "and he suggested I try a mail-order business after the baby came. I started with a few of his products and then I arranged to swap baby-sittings with a neighbor. I covered building after building of wholesale showrooms, filling notebooks with firm names, products I saw, names of people I met. At night I studied magazines that carry mail-order ads to see what seemed to be selling.

"I think anyone going into the mail-order business should proceed cautiously and in a stable way, and I did," she says. "If you do hit one hot item, I don't think you should splurge with heavy buying. I don't take more than a small number of any one thing from a manufacturer at first, but of course I make sure he can back me up with sufficient quantity when orders start to come in."

This last is very important. The Pearse sisters, for instance, once advertised a clever Doodle Mug. You sent them a doodle, yours, your husband's, your child's, and they would reproduce it on a ceramic mug. But just when they had the idea well and expensively promoted and substantial orders began to come in, the ceramicist decided to give it all up and stick to oil painting. So they had to refund all money—and apologize!

Once you have found your product to sell by mail, how are you going to reach potential customers?

There are actually three ways: publicity, advertising or by direct-mail



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information. Publicity amounts to free advertising. If your product is unusual enough or how you started the business interesting, you might get your local newspaper to run a story about it, perhaps on the women's page. You may be able to get editorial mention in a magazine, in a shopping column of clever ideas—such as Shop With Today's Woman—or on your local radio or television station.

You may choose to start out by advertising your product with a small ad in a newspaper, magazine or on radio and television. Or you may send by direct mail information about your product to a list of prospective customers.

However, you must beam your advertising or mailing straight to the right market for the best results. Suppose, for instance, you find a clever no-tip drinking dish for dogs. The sensible thing would be to get a list of dog-owners from the American Kennel Club or your town's dog licensing bureau or perhaps from newspaper clippings listing owners showing dogs in local shows.

Some smart mail-order people have thought of the market first and then dreamed up some tricky item to sell to it. One bright housewife, noting the many new houses and apartment developments in her town, offered by mail a combination of handy small household tools that almost everyone seems to need when they have just moved.

To sum up, in starting a mail-order business you need to consider: 1. the product, 2. the price, 3. the package, 4. the promotion, 5. possible problems, 6. the customer.

The *product* should be different, an exciting product of a special region, unobtainable elsewhere, of nostalgic appeal or a definite bargain. It can be something you find by tracking down good local craftsmen or manufacturers with salable products.

The *price* of a mail-order item, say the experts, should be between $1 and $15 and preferably in round figures so extra change needn't be mailed. Under $1 your margin of profit may be just too slim to make the transaction worth your while; over $15 you may price yourself out of business, since few people care to spend more than that for something bought by mail, unseen. Most experts say your price should be twice its total cost to you—with the total cost including the cost of the product, packaging, printing, mailing, labeling, labor and postage or delivery charges, unless you clearly state these are to be paid by the customer. Your product's price must compare well with competitive items. Remember that the idea of a possible saving is one of the strongest reasons people buy by mail.

Packaging is important in your mail-order business because your package represents you to the customer you never see. It's a good idea to get help with your packaging problem from your local wholesalers or suppliers of boxes and cartons. You will want a rugged yet light package, one that is just the right size and shape for your product to protect it and eliminate costly extra packing around the object.

Be sure your package has a clear label with the name of the product, your name and address, and if possible, a catchy phrase on it, as well as an enclosed order blank.

To *promote* your mail-order product, use one or all of the possible methods: publicity, advertising or direct mail. If you choose the last method, enclose a return envelope and exact instructions for ordering and payment.

As for the *problems* of mail order, you might foresee or forestall some of them by making a thorough study of the subject before you begin. Your public library undoubtedly can help. You can get a helpful manual, Establishing and Operating a Mail Order Business, for 25 cents from the Superintendent of Documents, U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. Residents of New York State can get an excellent brief guide, Selling by Mail, free from the Woman's Program, N. Y. State Department of Commerce, 342 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. This booklet is available also to libraries, schools and other public institutions outside the state.

In addition, the following books will offer you helpful information: How to Sell through Mail Order, by Irvin Graham, McGraw-Hill, 1949, $4. Every Woman's Guide to Spare-Time Income, by Maxwell Lehman and Morton Yarmon, Harcourt, 1950, $2.95. 101 Ways to Be Your Own Boss, by Michael Gore, Arco, 1945, $2.50.

Next, you ought to check with your partner in the enterprise, Uncle Sam's Postal Department. "Any legitimate article of commerce may be sold through the mails upon honest and truthful representation," the rules say. The Post Office is ready and willing to help you as long as you do not attempt to injure or defraud your fellow citizens or hurt the public welfare.

Your local postmaster can explain what his department does to facilitate the business of selling by mail, explain various forms you may need to fill out, help you in determining the best and cheapest method of handling your product. You'll probably also want to invest in the Postal Guide, also obtainable from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C., for $1.50.

Besides the Post Office, the Federal Trade Commission, which regulates interstate commerce, will be concerned that you make no false statement, either by implication or exaggeration, about your product. And, if you are planning to sell a food product via mail, you should consult the Pure Food and Drug Administration of the federal government since there are definite rules as to producing, packing and labeling food products. Your postmaster can probably give you helpful information on these, but it is best to

TODAY'S WOMAN

"Hey, Cynthia! Can I carry your books?"

write directly to Washington to the federal department concerned for full explanations.

While you must not operate contrary to the rules and regulations of these federal departments, you need no federal or local license or permit to begin a mail-order business. In some cases, if you are planning to use a firm or company name, you will need to record it and you should check on this with your local county clerk or clerk of courts and the Office of the Secretary of State in your state.

As for your *customers*, remember to look for logical buyers in logical places. If you decide to advertise, choose special sections of the newspapers or the shopping columns of magazines that appeal to special groups such as parents, teen-agers, collectors of one kind or another, hobbyists, sportsmen. If you're compiling your own mailing list, ask your library for sources for names of persons most likely to be interested in your product. If you want to or can afford it, get a ready-made list tailored to your needs. These commercial lists rent for as low as $6 per thousand names, but an average good list costs about $15. In your local telephone directory you may find mailing-list brokers or you can get a Directory of Mailing List Houses from the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, Washington, D. C.

But wherever or however you find your customers, remember that your public relations in the mail-order business are even more important than in face-to-face selling. The customer has already performed an act of faith in you, taken you at your word, sent off his money or order and awaits merchandise. You cannot do less than deliver the merchandise to him in good condition and as described.

Most active mail-order operators, no matter how small, find that a post card sent right out on receipt of an order, notifying the customer that his money has been received and merchandise is on the way, pays great dividends in friendly relations and reorders. A personal note in answer to a query, though it takes time, pays off in the long run in building a loyal list of customers. Prompt refund of money when requested, possibly accompanied by a polite note, permanently cements a customer to your mailing list and brings in additional orders.

For a final word on the complex mail-order business, perhaps those of Susan S. Crane are as good as any. Susie had no previous working experience of any kind when she started a mail-order business five years ago. After her husband had a serious heart attack, she began a combination key ring and compass. Now Susie is one of the best-known figures of New York's wholesale gift and housewares market, has a thriving business, a long list of customers and puts out a catalog three or four times a year.

"This business is really something," she says. "It's crazy and it's hard work and you meet lots of wonderful people. It really gets into your blood and I wouldn't give it up for anything. But let me tell you, Wall Street and playing the horses—that's nothing. If you really want to gamble, try the mail-order business."—GLEDHILL CAMERON

A Day for Growing Up

Continued from page 39

Molly turned. Her eyes were bright with protest. "Nothing," she said crossly. "My goodness, can't a person be alone?"

"They can, but usually they don't want to. Not on Saturday anyway." He stepped closer. "Where're your friends?"

She didn't answer. She crossed to the desk and dipping her pen in purple ink began tracing her monogram in the large curling letters that she loved. He sighed. Her mother was off visiting. For the last three Saturdays, Molly had clung to her room. Something was wrong and something must be done about her.

He stood behind her. "Don't tell me unless you want to. But I wish you'd want to."

She bent closer to the purple letters. "The others are at the sorority meeting."

"And you?"

Her voice was low. "They didn't ask me. Your friends aren't any good to you. An older one has to ask you."

"Oh." He looked down at her. With her brown eyes, her clear brown bell of hair, her voice that swept the scale in one exultant word, he could not imagine a child more charming. And yet. . . He touched her shoulder. She was six months younger than most of her friends. In them you could catch the stirring, the beginning, while his own daughter lingered stubbornly in childhood. Any time the change might come, but to her it seemed forever.

He said softly, "Is it so bad?"

"No, it's not so bad." Her hand stopped. "Only you and Mother must get used to seeing me here because

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there isn't any other place to be. And in school they always talk about it, and I have to pretend I don't hear anything at all."

"I know."

She turned. She stood up. And suddenly all her outrage was for him. For him, because he was old and surely had forgotten how to feel. Because he, who was her protection, had lost his power. He could do nothing at all for her now. "Oh, you talk," she said fiercely. "But you don't know. You couldn't ever know."

Her voice broke. Her face was crushed against the buttons of his vest. "It just makes you want to die," she said. "That's all. It makes you want to die."

He touched her hair, but the words of healing would not come. For suddenly it became a time he had lived before. Listening, the years fell away from him—his happy marriage, his work, the wisdom he had achieved through pain—and he moved again through a far-off impassioned summer.

Images fled across his mind in the swift sequence of a dream. He saw a boy of eighteen done up in a workingman's dungarees and the fresh shirt his mother had pressed for him. A tall boy, lugging a crate of soft drinks over the porch of a yellow stucco house. That was the summer he was back from his freshman year at college and delivering orders for the big chain grocery store.

He remembered how he'd gone round to the kitchen door the way they'd told him. Nobody answered and he stood there a minute, frowning. Through the open parlor windows he could hear voices, but something in their quality held him back. The woman's murmured with a soft continuous obstinacy, falling, rising up to plead and twist; and now and then he'd hear the man's chop across it, harsh and short.

He hesitated. But he couldn't waste all day, he decided, and he picked up the crate again. At his knock the voices stopped. Inside, the little parlor was curtained and shaded, dark as a pocket, with all the big noon heat locked into it. He could barely see the couple but he felt them staring at him.

The man stepped toward him. "You order this, Edie?" He said it in the clipped expensive-sounding way of the summer visitor.

"Guess my uncle did. I'll pay for it."

In the shadows he could see her fumbling through her purse. She moved into the light from the door. Then the sun crashed upon her face and she looked up at him.

That was the year when the conception of women's beauty had begun to alter. David would have said he liked the fuzzy curls, the round sun-pinked cheeks of the girls he had known in high school, that this one's face was too white, too high-boned, her hair too straight. But as he stared, all of the familiar loves dropped out of his heart. Her face caught at his imagination, suggesting a newness, an area of feeling he had never touched.

He could not move. The man fumbled for a bill and the girl stepped in front of him. "No, I'll pay," she said sharply.

She held the money out to David and he put it in his pocket. He hesitated. "Well, what's the matter?" she said impatiently.

"Sorry. Guess I was just thinking." He started to smile; then the words slipped out of him so clean and straight from the heart that it did not seem he could have stopped them. "I was just thinking that you were the most beautiful person I've ever seen."

Nobody spoke. He felt a heartbeat of embarrassment. He saw the girl's eyes darken and flash to the man and the pleading ran up in her voice. "Did you hear that, Duke? Did you hear what the boy said?"

The man shrugged and did not answer, and the laughter dropped from the girl's eyes. David turned. He walked across the porch to the drive. Then he stopped, hearing her behind him, her high heels like a clatter of hail on the wooden steps. "Wait. Oh, you, wait a minute."

He looked back. She was leaning on the railing, smiling, and in his eyes she was the whole strange shape of beauty. "That was nice of you," she said.

"Oh." He stared at the ground. "It wasn't anything."

"Yes, it was. You said it and then you walked away. It was one of the nicest things I ever heard." She hesitated. "You new in town?"

"Nope." He let out his breath, relieved that the conversation was more normal. "Lived here all my life. I've been away the last year though. Off at college."

"Oh, college." She murmured the word as if she were measuring the worth of it.

"Well, I'll be seeing you," he said.

"That's right. I'm Edith Ramsey. You'll be seeing me."

He walked away, not sure how much he could put into that remark but liking the sound of it. He did not turn until he had started the motor of the big truck; then he slid across the seat and peered out.

She was still standing there. He watched her disappear out of the sunlight into the dark patch of doorway. She was going back to the man and

the tight hot room and the fighting. His hand stiffened. She needed someone, he thought. Someone ought to get her out of there.

All that day the picture of her spread across his mind, so that by night there was nothing else. He wandered aimlessly about his father's house, making up conversations they might have had. He felt again the shock of her face emerging out of shadows. Was it beautiful? Or only strange? And then it didn't matter, for he was remembering how the laughter dropped from her eyes when the man looked at her.

The ticking of the big clock made him restless. In the living room his parents sat at the round table under the green-capped light. Long as he could remember they'd spent their evenings this way, his father reading, his mother knitting. They were poor; nothing happened to them, but they didn't mind it. This was the reward of the long day's work.

His mother looked up. "Dora May kept asking when you'd get home. Why don't you run over and see her?"

"Go ahead." His father smiled. "Don't think you have to stick around with us."

"Oh, I'm all right." He could hear the knot of resistance in his voice. He wondered what they'd think if he told them about the girl. How she needed help and that something seemed to menace her. They'd laugh and say that a nice girl wouldn't run after him like that. They were getting old, he thought, and their lives were folded into the brown straight grooves of work. The soaring and the reaching were not in them.

And then because he loved them, and in that second had been their traitor, he put his arm across his mother's chair. "Gee, I've been away all year. Can't I stay home one night if I want to?"

"Oh, *you*," she said scornfully, but he saw a faint flush of pleasure on her cheeks. He sat down, and half for them and half for the bright distant image of the girl, began to talk about the year at college. He told them of the science course he was taking and how, if he could manage it, he was going to try to be a doctor.

"A doctor!" his father said. And the book of Dickens fell out of his lap, and he turned and looked at David's mother. "Did you hear that, Mary?"

She was leaning forward. Her hands were idle and her brown eyes grew dark and still with youth. While he talked the big clock tapped out their bedtime, but for once they did not hear it.

David slept deeply that night, but the second before he woke up the girl's face burst into his mind as if she had never left him. He rose and walked to the window. Beyond the hills of his father's farm, he saw the church steeple slanting into a wild blue triumph of morning sky. He dressed quickly with a sense of adventure.

At nine he called Edith. Her voice was tight, as if he had pulled her out of sleep. He closed his eyes. "Look," he said carefully, "I'm David Marsh. Boy who delivered the grape juice. I want to know if you'll go out with me tonight."

There was a silence, a long one. A moment ago he had been happy. But now his heart began a thick pounding, as though it knew the fear before his mind. Then she gave a little laugh. "All right," she said. "You pick me up at eight."

He took her to the movies that night and the next two. She wore a white polo coat hooked across her shoulders, like a city girl, and the highest heels he ever saw. She'd hang onto his arm, talking in a quick nervous stream; then she'd drop it and fall silent. And he didn't know how to break the silence; he was afraid of her.

In the movie house it was the best. There, he'd see her kick off her shoes and let her head go back. Slowly he'd watch the tension fall out of her as she yielded herself up into the shadowed lives. Then a curious peace would steal over him. It was as if just for those minutes she was what she should be. She was free.

He had to assemble what he knew of her. She was twenty. She had been in the city all her life, but six months ago her uncle had brought her here. She hated it. In June she had gone with Duke Saunders, one of the summer visitors, and now she didn't. That was all.

He thought that perhaps he was boring her and on Sunday he'd stay home. But he couldn't. They sat on her porch and fanned themselves with the big palm-leaf advertising fans from the grocery store. Through a gap in the lace curtains he could see her uncle sleeping on the couch. A tremor of restlessness ran through him. "What do you want to do tonight?"

She moved the fan as though her arm ached. "I don't know. I don't care."

He frowned. If she went on this way, he'd never get to know her. He'd never break through to what she was. "You should care," he said tightly. "What's going to happen to you if you don't care about things?"

She was looking past him. "It's all right for you to talk. You're only here in the summers."

Her eyes slid around. "I was going to get away too," she said. "That Duke Saunders. We were going to get married."

She lifted herself to one elbow, and suddenly he saw the whole of her spring alive and her eyes shine the way he'd watched them in the movies. "There's nobody like him," she said excitedly. "He used to tell me what you did that day—that I was the most beautiful person he ever knew. He has a car, all black, even the spokes of the wheels, and it goes like flying. We were going to live in New York and in the winter, someplace hot. Nothing stayed the same with him. He'd make you laugh fit to die, or you could have hit him. He's the kind you meet only once in your life maybe. And when he goes there isn't anything. There's just absolutely nothing." Her voice dropped. She lay without motion in the swing.

"There are other things," David said. He was conscious of the swing screeching from its iron hooks. It lifted her toward him and off, into the shadows and out to the white hurting sunlight. "There *are*," he said stubbornly. Then he caught at the ropes, gripping with his hard young arm until the swing lay high upon its arc, holding her body in the comfort of the shadows.

"What?" she asked tonelessly. "Except staying in this town and going out with the boys who'll never get away from it. After you've known someone like Duke, what could there be for you?"

Softly, obstinately, her voice broke out of the tight core of her conviction. He stared at her. He was too young and healthy to sense the meaning of obsession. But in those seconds he knew that it was not the ugly house nor the man that menaced her but something locked within herself. His heart pounded. The huge weight of her beauty and dependence seemed to press on him. "Oh, there's the whole big world," he said. "You'll see I'm going to show you."

After that it was he who dominated, though neither of them acknowledged it. As the days passed he would not put up with her stubborn silences. She must respond or he would take her home. And even when she flared out and he feared he might lose her, he held firm. It was as though he knew that unless he were stronger than she he would be no good to her—he would be of no use.

They no longer went to the movies every night. He took her on walks, and once, on an impulse that seemed important to him, he led her up the big cliff he used to climb as a boy. It lay a mile beyond the town. They

crossed the moon-frosted woods, and the small wet bushes snapped and slapped at them. Climbing, he could hear her panting behind him. "Oh, you're awful. I'm a wreck. I'm absolutely dead."

At the top he led her across the shelf of rock. She was trembling from the effort and he put his arm around her. "Look at it," he said. "See why I brought you up here."

She caught her breath. Beneath her, the high cliff dropped brutally into darkness. But beyond they saw the town. He knew it all—its post office, its statue, its rising steeple. But in moonlight it became more than he knew. Then he saw it in essence. Worn and white, but springing fiercely out of the stubborn hills; the dry and rocky substance of the earth.

His arm tightened. His voice wooed her. "That's where you live. That's yours. You've got to like it."

She looked at him. "It's pretty." All the complaint had left her voice and it was soft and full of wonder. His heart quickened. Now she was what he wanted, the way he loved her. "Tell me you like it."

She hesitated. Then she frowned as if she were physically rejecting it. "You're a funny boy. What difference does it make if I like a view?"

The emptiness in her voice slapped at him. He caught her wrist and pulled her away. "Come on," he said. "Let's get out of here."

He walked ahead of her down the tumbling path. Slowly the anger squeezed out of him. The moment had passed, but it would come again. Somewhere in it he had seen briefly the person he was seeking. He had only to wait.

Now in his stubbornness he was with her whenever he could be. The weeks passed. He sensed the question in his family's eyes and he knew his friends were talking, but he didn't let it matter. Sometimes she drove with him in the big truck on his errands, and in August, on a free afternoon, he took her down to the river.

She was the kind of girl who would run into the water, dip and hurry back to the sunshine. She couldn't swim. It was one of the things, she told him, that had annoyed Duke. "We'd go on parties with the summer people and he was ashamed."

Her eyes were heavy. David watched her pulling restlessly at the long grasses. "Why didn't you learn?"

"You can't if you've been in the city all your life. I know the strokes, but it scares me."

He walked to the river's edge and picking up a handful of stones began to shy them along the water. "I could teach you."

"What's the use in it?"

He turned and looked at her. He had an instinct about her. It was as if he had studied her so long that he knew what it felt like to be her. He said slowly, "Often, when a thing is hard and yet you do it, it makes you happy."

"You're foolish." But something in his glance drew her to her feet. He held her hand and they walked out through the sun-webbed waters until the chill cut its tiny knifeline along her throat. Hesitantly she fanned her arms on the surface. He put his arm around her waist and held her firmly. A soft power seemed to move in him. "Take it easy," he murmured. "You're going to be good. See. See—how good you are."

She wasn't, but he could feel the fear go out of her as he said it. She took three strokes without his arm. She looked up at him inquiringly and he nodded. Then she must try again and again. She had a persistence that he would not have believed of her. It was half an hour before they left, and by then she had swum ten strokes on her own. She ran out, shaking her wet black hair, exulting in the sunlight. "Oh, I *am* good. Just like the summer visitors. You make me good."

She flung herself down on her back. She closed her eyes and he tucked the towel beneath her head. Her breasts rose and fell in soft exhaustion. At first he thought she was asleep. Then, out of the loose happy tiredness, the words began: "Remember that day you came, David. It would have been dreadful if you hadn't come. I hurt so I thought I was going to die of it. That's why I ran after you. I knew if I didn't have something to hang onto I couldn't stand it.

"There was a weight inside me." Her face grew grave and she put her arms across her chest. "Pushing at me so it was hard to move. Maybe I'd never have moved except for you. I would just have sat on that awful porch."

"How are you now?"

"I'm all right. Nothing hurts me."

He bent over her. Her eyes, lifted up to him, were clear and clean with peace. In the soft hot sun he began to tremble. The huge aphrodisiac of his giving poured over him and he was kissing her.

"You made me all right," she said. "You did it. And now you can't ever leave me."

He touched her cheek. He had thought that in kissing her he knew all there was of happiness. But at her words he felt a pang of joy so sharp and so exquisite that it was nearly a feeling of pain.

He held her tightly. "Don't be afraid," he told her. "I won't go back. I'll get a job. We'll be married."

The days hurried past him and in the mornings there was a silver line of frost in the New England air. How he would tell his family, he did not know. Each night at the edge of sleep an image came to him. He saw the book of Dickens slipping from his father's hand. "A doctor—did you hear that, Mary?" But his mother did not answer, for her eyes on her son were dark and still with youth.

He studied them. Now, with his perceptions heightened, he could feel their tiredness, the patience in their lean vital bodies. The money that had been saved to help David work his way through college must be squeezed out for four years more. At supper they talked about it. "Oh, don't," his mind shouted. But the sacrifice was their purpose, their immortality. He could not bear to lift it from them.

Maybe when they knew Edith it would be easier. They would be proud that all her beauty was for him.

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SEE PAGE 85

A TODAY'S WOMAN SERVICE

One night he stayed home and watched his mother in the kitchen. She was bending over a large pail and he took it from her. He blurted suddenly, "I've got a girl, Mother."

"Well, naturally. What else would you be doing all those evenings?"

"You didn't ask me."

"Didn't need to." She laughed. "We knew you'd get around to it. Who is she, Davy, one of the summer visitors?"

"No. Edith Ramsey. Moved here a short time ago." He looked away from her. "Want to have her for supper?"

"All right. I'll fix up something nice." She was not normally an impulsive woman, but now she moved a little and put her hand on his arm. She was smiling. "Boy like you who works so hard, you ought to have a little fun."

That was the moment to tell her, but he could not speak. It would be different when they knew her.

On Saturday she was invited to dinner. He stood at the parlor window, watching her approach the house from over the low farm hill. The trees cut shadows across her path so that she disappeared and emerged again into warm rosy waves of sunset. He saw her hop at a puddle, then stop to smooth her skirt, and he laughed. But the little gesture had its eloquence. He knew the need to be your best, and he ran down the road to make it easier.

He led her up to his family. "David should have brought you sooner," his mother said, and Edith half-smiled and then looked down as though the words confused her.

She was very silent at the table, pecking with neat childish bites at his mother's food, her glance lifting up carefully when they spoke. He had never thought of her as shy, but now as if he were she, he could feel her huge awkward excitement, hurtful in the throat so that it was hard to eat.

They went back to the parlor. She sat in the rocker, her hands folded, her pink leather shoes crossed one above the other. His father began to talk about the crops. Then, through the conversation that did not matter to any of them, David heard the clock, the minutes hurrying.

He swallowed hard. She was his, for out of pain and stubbornness he had made her what he wanted. He stared at the pink rope of pearls from the dime store that lay like light down the profile of her body, dress to match and hair drawn tight as silk. Pressed, smoothed, shining—all to make his family like her. Her eyes on his father were dark with waiting, and she did not hear a word.

He leaned forward. Next to him on the couch, he saw his mother start her knitting and heard her small puff of contentment. She did not guess that in this minute, or the next, all of the plans made through the hard years would be broken, that this was the minute that would change all their lives.

The clock tapped out nine, and he knew that Edith was looking at it. Was she afraid he wasn't going to tell them? His heart quickened. Then the words could no longer be postponed, and he was saying them. "Edith and I—" and he made it proud— "we've been seeing each other a lot."

Now they knew. The wool dropped from his mother's hand and his father's voice grew still.

He couldn't do this alone. "Haven't we?" he said softly. "Darling?"

There was the small rustling sound of silk as she stood up. "Oh, yes, we have. All the time. We've gone swimming and climbed mountains and everything you can imagine. And now, now . . ." She swung around. The words had dropped from her in a burst and her cheeks were burning. "Only now, David, it's getting late, and I have to go."

"But it's early." Then he saw her eyes creep to the clock, and he knew—although how he was not sure—that she'd had to keep from looking at it all evening. A warning brushed against him. "You don't."

His mother frowned. "Stay awhile."

"No, I can't . . . I . . ." Her glance twisted among them, then fell as though they were all her enemies. "There's someone waiting for me outside."

His heart jerked. A huge stillness gathered within him. He followed her across the parlor and around the bend of the hall. Now the stillness was so complete that he was conscious of nothing else.

She was struggling with the door. Her hand slipped and he caught at her. "It's Duke," he said.

She looked away from him. Then slowly, ashamedly, rapturously, she began to nod. "He's back. I saw him two nights ago and last night too." She said it low, a confession, and when he did not answer she lifted her fist and drove it against his arm. "You should have seen it coming. You—who can tell so much—you should have *known* I'd be like this."

He could not speak. In the silence his big young body began to tremble, as if its vital force—all that he possessed for giving—were draining out of him.

The door fell open. Her skirts shone in the darkness as she ran. He heard her calling; he saw the answering flash of the car's beam and she suddenly was gone.

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He walked back to his family. Had they heard? Had they guessed? It did not matter. Numbly he saw them staring at him; he watched his mother's hand go out. "David! Oh, Davy, you mustn't *look* like that!"

His father sighed. "She's not much of a girl, son. In a few weeks you'll forget about her. I remember a girl I used to know." Dryly, tenderly, his voice wove on. But for David it was the voice of a stranger, spoken out of the alien tongue of age. What did they know? They were too old. The pain and the tearing was not for them.

"Don't talk about it." He heard his voice crashing in the gentle room. "Damn it—don't talk about it!"

There was no reproof; there was understanding in their eyes, but he swung away from it. Blindly he crossed the hall and went out. His feet thudded as he ran, hard over the hills of the farm, through the woods where the small wet bushes whipped at him, to the cliff he had climbed as a boy. What he wanted he did not know, only that he must fill the emptiness with violence and exhaustion or he could not breathe.

He crossed the shelf of the rock and stood at the cliff's edge. He was trembling, as Edith had trembled, but there was no arm there to go around him.

He looked down. He saw the cliff dropping brutally out of light, and in darkness the space took the shape of a funnel. Then sickness was bitter in his throat and the earth shook and the last point of darkness was very close. He could not tear his eyes from it. He must. In some part of his mind he knew that he was swaying, that he was in danger, but it did not matter. I'm going to die, he thought clearly. How strange—I'm going to die.

He did not care, but his bone and blood and muscles cared. And while he waited, the huge urge to live ran roaring through his veins and his eyes lifted.

He stared, he saw the town. Worn and white, springing fiercely out of the stubborn hills. His breath caught, then all that he knew of it streamed into him. He remembered a date set in iron above the door of an ancient house. Who had built it? Who had set the first block into the dry earth? He closed his eyes. In that minute he seemed to see them—the men and women crossing the monstrous waters out of a darker tumult than any he would know. He felt their sufferings, their resistance—how the urge to live had leaped and shouted in their blood.

He stepped back. Exultancy knotted in his throat. "I'm all right. See— I'm all right." But whether he said it for himself or his family or the long line behind him, he did not know. . . .

Dr. Marsh touched his daughter's hair; he gripped the quivering shoulder. But the words of healing would not come. The memories of that summer moved across his mind in the swift sequence of a dream and he did not sense the seconds passing.

Then he heard Molly's tears stop and the past was blotted out by the urgency of the present. She leaned away from him, and her voice pulled him to reality. "What's the matter with you? Oh, Daddy, what makes you look so sad?"

She sounded frightened, and staring into her brown eyes he saw the violent egotism of her grief shift for a second to concern. She tugged at his arm. "You thought I meant it, what I said about dying."

"No. . . ."

"Yes, you did. You must have. Nothing else would make you look like that." Her voice scolded him. "You thought I was so foolish."

She turned. Her glance swept the room as though she were searching for proof to offer him. Then she pulled the tennis racket from the typewriter and began fitting it slowly into its case.

Her head bent above the heaped plaid skirt. Her voice was low. "There are other people who aren't in the sorority," she said. "On Saturdays I can hang around with them."

"They aren't your friends?"

"No, but maybe I can make them friends." Then the brown bell of hair slipped across her face and her hands grew very still. He knew what was happening to her—the nightmare fear of adolescence—to be rejected by one's own kind. "It will pass," his mind murmured. "I felt it too. Soon it will be nothing."

But the wisdom, won with pain, could not be given. His words spoken out of the distant tongue of another generation would have no strength.

He said slowly, "I didn't think you meant it about dying."

"That's good." Her head lifted. Now, in profile, he saw her eyes fill and the uniformed soft mouth shake and struggle for maturity. Then at last the smile came. And in that second, exultancy knotted in his throat.

It was life. He could not lessen its impact nor shield her from it. But she was strong. He smiled back at her. She would manage it. —Carol Vance

The Young Charmers of the British Royal Family

Continued from page 35

accredited woman correspondent at Buckingham Palace. Between us, we made out a list of questions; Mrs. Shew got the answers for me and arranged for me to meet the prince.

His trips to the park are among the first steps in his royal education. During his first year he was kept at home in the garden of Clarence House, the home that his grandfather, the king, gave to Princess Elizabeth and her husband. But now, in the afternoon, while his sister sleeps at home in the big blue perambulator that once belonged to him, he is taken to St. James' or one of London's other parks to play and walk about and to get used to being with people.

I was allowed to walk up and speak to him. He smiled at me and said, "Hello," breaking the rule that royalty never speak to reporters and handed me his toy rabbit. He isn't at all shy—which may be the result of his training or just plain good nature. Next year, when Princess Anne is old enough to walk and talk, she too will join the procession in the park.

Both children are unspoiled, simply trained youngsters, though they started life with great ceremony. They were both christened in the flower-banked music room at Buckingham Palace, a huge room decorated in gold and white. A silver-gilt lily font was used with water from the River Jordan, and both babies wore the long lace christening robe worn by five generations of British royalty.

Since Princess Elizabeth has taken over more and more of her father's activities, she cannot be with her children as much as she would like. Even when she is at home, she is busier than most career mothers, so she has planned a schedule that gives her as much time as possible with them. Each morning Prince Charles comes downstairs to give his mother a good-morning kiss, and she plays with the children while they have their baths. Each afternoon from five to six—a time the whole family looks forward to—they come to her sitting room to play. Besides these regular daily visits, Princess Elizabeth plays with them in the garden or nursery whenever she can.

The rest of the time the children are in the charge of their two nurses, Miss Helen Lightbody and Miss Mabel Anderson. Miss Lightbody, a warm, affectionate Scotswoman of 38, has had twenty years of experience with children, six as nurse to the two sons of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. Miss Anderson, the assistant nurse, is 25, the daughter of a Liverpool policeman who was killed in the blitz of 1941. She too is affectionate and understanding, so the royal children are assured of all the cuddling and love they need as much as any other children.

Next year the prince will begin learning French and will start riding his Shetland pony, Cloudy. Formal lessons won't start too soon, and his first regular teacher will be a male tutor, a change from the all-female society he enjoys most of the time now.

I was curious to know if the children were permitted any playmates. They are. Prince Richard, the seven-year-old son of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, lives next door and comes frequently to play. Prince Charles often visits him and his brother at the Gloucesters' country home too. Princess Elizabeth has several godchildren, and some of her ladies in waiting and other members of the royal household have children of Prince Charles' age. They often come to play in the nursery or the garden and are always present at birthday parties.

Baby talk isn't encouraged at Clarence House, but like all children the prince and princess abbreviate words that are too difficult for them. Princess Anne calls her mother "Mum-Mum," while Prince Charles says "Mummy." Their father is "Papa" to them both. To Prince Charles the queen is "Grannie," the king, "Grandpa," and Queen Mary, "Gan-Gan." Princess Margaret is always "Margo"—never Aunt or Auntie.

The royal children get the usual medical care that any child receives. Prince Charles has been vaccinated and immunized against diphtheria and the same precautions are now being taken for his sister. They are not pampered nor examined too frequently and aside from a case of acute tonsilitis, when three specialists attended Prince Charles, both children have been well.

Their diet is carefully kept secret, since what is good for them wouldn't necessarily be good for all the other British youngsters who'd want to try it. Their food is extremely simple and nourishing.

Religion has already been made a real part of the children's lives. Prince Charles has been taught to say prayers, which his mother hears each night she is at home. Later, one of the King's chaplains will instruct them in religion. As the future king, Prince Charles is destined to be head of the English Church and Defender of the Protestant Faith.

When he was a baby, the prince used to exercise his lungs a great deal, completely shattering the habitual calm of Buckingham Palace. Now, at Clarence House, things are much more peaceful. Prince Charles has passed the crying age and Princess Anne has always been placid and contented, laughing and gurgling all day long.

Prince Charles adores anything mechanical and plays for hours with his model of a red London bus. His current favorite toy is a horse and cart as big as he is, which the waitresses in a chain of London teashops gave him. Some ill-advised friend once gave him a tin trumpet, with real stops and a piercing tone, and everyone in Clarence House immediately regretted it. He also has a drum, which has taken the place of the saucepan he used to bang with a spoon. He loves to make mud pies and to play in an unused sentry box, which stands in the garden.

Recently he invented an uproarious game—to him. He waited until the gardener had swept the fallen leaves into neat piles around the lawn and then, with shouts of glee, rushed in to scatter them. The gardener finally suggested Charles be given a broom, and the Queen provided her grandson with one small enough for him to handle, together with a gardening basket. Enchanted with his new toys, Prince Charles now sweeps the leaves into neat piles with the same energy he used to scatter them.

He loves pets and the zoo. He loves things military too and has picked up a very passable imitation of a guardsman's salute from listening to the sentries at the gates of Clarence House. When there is a parade along the Mall he picks out the Horse Guards in their dark blue tunics from the Life Guards in scarlet. "Here comes the Blues, the Blues!" he shouts with delight.

Clarence House is a pleasant cream-colored stucco house with window boxes full of red geraniums. It stands across the road from Buckingham Palace and adjoins St. James' Palace and St. James' Park. The day nursery, situated directly above the princess' rooms, looks like a comfortable living room, with only a glass-fronted toy cupboard and miniature table and chairs to remind you that children live there. The walls are white, the rug, mushroom colored, and there is gay chintz on the furniture and at the windows. The nurses sleep in adjoining rooms, so they can hear the children if they call out at night.

Courtship and wedding bells

By George Gallup, *Director, American Institute of Public Opinion*

The ideal age for a man to marry is 25; for a woman, 21, and there should be a one-year engagement before the wedding. These are the opinions of men and women questioned recently by the Gallup Poll in a survey on courtship and marriage.

Is it all right for a girl to ask a boy for a date? Both men and women say no, unless the couple is engaged. Men are more tolerant about this than women, who vote against it by a whooping 4-to-1 majority.

Men claim that when picking a wife they give about equal importance to the girl's looks and her brains. Women answer with a polite "Nuts!" Vote 5-to-3 that men consider looks more important.

Most persons think three children make the ideal family and that the first baby shouldn't arrive until the second year of marriage. The chief fault of the average husband, according to wives, is that he drinks too much. Two out of every three married persons consider their marriage very successful, but only about half say they would marry the same person if they had it to do over again. Another 28 per cent say they probably would; 10 per cent say they might not, and 13 per cent aren't saying.

Married couples quarrel most about money, jealousy and children, in that order. If you're typical, you wish men were more romantic after marriage. You think it's silly for a man to kiss a woman's hand, but that he ought to remove his hat in the elevator.

The average wife thinks that husband and wife should be equal partners in controling the family finances. And she has this word of advice to young people: Don't get married on less than $50 a week.

Most men and women approve of sex-education courses in high school, and they think that publication of Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey's statistics on sex habits is a good thing. However, most men think that young girls nowadays do too much kissing and petting before marriage.

And men take a surprisingly dim view of colored nail polish for women. Don't be afraid to use it if you're with men under 30 years old. They approve. But if you're with men between 30 and 50, use it discreetly: They're closely divided on the question. With men over 50, better refrain. They turn thumbs down by 4 to 1.

TODAY'S WOMAN FEATURETTE

Prince Charles is encouraged to take messages and to make himself useful around the house. He has been taught to entertain the visitors who come to see him, and since he likes people, this has proved no task at all. In fact, he always insists on seeing his visitors out—which he carries to the length of accompanying them to the door and almost into the street.

He is also encouraged by his mother and Nannie to help with his little sister. When Princess Anne was born, he was told that he had a baby sister to look after, and from the first he has adopted a protective attitude toward her. Princess Anne came into the family with comparatively little fuss. Two of the white layettes that were used for the Prince were used for her. She sleeps in the cradle he used and shares the same nursery. Prince Charles has been encouraged to regard her as someone very special, belonging as much to him as to his father and mother, so Princess Elizabeth has never had to combat the familiar jealousy problem. If you meet him he is quite likely to invite you to "come see my baby sister," and one of his greatest joys is to be allowed to hold her in his arms. He sits there looking completely overloaded but enormously proud of his responsibility.

As the English people, who adore them, will tell you, the English royalty are "nice people"—and young Prince Charles and Princess Anne are being brought up in the best English tradition of kindliness and gentleness. They are learning the things that all children should learn, plus those special lessons that will fit them for the responsibilities that are ahead of them. In spite of the difficulties of their position, they are being brought up in the simplest and most wholesome way possible, and they certainly are having a loved and normal and happy childhood.

—Thyra Samter Winslow

Mr. Killer

Continued from page 29

Having started to make out the checks, it was a nuisance to have to stop and wait for Jamie to come home and unlock his stupid little box.

She remembered Jamie objecting to the insurance on the grounds that she certainly had more than enough money even if neither of them ever worked. But the insurance man had been nice, and when he talked about retirement income he reminded her of the things Dads used to say. It was comforting to hear talk of that kind again because Jamie, of course, didn't speak in those terms.

It was silly, in a way, to think of a retirement income for Jamie when she would always be around with him and there was more than enough money. But after a few payments you were silly not to keep up the policy, and it cost only five hundred twice a year.

She put her tongue in the corner of her mouth and sat cross-legged, jiggling the bent paper clip in the keyhole of the box until it gave a satisfying little click.

Jamie had the darn box packed full. It was dim in the middle of the room. So she picked up the box and took it over to the window and put it on the schoolmaster desk so she could poke through the papers and find the policy.

In the matter of the box Jamie was surprisingly neat. There were big Manila folders, all labeled in Jamie's oddly cramped writing. It didn't seem right that such a big guy should write so small. The folder labeled "Insurance" was there, and the only thing in it was the policy she wanted. She copied the long number on the top right corner of the check, hoping that it wasn't too long overdue.

As she put the insurance policy back in the folder she saw another folder with her name on it. Fan. She stopped suddenly and felt all soft and ridiculously feminine. She wondered what on earth Jamie could have in a folder with her name on it.

She decided it would be fair to peek, and if it were very sentimental, she wouldn't tell him she knew until the time seemed just right. An anniversary or something.

She took a look out at the driveway and thought that if Jamie came home unexpectedly there'd be the sound of the tires popping on the gravel and she could jam the folder back.

She gasped as she opened the folder. Sheet after sheet of Jamie's tight little writing. She thought, He must be writing a book about me or something.

The first sheet was in a funny outline form. The date was in the left margin, neatly underlined. "August 4, 1948." Why, that was three days after the wedding!

"Place—Glen Springs Hotel." That was the honeymoon place. A fine place. A happy place.

"She brought with her a sweat shirt given her a year before, on her nineteenth birthday, by a boy from a college in Omaha. There was a big O in the front and she calls it her 'nothing shirt.' She told me she wears it when she feels like nothing at all, and when I remarked that it was a little dirty, she said that it would be bad luck to have it laundered. It would spoil the way it worked. She said there was nothing like labeling yourself when you felt like nothing at all and then, of course, you would get over it quickly."

Fan smiled. Poor stuffy old Jamie. He had been so bewildered by her at first.

"September 10, 1948. Party with friends of hers named Lawrence. She drank very little. Mrs. Lawrence had a new fur coat which she considered a bargain. She showed it to Fan who spread it on the floor, took off her shoes and stockings and walked on it, saying to Mrs. Lawrence that it looked 'so darn fluffy and all, and besides, before I buy a coat like this I always do this because you can tell better.' But she seemed unable to explain what she could 'tell.'"

Jamie had acted so embarrassed that night, she remembered. But Mart Lawrence had understood.

She went on to the next page. Neat dates in the left margin. She frowned. Maybe it was for a book. Life with Fan. Something like that. And yet there seemed to be something oddly wrong with the way it had been written. So cold.

"She came home and said that she had bought a merry-go-round. It turned out that it was in bad repair, but she had the idea that the horses could be taken off of it and painted white and set on the knoll behind the house to look as if they were running in a herd. It was with the utmost difficulty that I managed to talk her out of this aberration."

Fan heard her own nervous laugh.

Incident after incident. She thought, If anyone read this they'd think I was absolutely mad! But completely!

She did not read any more of the incidents. The last sheet was carefully labeled "Summary." Many words were scratched out and new words written in. It semed to be a sort of draft.

"Since I married this woman I have grown increasingly convinced that she is dangerously unstable. I have attempted in every way to get at the roots of her instability, hoping thereby to help her achieve integration. But it would appear that there is a deep-rooted cause that will defeat any amateur efforts. Therefore I am submitting this entire report to the institution in the hope that it will enable . . ." The next few words were crossed out.

She thought, This is some sort of stupid joke. It *must* be.

Quickly she turned back to the last incident which he had recorded. It bore the day before yesterday's date.

"She complained that the kitchen knives were dull. Last night I sharpened them for her. She watched me and seemed almost too interested, testing each one on the ball of her thumb. When I finished the largest carving knife, she took it and held it so tightly that her knuckles were white. She stared at the blade and said, 'This is my pet. I call this one Mr. Killer.' I feel she is approaching a stage where she actually will be dangerous."

The folder slipped out of Fan's hand, swooped to the floor, the papers separating and fluttering down.

She remembered that she *had* said those words. But Jamie had it all wrong. Completely wrong.

She sat on her heels and picked up the papers and carefully put them back in the folder. As she stood up, the hem of the red dress caught in her heel and she ripped it badly. She wanted to rip the papers and hear the sound of them tearing. But what was on the papers was in Jamie's mind and you couldn't rip anyone's mind in that same way.

She sat on the floor and worked at the box with the clip until the lock clicked in reverse and the lid was again firm. With an odd consciousness of guilt, she wiped the box clean with the skirt of the ruined dress and then realized that the box was too clean and Jamie wouldn't be looking for *her* fingerprints. So she put fingerprints back on the shiny surface and put the box back on his study table, remembering that it had been at a certain angle away from the wall.

In the bedroom was a full-length mirror and it was suddenly important to look at a woman with such dire possibilities. She smiled experimentally at the girl in the mirror and thought that it was very nice to have become reasonably attractive after such a horrid and scrawny and straggly beginning back in the days when it would have been so much nicer to have been a boy.

She cocked her head on one side and tried to push the file folder out of her mind by going over the bad points—the mouth that was too wide, and the eyebrows and lashes, borrowing from the hair, which were too indistinct and caused that funny naked look around the eyes. And, of course, the legs were good, and that made up a little for there not being enough in the bosom department.

Instability. That was a funny word to use. Of course there had been that darned word "elfin" and the boy who had brought her to the dance and had said that he had found her under a mushroom. She had fought against that by being very sober and serious, speaking slowly and carefully and not moving too fast and not doing the things she wanted to do for a long time. Then it was too much trouble and the devil with them and their elfin. It was better to say what you thought and do what you wanted to do all the time, although you gave up the chance of glamour and made it an unattainable word.

She saw that the red dress was a poor color for her, but she had known that all along. It was the way the dress felt that made it a pet dress. It was a horizontal rip and the hem dangled almost to her ankles in back.

She bent and ripped the skirt completely around and stepped out of the hoop of cloth. The skirt came above her knees then. She looked at the funny effect and she wanted to laugh, but there wasn't any laughter. She thought that she could get out her very high heels, wear a tight belt and put bright spots of color on her cheeks in perfect circles, then meet Jamie at the door when he came home and tell him in a Mae West voice that she had decided on a new career.

But she remembered that Jamie had written the sheets in the folder and because he had written them nothing was any good any more.

She pulled off the dress, put on jeans and a T-shirt and pinned up her hair. Jeans made her feel business-like and pinning up her hair always made it easier to think in an adult way—or the way adults were supposed to think.

Part of her not seeming very grown up probably came from talking when the thoughts came too fast to make the words fit; then some parts were left out and people had a little trouble following her.

She walked through the small house and it seemed most odd the way everything stood out, sharp and clear, making her wonder if people who knew they were going to die found new colors and new sharpness in familiar things. It would be nice if the medical people could invent a pill you take which would wipe out the memory of everything that happened in the hour before you took the pill. Because then there would be no folder—just the number written on the check, which was all you wanted in the first place.

The funny thing was that it was Jamie. He was so dear and familiar. So big and quiet and mild, with those weather wrinkles at the corners of his eyes and the smile wrinkles around his mouth.

There were his nice gray eyes with lights in them, the good smell of pipe and leather—all very masculine and all very symbolic of Jamie.

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The college course had said that the bedroom angle was a pretty important one in a marriage and she had been afraid for a long time that it wasn't going to work out just right for her, but she would pretend that it was right. She had thought that there would be tenderness and gentleness, but there wasn't, and so for a long time there was nothing at all for her.

And finally, because she loved him and because she knew that any difference had to come from her, she had changed.

But she knew that the rightness depended on love and sureness. And now she would be back to nothing again because of the pages of small crabbed writing. Even at night—perhaps most especially at night—it would be impossible to tear her mind free from them.

She wanted to understand him, so she began to wonder if perhaps this were Jamie's way of getting back at her because of the money. Jamie always thought too much about the money. But, she wondered, what is the point in brooding about something when it is there and when it has been left to you? Jamie, the poor clumsy dear, wouldn't ever do very well in the money department. He had wanted the car agency, however, so she had bought it for him. Making it a birthday present had been a way to keep it from hurting his pride so that he wouldn't go into one of those spells where for a week he wouldn't say anything gay, friendly or loving but would just get so fierce in his love-making that it was like being punished for an unknown wrong.

It didn't really matter that the agency was losing a little bit of money. She had fixed it with an accountant so that every month she could, without its being too obvious, bring up to the proper level the cash balance in the agency account. Jamie never mentioned it to her, but she knew that he was always gloomy after he looked at the statements. Maybe it hurt the poor dear to have her paying what amounted to a tuition for his business education. Perhaps it made him feel kept and inept.

She was glad that Dads had made certain that she knew how to handle money. When Jamie had wanted to take it over right after they were married, she had asked him a few things and found that he didn't know the difference between a debenture and a contingency reserve. Perhaps it would have been better to let Jamie handle the money and take the necessary losses. But that would have been a form of disloyalty to Dads, who had been so careful about it all and who, before he died, had been so glad that he was leaving things in such good order.

But in one horrible still place in her mind, she knew that even if Jamie had handled the money he still would have written all of those pages.

It was odd to think you knew everything about somebody and then suddenly to wonder if you knew anything at all. Supposedly he had told her everything. About the home and about being on the road and about being a cowhand, a short-order cook, a racing-car driver. Then there was the war, and they made him a lieutenant on Saipan.

The boys she had considered before him seemed so horribly young and so delicate compared to Jamie. Jamie had white scars on his knuckles and he had managed, without schooling, to plug his way through so many books that he knew words even she didn't know, that they hadn't taught her at Wellesley.

He had picked the little town for them because he didn't want to be around a lot of people who knew about the money. And besides, he never had liked her friends, which was understandable although you did seem sort of cut off when he didn't want you even to write to them.

Naturally, owning the agency, Jamie Lowndes had become a member of the Rotary. He also worked on the Red Cross drive and Community Chest, and he was on two committees at the Chamber of Commerce. And it was dangerous to kid him too much about "Babbitting" around because he would go silent the moment you did.

She stiffened a little as she heard the popping of the gravel, the thud of the car door shutting and Jamie's strong step.

Adjusting her smile, she met him at the kitchen door. She expected to view him in a new way, as she would a stranger, but he seemed very much the same Jamie. He rumpled her hair, kissed her alongside her nose and said, "Hi, Runt!"

"Hold me tight, Jamie," she said.

His arms were strong around her, and with her ear against his chest she could hear his heart.

"A good day, darling?" she asked.

He released her. "So-so. I'm going to fire Harris. I can't stand his damned superior attitude."

"Doesn't he know the business?"

"So do a lot of other people. Including me, angel."

He went on into the bedroom. She took the chops from the refrigerator, unwrapped them and put them ready to broil. She heard the distant roar of the shower. She put out the shaker, the ice and the bottles ready for Jamie to mix the cocktails.

He sat opposite her in the booth at dinner and, animated by the drinks, talked expansively. She had poured hers down the sink, not quite knowing why.

She looked across at him and she saw that his face was dear and familiar, the gray eyes really startling against the lean weathered texture of his skin, and she knew that she could speak to him of the file she had found and all the things he had written down.

Something showed in her face, because he stopped in the middle of a sentence and said, "What's the matter with you, anyway? Ever since I came home you've acted sort of pushed down. Where's the usual bounce, my love?"

It was time to ask him. She said slowly and carefully, not wanting to mix up the words that might come too

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fast, "Jamie, do you think I'm . . ." She hunted through her mind for the word. Crazy was too abrupt. Unstable didn't seem quite right.

As she looked at him she saw the sudden guarded look and the brilliant gray eyes seemed to cease reflecting light. His hand held his fork in mid-air and she saw that the fork did not waver at all, that it seemed to be held in a sort of vise. The thick hair on his left wrist curled over the mesh of his watch strap, and the thick wrist and hand seemed suddenly alien, strange, brutal.

Her laughter was too loud and too shrill, and she wrinkled her nose in what she feared was an inane manner as she leaned across the table and rephrased her question. "Jamie," she said, "do you think I'm too thin?"

She saw the tension and the wariness go out of him, dropping steadily.

"Positively scrawny," he said grinning at her, and once more the gray of his eyes began to reflect the light.

And then it turned out that it had been a poor way to change the subject since it made it necessary to eat what was on her plate, as a woman who was worried about thinness would do. The food made a gritty lump in the middle of her.

After he left the kitchen, she did the dishes very rapidly, not calling to him to dry them as she usually did. He came to the kitchen door as she finished the last one, and as she went to go by him, he held her again. Once again her ear was against his chest, but his heart was a drum that slowly made somber sounds, sounds that rhymed with doom, though that was entirely too melodramatic a word, she realized.

In the living room he turned on the radio. His sport shirt was open at the neck and hung loose over his trousers. He wore moccasins and no socks. She took refuge behind a big shining magazine, slouching so that she could, by lifting her head just a trifle, see him over the top edge of it.

From time to time, he fiddled with the radio dial and then he put on some records. When the records were over he wanted to play canasta, which she didn't care for because of the two packs that had to be shuffled. But she played two games on the rug and then they went to bed. She kept thinking that to anyone who might have wished to hide in the shrubbery and look through the windows this would have appeared a quiet and normal evening in a perfectly normal home—which somehow made it more frightening, as though it underlined the words "instability" and "institution."

He was first in the big bed, for she spent a long, long time in the bathroom, merely standing and looking at herself in the mirror over the sink. It was odd to her that Jamie had retained all of his dear and familiar look and her face had been the one to become to her the face of a stranger.

When she went into the bedroom he was asleep on his back, one husky forearm across his flat stomach, his mouth open a little, the bed lamp making shadows where his cheeks were hollowed. She crept into bed by inches and took a long time turning out the light; she did not want to disturb him. She did not want to know how much had been lost.

When she went out the next day, she carried the big grass purse she had got in Mexico. It was the only one which would take the folder without bending it.

When the nurse opened the door, she went in, making herself walk slowly, making herself sit down at the indicated chair with proper adult dignity, with no trembling of lips, nothing to indicate the tightness of throat.

The door shut behind her and she stopped thinking of her manner long enough to look at the doctor's face. It seemed a good sort of face, rather ordinary, very patient and oddly wise for one quite young.

"It's psychiatric, I guess," she said. "The reason why I'm here, I mean. It's all mixed up and like looking at myself in a new way. I don't know exactly. . . ."

He held up his hand and the calm motion stopped her in mid-flight. He smiled and said, "Lean back in that chair and take a deep breath, Mrs. Lowndes. Start from the beginning. But let me warn you that I'm not a psychiatrist, not in the accepted three-afternoons-a-week-for-two-years sense."

When the question was clear in her mind, she said it too quickly. "How does a person get put into an institution here?"

"That obviously isn't the beginning, but I'll answer it to get it out of the way. The patient commits an overt act and someone gets in touch with the police authorities who come around with the health officer and commitment is made. I happen to be the health officer also. Who is going to be committed?"

"Me. I mean, it looks that way. I mean, I don't know if maybe I should arrange it."

He gave her a startled look and then he smiled. His voice was mildly patronizing. "What are your symptoms, Mrs. Lowndes. Hear voices? Have bad dreams?"

"Nothing like that. Yesterday afternoon I was fine. Right up until I had to have the number to put on the check because the insurance people want it, you know. And I looked in the box after I picked the lock and there it was."

Dr. Wiss frowned. "There was what, Mrs. Lowndes?"

"This report on me. This report on the things I do and all that." She snapped open the bag, took out the file and put it in front of him.

As he opened it she said, "Jamie, my husband—it's a record he's been keeping. I didn't know about it and I shouldn't have looked at it, but after I did . . ."

Her voice trailed off. Dr. Wiss carefully read the first page and the second. He pushed a button on his desk. The nurse came in. He asked her who was waiting, and after she told him he said that she should send both of them away, making any sort of excuse she could dream up. An emergency situation had come up.

The nurse gave Fan an odd look and went out, shutting the door with emphasis.

Fan dug for cigarettes in her purse, and the match flame shook as she lit one. Dr. Wiss read slowly and carefully.

He spent a great deal of time over the last sheet. When he was quite through he closed the folder, aligned it neatly with the edge of his desk, folded his hands and stared at her.

He said, "Tell me about yourself. And about Jamie. Everything." There was no hint of amusement in his voice.

He asked many questions, and as she grew used to his quiet manner she was able to talk more coherently.

The questions stopped. "Am . . . am I dangerous?" she asked weakly.

"You need help, Mrs. Lowndes."

"I want to know if I should tell Jamie that I found the folder."

He shook his head firmly. "Under no circumstances, Mrs. Lowndes, will you mention this folder."

"If I were . . . well, if I went to one of those places for a sort of rest, perhaps Jamie would think that I was all right afterward and—"

"You love him very much, don't you?"

"It's a funny question to ask me. Yes, I do, but he has things so wrong about me. Yet perhaps no one looks at himself the way he actually is. I do a lot of dumb things and I don't think about them, but I've always heard that the people in those places keep saying that they're sane and maybe I'm just . . ."

"I've been trying to decide on a course of action, Mrs. Lowndes. His last few entries have a sense of immediacy. This thing is coming to a head. I suggest that you go along as though nothing had happened. When it comes to a head, I'll be called."

There had been something about the calmness of Dr. Wiss that gave her the strength to get through the next two days, even to forget for a few minutes at a time that she walked on the outer edge of her world.

She did the customary errands and her usual work, but she felt as though she were constructed of concealed wires and braces, with only emptiness underneath.

On the third evening, Jamie was silent at dinner. And he made no cocktails. She had meekly suggested a movie but he had not answered.

She cleared the table and he walked into the other room. But there was no rattle of newspaper. She heard his heavy tread and knew that he was pacing back and forth.

All at once the night outside was far too dark and the nearest neighbor was too far down the road. She was shocked to find that fear of Jamie had been growing in her and that now the fear was so strong that his pacing brought back a time when she had clutched Dads' hand while they watched a tiger at the zoo, one that never stopped walking. But, of course, it was dopey to think of Jamie as a tiger. "Tiger, tiger, burning bright . . ." Then there was something about the fastness of the night. Or the stillness of the night. Or the silence.

The steps were louder and she knew that he had come out to the kitchen. She squeezed the plate she was drying so tight that it snapped inside the dish towel.

She turned when he yanked open the drawer near the sink.

Jamie's mouth was always firm, but it had gone slack in a funny way. It looked moisty and was drooping as though the underlip were too heavy. He pulled out the biggest carving knife, the one that had been a wedding present and had come with a spiked platter on which you impaled the roast.

He looked at it and she could hear the thin whir of the electric clock above the table in the booth, the drip of rain water into the cistern in the cellar, the wind that clicked the autumn branches of the maple.

He turned slowly toward her and the gray eyes were without light. His hand clapped over her wrist before she sensed that he had moved. The plate slipped and shattered into even smaller pieces on the linoleum at her feet. His hand moved down and covered hers, held it so tightly that the fingers were rigid, the nails protruding slightly between his thumb and first finger.

He yanked her hand up to his face and drew the nails down his cheek. She felt the rasp of her nails against his beard, felt the scraped flesh pack under her nails, saw the lines that were white at first turn pink, then dark red as the blood welled through the skin.

"You shouldn't have done that, Fan," he whispered.

He let go of her hand and she stumbled back, her hip catching the sharp corner of the cabinet.

He put one hand on the edge of the sink and held the knife against his wrist, the handle facing away from him. He brought down the blade in a gradual curve, slicing the tightly-curled hair, grating across the mesh strap of his watch, curving down across the back of his hand toward the little finger where, with a sudden twist, he sent it deep and the red blood spurted toward the sink.

She clenched her fists tight against the angle of her jaw and screamed again and again.

The blood hit the linoleum in heavy clots, but with no expression he raised his right fist after he had set the knife aside and hit her, his fist covering temple, ear and cheek, exploding the world into spinning fragments.

She knew that the screaming had stopped and she was glad because it had been too shrill. She was thinking that this was how it was to be knocked out and it was different than she had supposed because everything wasn't black at all. It was just sort of misty and far away. She knew that she was face down, with her cheek against the coolness of linoleum, and across her lips was a strand of her hair which she wanted to blow away but couldn't. She felt her hand picked up, her fingers were squeezed around a handle—and then the object she had touched was gone.

The coolness of the linoleum was good, and she could feel a little tremor in it which was puzzling at first and then quite clear, because of the far-away sound of footsteps.

The voice was distant also. Distant and yet excited. Hoarse.

She pushed herself up but fell over and said, "Ow!" as she hit her head against the low catch on the cupboard door. But the noise she made was lost in the diminishing growl of a siren, stopping practically right in your lap the way they did it on that mystery program.

With her back pushed up against the cupboard, then, she saw the three of

For Your Bedroom at a Price

On pages 64-65

Furniture by Kent-Coffey

ATLANTA, Ga. ..... *Davison's*
BOSTON, Mass. ..... *Paine's of Boston, Inc.*
DALLAS, Tex. ..... *Fakes & Co.*
DENVER, Col. ..... *American Furniture Co.*
MINNEAPOLIS, Minn. ..... *Powers Dry Goods Co.*
ROCHESTER, N. Y. ..... *Sibley, Lindsay & Curr*
ST. LOUIS, Mo. ..... *Lammert's*
ST. PAUL, Minn. ..... *Weyand's*

Carpet by Firth

ATLANTA, Ga. ..... *Davison's*
BALTIMORE, Md. ..... *Stewart & Co.*
FORT WORTH, Tex. ..... *Leonards*
MEMPHIS, Tenn. ..... *Goldsmith's*
MINNEAPOLIS, Minn. ..... *Midwest Rug*
ST. PAUL, Minn. ..... *St. Paul Linoleum*

Curtains and bedspread by Cabin Crafts

CINCINNATI, O. ..... *H. & S. Pogue*
CLEVELAND, O. ..... *Halle Bros.*
MEMPHIS, Tenn. ..... *Goldsmith's*
NEW ORLEANS, La. ..... *Maison Blanche*
PITTSBURGH, Pa. ..... *Kaufmann's*
ST. LOUIS, Mo. ..... *Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney*
WASHINGTON, D. C. ..... *The Hecht Co.*

On pages 66-67

Furniture by Johnson-Carper

ATLANTA, Ga. ..... *Rhodes Furniture Co.*
BOSTON, Mass. ..... *Gilchrist Co.*
BROCKTON, Mass. ..... *Gilchrist Co.*
CHICAGO, Ill. ..... *Mandel Brothers*
CINCINNATI, O. ..... *Rollman & Sons*
DENVER, Col. ..... *Grimsley Furniture Co.*
FORT WORTH, Tex. ..... *Leonards*
FRAMINGHAM, Mass. ..... *Gilchrist Co.*
LOS ANGELES, Calif. ..... *Broadway Dept. Store*
MEDFORD, Mass. ..... *Gilchrist Co.*
MEMPHIS, Tenn. ..... *Bry's*
MILWAUKEE, Wis. ..... *Gimbel Bros.*
MINNEAPOLIS, Minn. *Minneapolis House Furnishing Co.*
PHILADELPHIA, Pa. ..... *Lit Bros.*
PITTSBURGH, Pa. ..... *Frank & Seder*
PORTLAND, Ore. ..... *Lipman Wolfe*
QUINCY, Mass. ..... *Gilchrist Co.*
ST. LOUIS, Mo. ..... *Slack Furniture Co.*
ST. PAUL, Minn. ..... *Weyand's*
SEATTLE, Wash. ..... *Standard Furniture Co.*
WASHINGTON, D. C. ..... *Lansburgh's*

Carpet by James Lees

ATLANTA, Ga. ..... *Davison's*
BALTIMORE, Md. ..... *Stewart & Co.*
CLEVELAND, O. ..... *Halle Bros.*
EVERETT, Wash. ..... *The Bon Marche*
MEMPHIS, Tenn. ..... *Goldsmith's*
MILWAUKEE, Wis. ..... *Schuster's*
MINNEAPOLIS, Minn. ..... *The Dayton Co.*
NORTHGATE, Wash. ..... *The Bon Marche*
ST. LOUIS, Mo. ..... *Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney*
ST. PAUL, Minn. ..... *Schuneman's*
SEATTLE, Wash. ..... *The Bon Marche*
WASHINGTON, D. C. ..... *The Hecht Co.*

Draperies and bedspread by Charles Bloom

CHICAGO, Ill. ..... *Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.*
CINCINNATI, O. ..... *H. & S. Pogue*
EVERETT, Wash. ..... *The Bon Marche*
FORT WORTH, Tex. ..... *Leonards*
MINNEAPOLIS, Minn. ..... *The Dayton Co.*
NORTHGATE, Wash. ..... *The Bon Marche*
PITTSBURGH, Pa. ..... *Kaufmann's*
SEATTLE, Wash. ..... *The Bon Marche*
WASHINGTON, D. C. ..... *Lansburgh's*

On pages 68-69

Furniture by Kling

ATLANTA, Ga. ..... *Rhodes Furniture Co.*
BALTIMORE, Md. ..... *Stewart & Co.*
CHICAGO, Ill. ..... *Mandel Brothers*
DALLAS, Tex. ..... *Fakes & Co.*
DENVER, Col. ..... *American Furniture Co.*
FORT WORTH, Tex. ..... *Leonards*
KANSAS CITY, Mo. ..... *Jones Store*
MEMPHIS, Tenn. ..... *Sam Fortas Furniture Co.*
NEWARK, N. J. ..... *Bamberger's*
PHILADELPHIA, Pa. ..... *Strawbridge & Clothier*
PITTSBURGH, Pa. ..... *Boggs & Buhl*
PORTLAND, Ore. ..... *Lipman Wolfe*
ROCHESTER, N. Y. ..... *E. W. Edwards & Son*
ST. LOUIS, Mo. ..... *Stix, Baer & Fuller*
SEATTLE, Wash. ..... *Standard Furniture Co.*
WASHINGTON, D. C. ..... *Woodward & Lothrop*

Carpet by Magee

ATLANTA, Ga. ..... *Davison's*
EVERETT, Wash. ..... *The Bon Marche*
FORT WORTH, Tex. ..... *Leonards*
NORTHGATE, Wash. ..... *The Bon Marche*
ST. PAUL, Minn. ..... *The Emporium*
SEATTLE, Wash. ..... *The Bon Marche*

Indianhead by Textron

ATLANTA, Ga. ..... *Davison's*
BOSTON, Mass. ..... *Jordan Marsh*
CLEVELAND, O. ..... *Halle Bros.*
EVERETT, Wash. ..... *The Bon Marche*
LOS ANGELES, Calif. ..... *Broadway Dept. Store*
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NEW ORLEANS, La. ..... *Maison Blanche*
NORTHGATE, Wash. ..... *The Bon Marche*
PITTSBURGH, Pa. ..... *Kaufmann's*
PORTLAND, Ore. ..... *Lipman Wolfe*
ST. LOUIS, Mo. ..... *Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney*
SEATTLE, Wash. ..... *The Bon Marche*

A TODAY'S WOMAN SERVICE

them standing there. Jamie had a white face and he held his left wrist tightly, but the blood still came through his fingers.

He said, "I . . . I had to hit her. I was afraid she'd come out of it before you got here."

One of the men in uniform moved toward her so quickly that it frightened her. He stopped and kicked the knife across the kitchen. It had been close to her but she hadn't seen it.

"Jamie cut himself!" she said loudly, knowing that her voice had a funny singsong quality, like a memorized school recitation.

"Take it easy, lady," the biggest one said.

The other one took a dish towel from the rack and tied the ends together. He slipped it up over Jamie's arm and put a table knife through it and sat down holding the knife which was twisted in the towel. Jamie's head sagged and his shoulders shook and his sobs were hoarse.

The two of them came to her and one of them helped her up. The big one had a funny smile. He said, "Do you think this will fit you? Try it on. I'll bet it's too big."

It was a white jacket sort of thing and it didn't look entirely clean and she did not want it on. She backed away but they took her and pushed her arms down in the sleeves. The sleeves had no place for the hands to come out but had long cords that dangled. They pulled her arms around so that she was gently hugging herself and they tied the cords at the small of her back.

"Is it necessary, Al?" the smaller one asked.

"You can't tell about 'em," Al replied. "Once I see a woman smaller than this one it takes four guys to hold. And the lieutenant says, 'No chance at all.' "

Her head hurt and the look of the blood had made her ill. The kitchen swam slowly around and around and the glare of the lights on the sink hurt her eyes. She knew that her arms were going to go to sleep, and she wondered what you did if you stumbled with one of those things on since there would be no way to get your balance and keep from falling.

Dr. Wiss came in and she tried to say hello to him, but then she remembered that Jamie shouldn't know that she knew him.

Dr. Wiss came over and put his hands on her shoulders and looked down into her face. There was no reason for crying but she felt the sting at the corners of her eyes.

He gently turned her around and she felt him loosen the cords.

The one called Al said angrily, "What the hell are you doing, Doc? She's all wrapped and ready to go. You just sign the paper."

Dr. Wiss threw the jacket at the cop and turned away from Fan. She leaned against the cabinet and rubbed her arms.

Jamie lifted his head as Dr. Wiss came over. Dr. Wiss said, "Hold out your arm."

Jamie meekly held out his arm. The bleeding had stopped and his hand looked oddly shrunken and white. With his thumbs, Dr. Wiss gently separated the edges of the cut at several places along its length. Jamie didn't change expression.

Dr. Wiss straightened up. He jerked a thumb at Jamie. "He's your package, boys. Self-inflicted. The cut is the same depth all the way along. You just don't find that kind of cut unless it was done carefully."

Jamie said brokenly, "I knew this was going to happen. I didn't get a doctor for her because I was afraid she'd be sent away."

Al said, "Doc, maybe we ought to take you."

Dr. Wiss smiled bleakly. He put his knuckles under Jamie's chin, lifted his face, leaned over and said, "Jamie, we know all about the reports you write on her. We know all about the way you cut yourself. We know what you're trying to do to her."

She watched Jamie's face. The light hit it squarely. The gray eyes slowly glazed.

The right arm moved like a thick snake. Dr. Wiss arched back and fell heavily. The stool spun, hit the smaller policeman across the shins with such force that he toppled across it.

Jamie seemed to fall across the policeman, but when he rolled into a crouching position he held a heavy revolver. Jamie made a flickering motion at Al with the gun and backed toward the door. He gave Fan a curiously dead look, and he was gone.

The moment he was out of sight the kitchen exploded with the silver shrill of Al's whistle. Dr. Wiss stirred and sat up. He started to speak, and Al held up his hand for silence. They heard it. The slam of a shot and an answering shot almost on top of it. Al and the smaller policeman ran for the door.

Dr. Wiss moved to catch Fan as she swayed.

Al walked slowly when he came back. He looked at Wiss and said, "Frenchy heard the whistle just before Mr. Lowndes showed. He drew and yelled for him to drop his gun. Instead the guy takes a snap at Frenchy and—well—he ducked right into Frenchy's return. Frenchy meant to get him in the legs. He got him too

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946
(Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

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Do You Talk Well?

If you want your conversation to sparkle, you'll have to avoid cliches. Webster defines them as trite phrases or hackneyed expressions. Try to fill in these blanks. If you get 14 or more right, you recognize cliches and can avoid them!

1. "I won't take your ..... lucre!" she cried.
a. *dirty* b. *dishonest* c. *hard-earned* d. *filthy* e. *wicked*
2. A ..... silence fell over the gathering.
a. *fearful* b. *breathless* c. *strange* d. *lowering* e. *gradual*
3. With one fell ....., he leveled them all.
a. *sweep* b. *glance* c. *blow* d. *swoop* e. *crash*
4. He sank deep into the arms of .....
a. *Morpheus* b. *morphine* c. *the sandman* d. *snooze* e. *sleep*
5. Silence ..... supreme.
a. *ruled* b. *held* c. *stayed* d. *reigned* e. *waxed*
6. At last, Ronnie was the ..... possessor of a shiny new truck.
a. *proud* b. *pleased* c. *covetous* d. *envied* e. *blissful*
7. Kitten beat a hasty ..... as Rover rounded the corner.
a. *march* b. *recession* c. *retreat* d. *advance* e. *pace*
8. The thought hit him like a bolt from the .....
a. *heavens* b. *blue* c. *clouds* d. *atmosphere* e. *air*
9. Mary came back from her vacation as brown as a .....
a. *walnut* b. *bug* c. *berry* d. *chestnut* e. *shoe*
10. Marge was ..... by her absence.
a. *noticed* b. *conspicuous* c. *visible* d. *obvious* e. *singled out*
11. "Of course," he said. "That goes without ...."
a. *repetition* b. *reply* c. *implication* d. *answer* e. *saying*
12. Kathy stood there, looking innocent as a .....
a. *kitten* b. *rabbit.* c. *mouse* d. *lamb* e. *mink*
13. Jones regretfully ..... his resignation.
a. *offered* b. *tendered* c. *sent* d. *presented* e. *forwarded*
14. They feverishly tripped the light .....
a. *mazurka* b. *polanaise* c. *fantastic* d. *dance* e. *pirouette*
15. Things were going smoothly until the news ..... out.
a. *blared* b. *leaped* c. *trumpeted* d. *leaked* e. *flared*
16. ..... was rife about the new neighbors.
a. *conjecture* b. *betting* c. *wonder* d. *curiosity* e. *speculation*
17. Here, indeed, was a sorry ..... of humanity.
a. *sight* b. *spectacle* c. *representative* d. *specimen* e. *member*
18. Her work beggared all .....
a. *praise* b. *effort* c. *phrases* d. *else* e. *description*
19. Everyone agreed that the evening had been a .... experience.
a. *joyous* b. *spirited* c. *memorable* d. *dazzling* e. *debilitating*
20. Mrs. Bagley ..... the members of the club with a vocal selection.
a. *entertained* b. *bored* c. *favored* d. *tortured* e. *entranced*

Answers:
1. d; 2. b; 3. d; 4. a; 5. d; 6. a; 7. c; 8. b; 9. c; 10. b; 11. e; 12. d; 13. b; 14. c; 15. d; 16. e; 17. d; 18. e; 19. c; 20. c.

TODAY'S WOMAN FEATURETTE

good when the guy ducked through."

Fan stood and her heart seemed wrapped in tiny strands of glass. She couldn't take a breath because that would break the strands. But something inside her spun and fell and she was hammering at the chest of Dr. Wiss with both hands. She couldn't curse him because of the sounds which filled her throat, halfway between tears and laughter.

It was a quiet room and the days were beyond counting, oddly mixed up with the sting of a needle in her arm and then the slow sway down into darkness.

The bright kitchen was a clear square of memory against the blackness. But it had moved off so that the tiny figures who did unbelievable things in that kitchen were no longer real but seemed only tiny theater people, performing over and over again the same incredible drama.

Jamie was a far-away sadness and he could smile into her dreams out of the night.

In the sunlit morning, while she was propped up and idly turning the pages of a picture magazine they had brought her, Dr. Wiss came in. He sat beside the bed and his calm was something which seemed to reach out and hold her.

"It was Jamie who was mad," she said.

"Sick is a better word, Fan. He'd been sick for a long time. I knew it when I read those notes."

"But why? Why?" she asked helplessly.

"A feeling of inadequacy probably. I believe that he hated and resented you. And I suspect that he might have killed you had he not thought of this other means of removing you."

Fan shivered. "But they wouldn't have . . . put me away for good."

"Who can tell? You're sensitive, emotional. And his actions would have given you an almost insoluble problem. Who knows how any of us would react?"

Something unguarded in his tone made her turn quickly and look at him. There was a pleading about him, but as she looked at him he quickly assumed the mask of calm.

She said, "I'll talk plainly this time. I'm going away and by myself I'm going to heal up the open hurts. When they're healed, I'm going to ignore any scars there may be. It may take a long while. But when I feel whole again, I'm going to come back here."

Their eyes met for a few seconds. He touched her hand—so briefly that he seemed hardly to have touched it at all. He left the room. Fan turned on her side and put the hand he had touched under her cheek and closed her eyes.

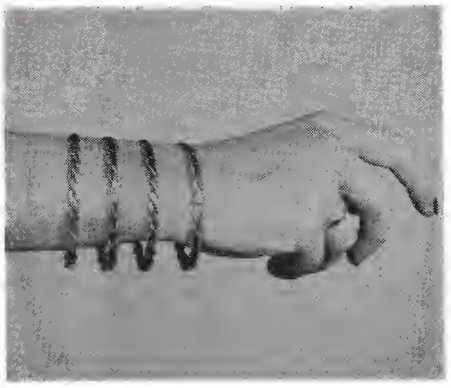
—John D. MacDonald

Shop with Today's Woman

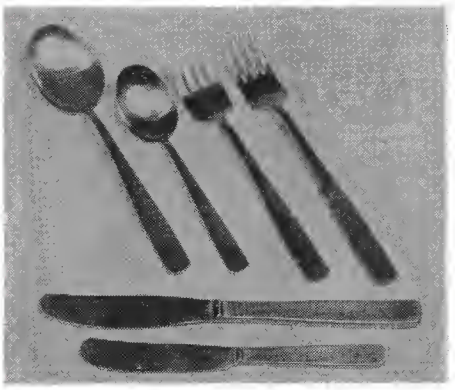
Romola Rock
shopping editor

This feature is not composed of advertising. Articles shown are the most newsworthy products TODAY'S WOMAN *has seen this month*

Key case and tire gauge combination for car owners is convenient and easy to use. A unique safety device, the gauge gives accurate tire-pressure readings. Plastic case also holds three keys. $1 ppd. Crow's Nest, 475 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



Bangle bracelets are fashion highlights for a suit or formal costume. These are beautifully handmade with charming simplicity. In polished copper at pleasing price, two for $1.20 ppd. incl. fed. tax. Benton Handcraft, 1241 E. 18 St., B'klyn 30, N. Y.



Stainless steel flatware from Sweden is a delight to the busy homemaker—requires no polishing or special care. Perfect for everyday use, it's inexpensive and unusually durable. Six-piece setting, $8 ppd. Mayhew, 603 Madison, N. Y. 22. No COD's.

Pennsylvania Dutch rocker—an exact replica in miniature. Handmade and decorated in gay colors on black, it's 6½" high by 4" wide. Nice for a knickknack shelf or child's playroom. $3.10 ppd. Amy Abbott, Box 232, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y. No COD's.

Old shoes remade like new. Specialists at the Nelson factory make shoes wider or longer, change heels, open or close toes. In fact, they'll do any remodeling job imaginable at a modest cost. Send for free booklet. R. Nelson Co., 10 E. 39 St., N. Y. 16.

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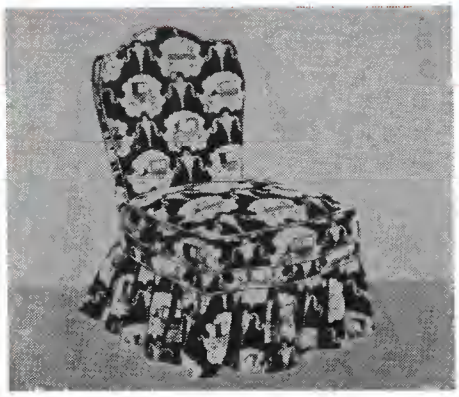
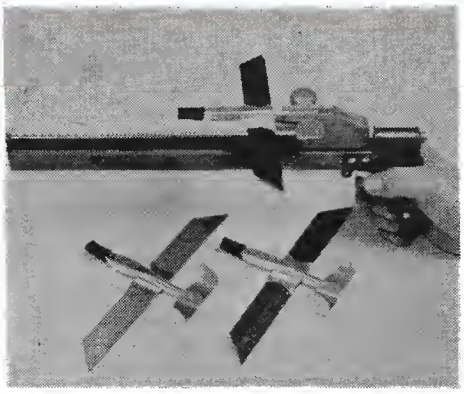
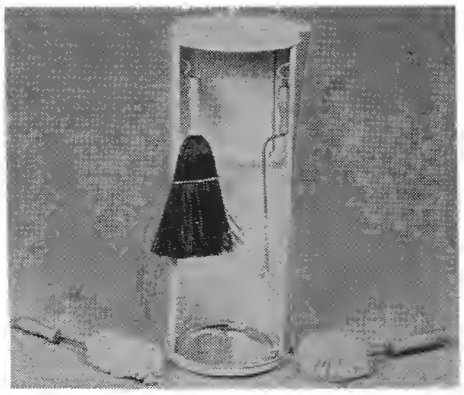


Comfortable slipper chair for a cozy spot in a bedroom. It's 31½" by 21½" by 26½", well-made and expertly covered. In brown or green scenic print, $39.50; plum, rose or blue velvet, $43.50. Exp. coll. Bayfort, Box 1808, Charlotte, N. C. No COD's.

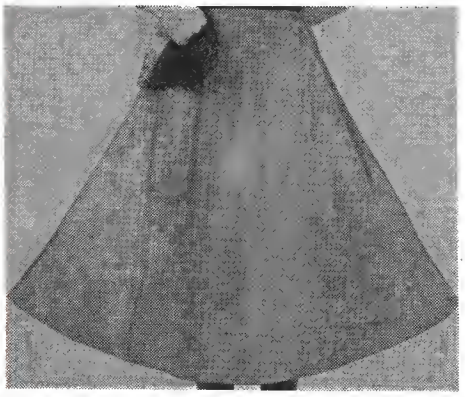


Shoot-a-plane is a safe game of skill and fun for youngsters. Metal gun shoots the little model planes and sends them soaring in the air one at a time. Boxed complete with gun and 3 rubber-tipped planes. $2.25 ppd. Reiss Brothers, 54 E. 59 St., N. Y. 22.

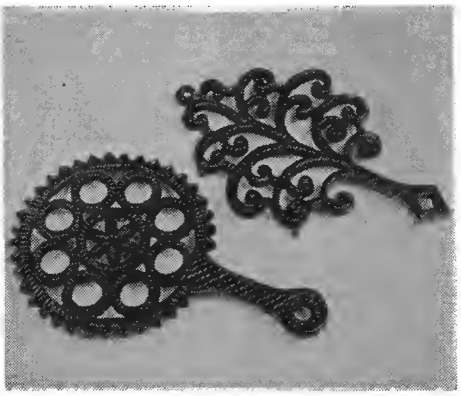
Jumbo pad is filled with an almost endless supply of memo sheets. It's handy as a desk or telephone accessory. Personalized with name on the leather-like plastic cover, all for $1.25 ppd. Refills, 35c. Giftcraft, 1234 E. 47 St., Chicago 15, Ill. No returns.



Turnabout cabinet revolves to reveal utility brushes, cleanser rack and tray for scouring pads. Cleaning aid for kitchen or bathroom—15" high in red, white or yellow baked enamel. With brushes, $3.49 ppd. Mrs. D. Damar, 970 Damar Bldg., Newark 2, N. J.



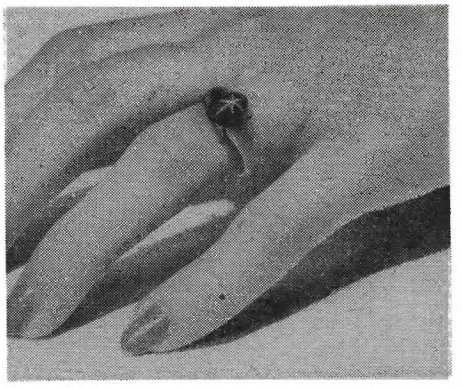
New-look fashion for girls over 5'7". Rustling circular petticoat, of crisp taffeta with crinoline hem, stands out under whirling skirts. Elasticized waist assures good fit. Red or green; small, medium, large. $6.25 ppd. Peg Newton, 3 E. 48, N. Y. 17.



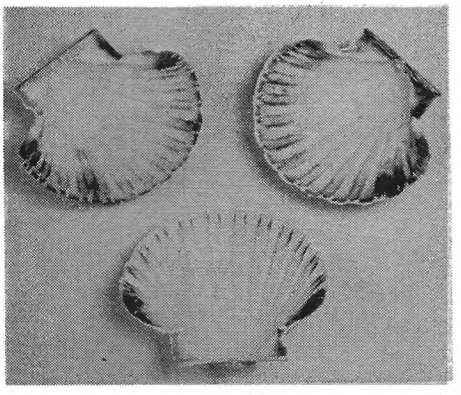
Rich black trivets of heavy cast iron are unusually well designed for utility and beauty. When not in use as hot plates or plant stands, they show off well on a wall. Choice of family tree or hex shape. $1.50 each ppd. Romart, Box 8012, Chicago 7, Ill.

Today's Woman

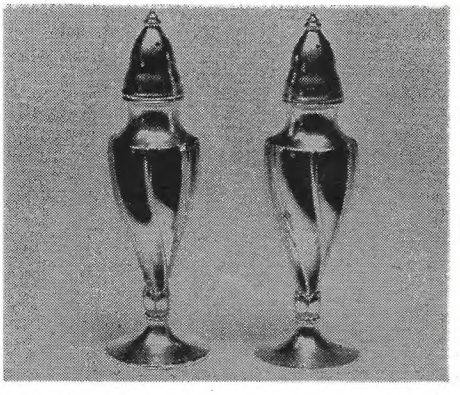
A delicious surprise awaits all when these little glazed jugs are opened. One has 8 oz. of pure maple syrup, the other 11 oz. of honey. Empty jugs are excellent for ivy. Brown, turquoise or green, $3 the pair ppd. Sugarbush Farm, R. F. D. 1, Woodstock, Vt.



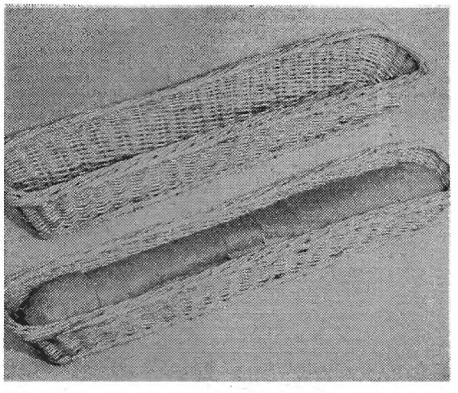
Precious gem is the new and exquisite man-made Calcutta star ruby. Possesses brilliance and beauty of a natural ruby but costs much less. Three carats in white-gold setting, $72 ppd. inc. fed. tax. International Gem Corp., 15-TP Maiden Lane, N. Y. 3.



Natural shells from France are wonderful individual bakers and servers. Give added appeal to deviled crabmeat, creamed tuna or other seafood treats. Scallop shells are about 4½". $2.45 a doz. ppd. Bazar Francais, 666 Sixth Ave., N. Y. 10. No COD's.



Silver-plated salt and peppers are impressive acents that lend an air of elegance to a formal table. Polished to gleaming brightness, lacquered to prevent tarnishing. 5½" tall. $3 ppd., incl. fed. tax. Logines, 618 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5. No COD's.



Three cheers for the versatile French breadbasket. Ideally suited for bread and rolls or fruit, it's also charming on a window sill filled with little pots of ivy. 22" by 4", $2.30 ppd.; 23" by 5", $3.30. Jon's Scandinavian Shop, 179 W. 4 St., N. Y. 14.

Old-fashioned shaving mugs are becoming popular again. This handsome copy of a very old mug looks like an heirloom piece—has gold decorations and cheerful inscription "Pop." A treasured gift for a man at $3.95 ppd. The Krebs, Dept. TW, Westerly, R. I.

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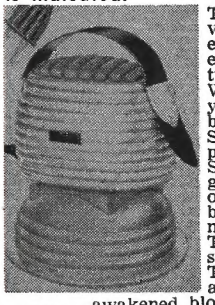

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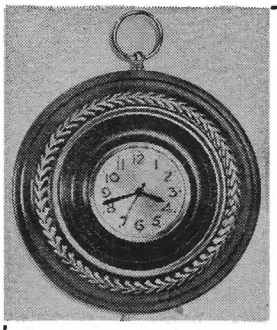

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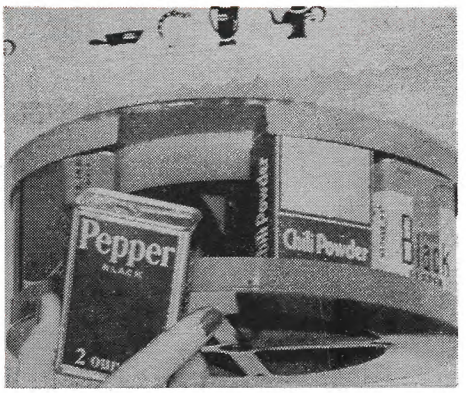
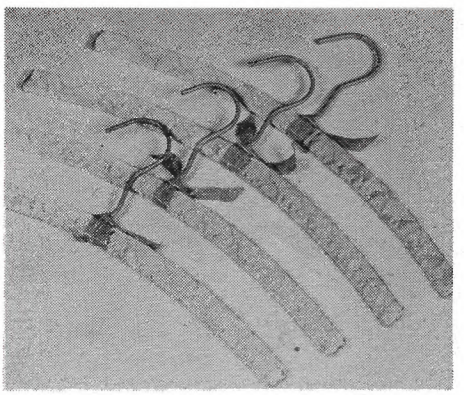
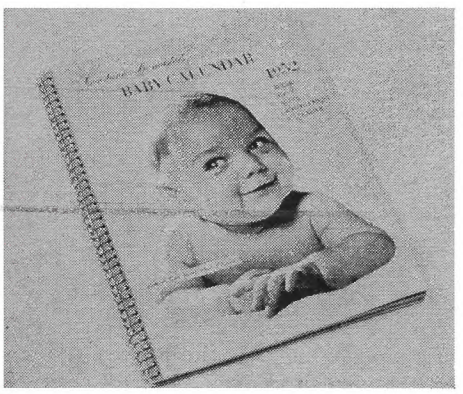


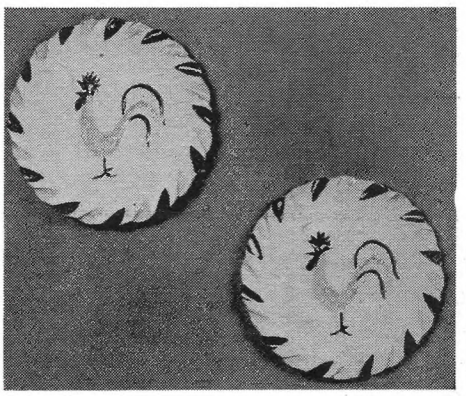
Spice wheel fits easily under a cupboard shelf and puts an end to the spice-storage problem. Holds ten large or small packages and turns quickly to the one desired. Made of sturdy plastic. $1.95 ppd. Haines Corp., 301 South 7 Street, Minneapolis 2.



Pretty hangers to dress up a feminine closet. They're covered in quilted satin in warm shades of wine, rose, green, turquoise or chartreuse. Perfect for hostess or birthday gifts, set of four is $1 ppd. Singer Sewing, 396 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 18. No COD's.



Happy New Year to all! We're off to a good start with the new Baby Calendar for 1952. It's a week-by-week appointment book combined with cleverly captioned baby pictures, engaging and unforgettable. $1.25 ppd. Breck's, 14 Breck Bldg., Boston 10.



On-the-wall rooster placques are a welcome and cheerful decoration for kitchen or child's room. From Italy, they're 5" round in contrasting shades of green, rose or aqua ceramic. $2.50 a pair ppd. Packet Boat, 163 E. 48 St., N. Y. 17. No COD's.

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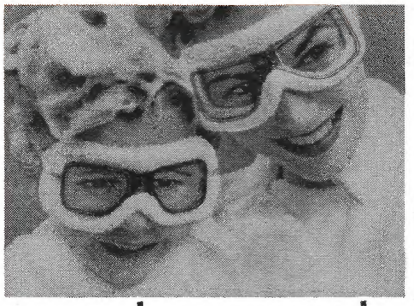

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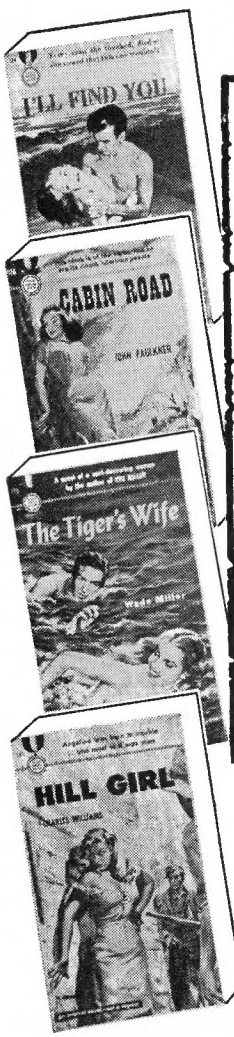

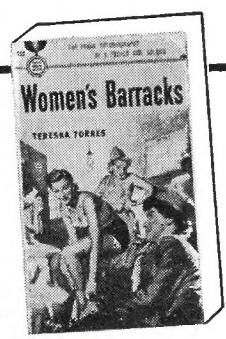

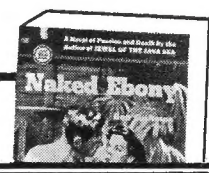

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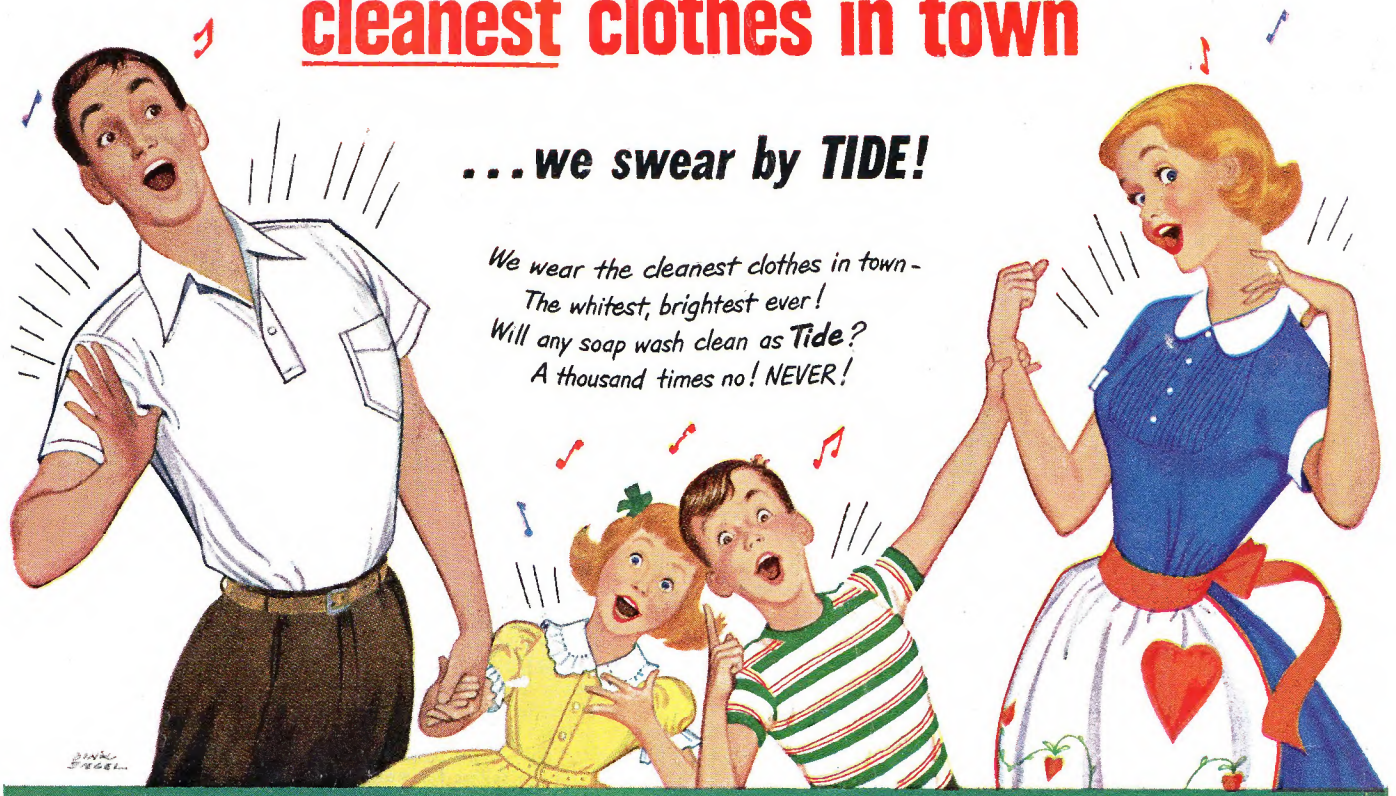

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